POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST DECEMBER 21-28 • 1963 20c

OUR POVERTY-STRICKEN MILLIONS

A heart-rending study of America's poor

A CHRISTMAS STORY

by William Lederer

In color: America's Christian Churches

MY FAIR LADY goes Hollywood / **HAPPINESS** is it a "right"? / **MADAME NHU** in seclusion

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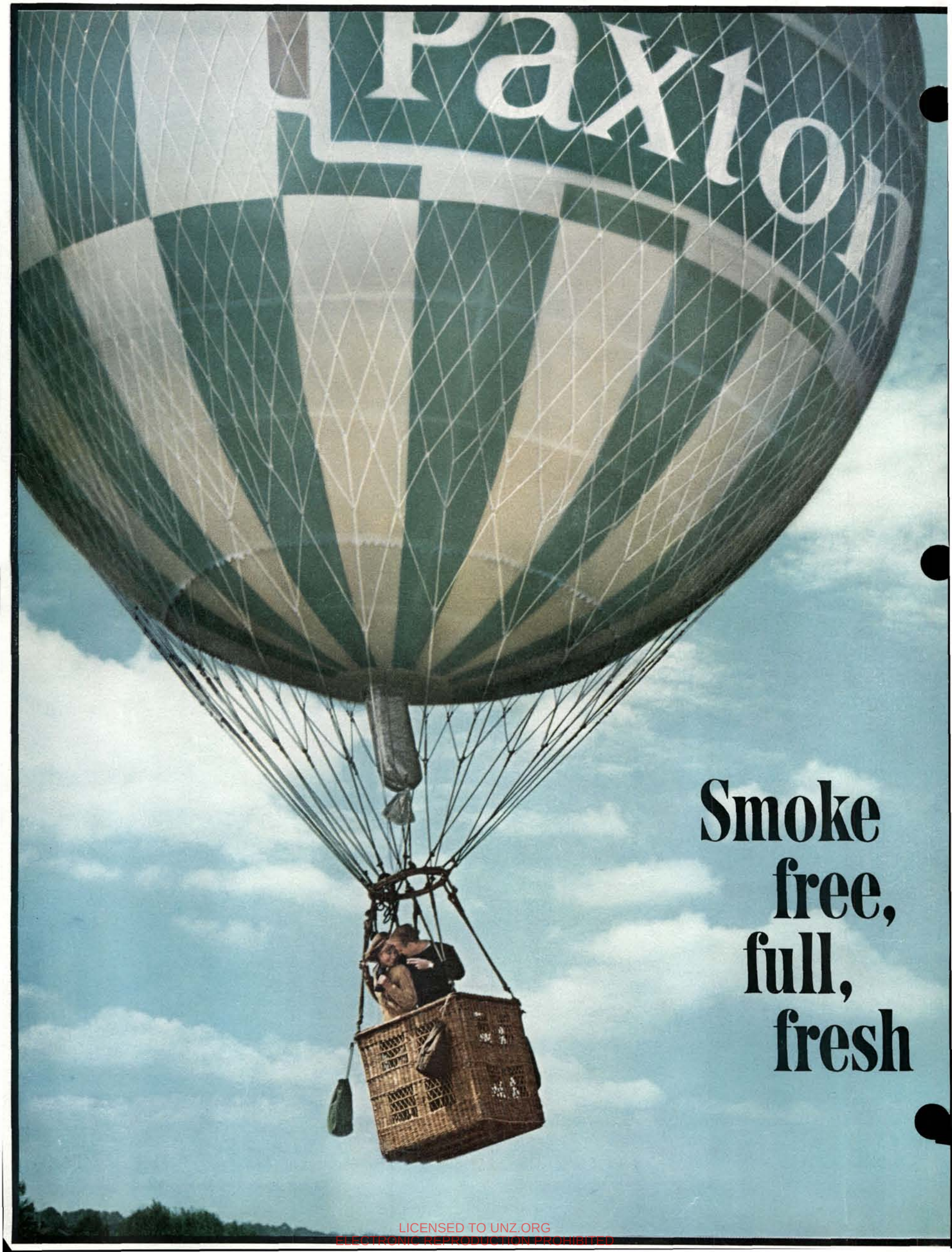

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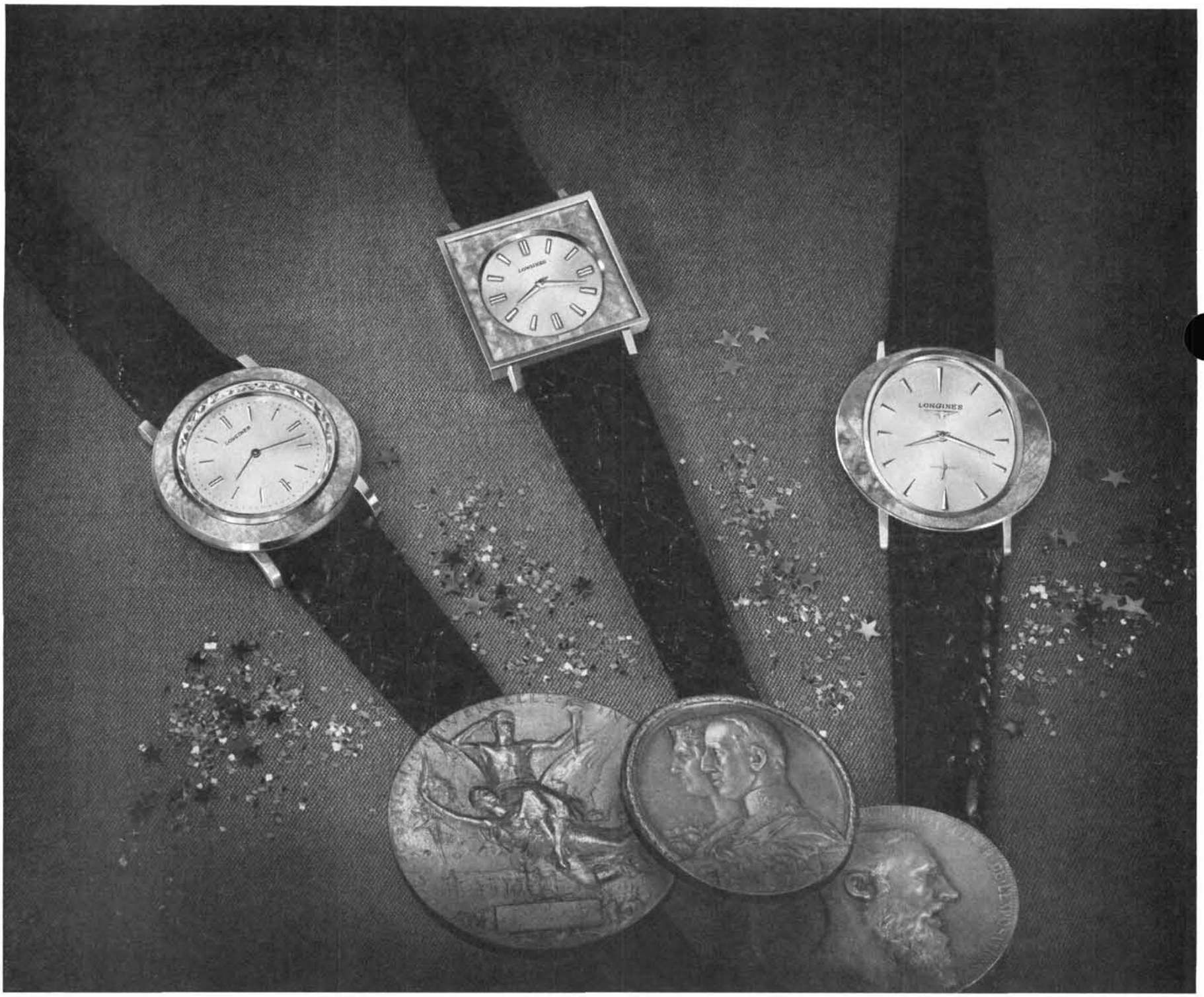

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POST

DECEMBER 21–28, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 45

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We have no "right to happiness" *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *by C. S. Lewis* 10
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"Let the earth stand in awe of Him" 19

The invisible Americans . . . . . *by Ben H. Bagdikian* 28

Tucked neatly away in the folds of this grand nation's prosperity, tens of millions walk in the shadow of ugly poverty. Whole families live on berries and bread alone, and children sleep on bare floors in burlap bags. Death comes to all of them much sooner than to others. They are *our* poor, says contributing writer Ben H. Bagdikian, who traveled some 12,000 miles and spent nearly five months in search of their story; and, although obscured by a thing called the "national average," they do exist—right here "in the midst of plenty." To ignore their great needs, he affirms, would be to deny the most noble strain in the American character.

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The authors. **William Lederer,** coauthor of *The Ugly American,* recalls the moving example set by an inadvertent U. S. ambassador of the Christmas spirit. . . . **John Deever** is the pen name of a free-lance writer who knows well the wines of his native California. . . . Contributing writer **John Skow** takes a fun-filled tour through the mad, mad world of *Mad* magazine. . . . **Pete Hamill** who observes the ways of everyone's Fair Lady, Julie Andrews, is a free-lance writer. . . . Prize-winning sportswriter **Myron Cope** takes respectful note of pro football's other name—"Get the Quarterback". . . . **Stanley Karnow,** the *Post*'s Far East correspondent, reveals in an exclusive story how South Vietnamese leaders Diem and Nhu really died.

The cover. Eight members of the all-girl choir at the First Presbyterian Church in Stamford, Conn., were photographed in the candlelight glow of the holiday season by contributor **John Launois.**

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LETTERS

Fish-flour food

With reference to FRACAS OVER FISH FLOUR by Daniel S. Greenberg [Nov. 23], I believe fish flour could make a tremendous contribution in this world where 83 percent of the population is continually hungry and hundreds of millions desperately need protein.

H. C. WOOD, M.D.
Fort Washington, Pa.

• My hat is off to Commissioner George P. Larrick of the Food and Drug Administration, who sensibly insists upon high standards in food. If, in spite of all the mountains of wheat being uselessly and expensively stored for the benefit of endless generations of granary rats, we still must have fish flour, why not be civilized about it and use only fresh, cleaned, beheaded and eviscerated fish?

RALPH SOREN
New York, N.Y.

• A hungry man's menu shouldn't be selected by the finicky stomach of a well-fed commissioner.

JOHN ALLEN DEFREES
Durhamville, N.Y.

• Who cleans the sardines we all eat?

C. X. BOLLENBACK
Portland, Oreg.

• Re the photograph accompanying the fish-flour article, the caption says, "Senators Gruening, Douglas and Saltonstall display hearty appetites eating the fish. . . ." The dour expressions on all three faces belie the statement. Gruening is obviously saying to Saltonstall, "You go first. I'll eat it if you will." And Douglas is taking his time about dipping in that fork.

ALFRED BESWICK
Bethlehem, Pa.

• If I am ever in need of a cheap, high-protein diet, I believe I'll try soybean meal.

PERRY L. PEARMAN
Arkansas City, Kans.

Sitting around on the woodpile?

Roul Tunley has written an interesting and informative article [THE DEMOCRAT WHO TOOK VERMONT, Nov. 23]. However, it gives the impression that all Governor Hoff has been doing is making a year's study and "polishing his political image." Mr. Tunley could have mentioned Hoff's part in remedying the Rutland Railroad situation and electrifying two Vermont towns which never had electricity before.

PAUL FRANCIS BURNS
Montpelier, Vt.

• Democrat though he is, Hoff is at least smart enough to know he can't burn that woodpile your picture caption says he's sitting on.

WALTER F. HEIL
Essex Junction, Vt.

• It will be a cold winter in the Hoff house if they're counting on those "logs."

NED HASTINGS
Warwick, R.I.

• The woodpile is not of a conventional type.

VERNARD E. MASON
Ney, Ohio

• Woodpiles don't last long enough in Vermont to sprout vegetation between layers.

WILLARD R. KEMPTON
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

• Can't you city slickers tell the difference between a woodpile and a stone wall?

MRS. C. JOHN MORSE
Center Rutland, Vt.

(Our caption writer, after a trip to the woodshed, says that he can't. It was a stone wall. Ed.)

Dial for help

Hurray for psychiatrists [DIAL A PSYCHIATRIST by Robert P. Goldman, Nov. 23]! Their "completely new and radical approach" to helping the emotionally ill by visiting them in their homes is amazing. To realize that they have learned what professional social workers have known and practiced for more than 50 years is beyond belief.

DALE E. VAN LANINGHAM
Minneapolis, Minn.

• Mr. Goldman is dealing with two different kinds of psychiatric treatment in his piece and to the extent that he equates them, he misleads us. When a mentally distraught person "dials a psychiatrist," what he gets is psychiatric counseling (Dial A Counselor would be a more accurate title for the piece.) Certainly there is a need for this type of service. However, the suggestion that mere counseling can be more than a permanent crutch to one suffering from a deep neurosis is quite mistaken.

The author does state that "Home Treatment Service is no substitute for sustained psychotherapy," but then manages to confuse the reader again by quoting "another psychiatrist," who suggests that psychiatrists per se get out of their offices and into their patients' homes to hear about the whole family's troubles, a development which would serve no useful purpose to the doctor trying to effect a real change in the outlook of a single individual. The psychiatrist is not concerned so much with what is actually going on in a patient's household as with what the patient thinks is going on.

MILTON LEVIN
Chicago, Ill.

Teddy's tale

A STORY FOR TEDDY [by Harvey Swados, Nov. 23] was poignant enough to make me read it twice. How sad for the vulnerable Teddy, how painful for her sailor, that they were such different people! I have seldom read a story in which I could feel for both characters—understand their longings, sympathize with them—as much as I could with these two vividly drawn young people.

MARIANNE DREW
Cincinnati, Ohio

• A STORY FOR TEDDY was wonderful, and the knowledge that its author teaches at Sarah Lawrence College has helped further my decision to apply for admission there.

SANDRA MACPHERSON
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

COMING SOON...in The Post

A businessman tells:

MY WAR WITH JIMMY HOFFA

Tin Pan Alley's new hit: Singing Nuns

KREBIOZEN:
The fight over the "cancer drug"

The world of hot-rodders

The Martinis case:
MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE?

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–Wolff Suschitsky (Pix). • 17–Arnold Roth. • 19–John Launois. • 20–John Zimmerman. • 21–John Launois. • 22–Bill Bridges. • 23–Bill Bridges; John Zimmerman. • 24, 25–John Zimmerman. • 26–3 by John Zimmerman; John Launois. 27–John Launois. • 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 37, 38, 39–Bill Bridges. • 58, 59, 60, 61–Jack Fields. • 62, 63, 65–Vytas Valaitis. • 68, 69–M.G.M. • 70–Marvin Newman. • 75–Wide World. • 76–2 by Wide World; 3 by Harry Redl. 78, 79–Harry Redl. • 80, 81–Lawrence Schiller.

Le grand Charles

I read Don Cook's DE GAULLE BUILDS A NEW FRANCE [Nov. 23] with interest. Having personally seen this majestic man riding through the streets of Paris, I can understand why he has given back to the French people such a sense of pride and why he commands respect even from those who violently oppose him and his insistence upon having his own way.

MARY MORSE
New York, N.Y.

Smoldering Romy

I have never been more appalled than by Romy Schneider's observation [in ROMY SCHNEIDER by C. Robert Jennings, Nov. 23] that a marriage contract is "only a vulgar piece of paper."

MRS. T. HILL
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

• What a pity we condone her behavior by giving her attention.

MRS. DONALD MILLER
Banning, Calif.

Honorable ancestor

Martin Mayer's THE AIR FORCE'S EGGHEAD FACTORY [Nov. 23] was well seasoned with derogatory remarks regarding the quality of instruction at the older service academies. In his bias the author omitted any reference to the many areas in which the fine new Academy is indebted to the old school on the Hudson. Many of the customs and methods of instruction of the fledgling Academy are copied from those at West Point. Lt. Gen. Harmon, who founded the Air Force Academy, Brig. Gen. Robert F. McDermott, to whom the author gives credit for building the Academy's fine curriculum, and all of the superintendents since its birth are graduates of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point.

R. A. ERICSON, COL., USA, RET.
Oakland, Calif.

Tax mythology

Stewart Alsop's THE GREAT TAX MYTH [Nov. 23] only proves that a given set of statistics can usually be used to draw any conclusion the statistician desires. I look at the figures and find nothing mythical about the inequities of our tax structure. The myth to me is that a soak-the-rich philosophy is consistent with the goals and ideals of democratic capitalism.

JOHN C. SNEDEKER
Bellport, N.Y.

Number-happy

I agree with your editorial [BY THE NUMBERS, Nov. 23] protesting the ever-increasing use of numbers.

163 PERSTZOP208MAR 67
Mundelein, Ill.

• At least you let us poor readers know when our subscriptions expire. Thanks for that.

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New Port Richey, Fla.

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They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. He never got past the seventh grade. He had to quit school at 13 to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

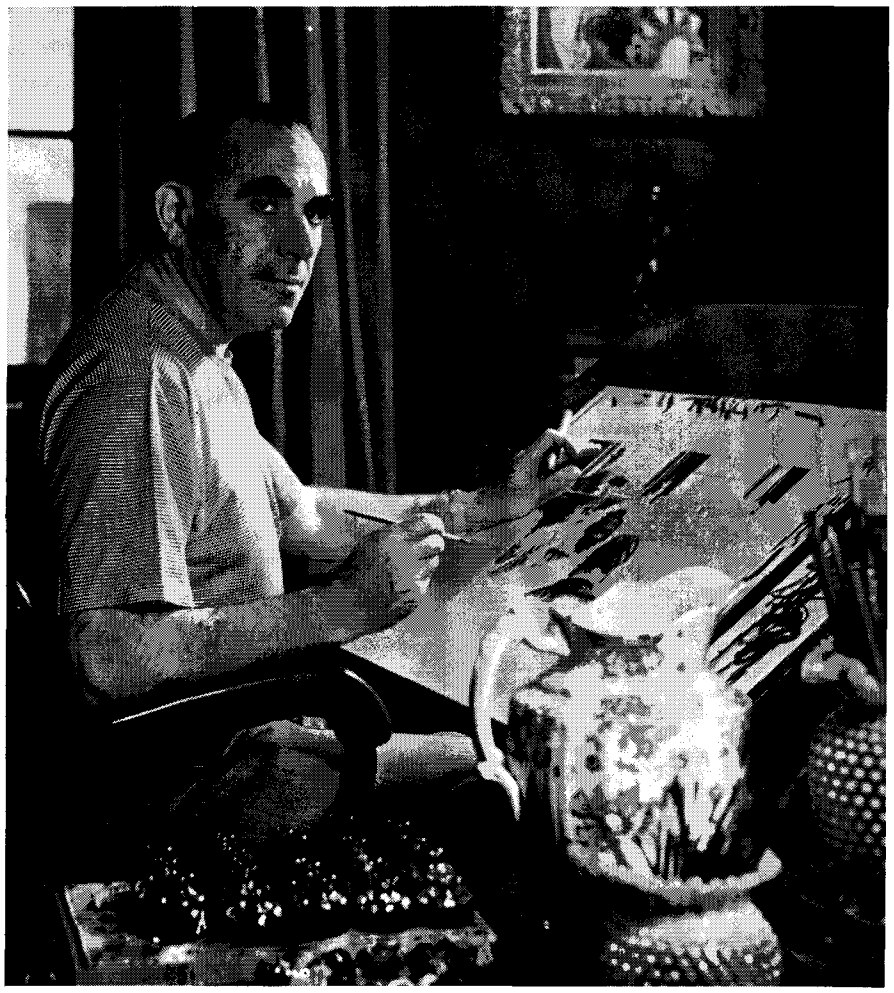
Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. Soon he discovered that people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 19 he was well launched in the field of commercial art. By 22 he was earning $500 a week. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, known as "the 'llustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art, today lives in a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others

Over 15 years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags-to-riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"



ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his famous "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose campus is the U. S. mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. The school's activities started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. It grew rapidly. Today it occupies its own modern building and has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Busketta is a good example. He was a pipe fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the school. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much . . . and is having a new home built for his family.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail the coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

Famous Artists Schools
Studio 7273, Westport, Conn.

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1161. Also: Baby Elephant Walk, Peter Gunn, Mr. Lucky, etc.

1056. Johnny Day, The Big Black Hat, Ground Hog, 9 more

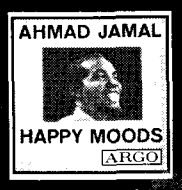
1165. Also: Lovely Hula Hands, Pagan Love Song, etc.

1058. Also: Laura, Forever and Ever, Tico-Tico, etc.

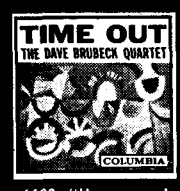
1127. Dansero, One Note Samba, Melodie d'Amour, 12 in all

1164. Also: Just Let Me Cry, I Understand, Misty, Cry, etc.

1016. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc.*



1119. "Delightful . . . pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire



1123. "It soars and it swings . . . a breakthrough."—Playboy

1007. Also: Pretty Lies, My Little Corner of the World, etc.

1043. Midnight in Moscow, Stranger on the Shore, 12 in all

1186. Alvin's Harmonica, Old MacDonald Cha Cha Cha, etc.

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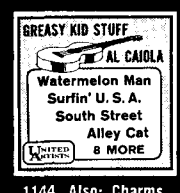
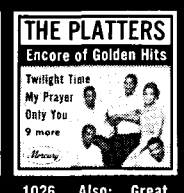
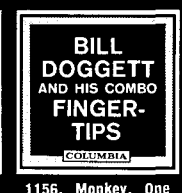


1144. Also: Charms, Our Winter Love, Ruby Baby, etc.



1026. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

1121. Also: My Kind of Girl, Witchcraft, Route 66, Hurt, etc.



1156. Monkey, One Fine Day, Hot Fudge, twelve in all

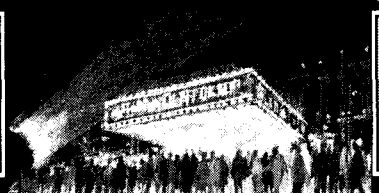
1167. Also: Diamond Head, Magnificent Seven, 12 in all

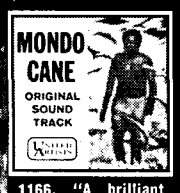
1122. "Excellent . . . first-rate performance."—S.F.Chron.*

A FESTIVAL OF HITS FROM Broadway and Hollywood

1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

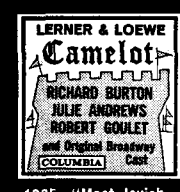
1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan





1166. "A brilliant musical score!" — New York Times

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

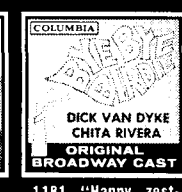


1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—Kilgallen

1032. "Rich melodic score...brilliant." — N.Y. Journal-Amer.

1030. "Music is exuberant . . . splendid tunes."—New Yorker

1116. Complete score of Rodgers & Hammerstein's hit *



1181. "Happy, zestful . . . most captivating."—N.Y. News

1034. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

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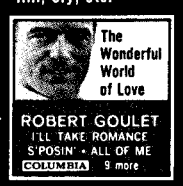
. Also: A Taste
ney, My Honey's
g Arms, etc.

1017. Also: Wheel of Fortune, Blueberry Hill, Cry, etc.

1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all

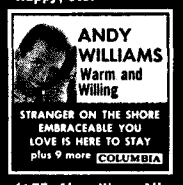
. Also: Love for
Candy Kisses,
y Young, etc.



1022. Also: Mean to Me, Then You'll Be Happy, etc.

1176. Also: King of Kings, Lili Marlene, La Strada, etc.

. Also: Twelfth
Never, No Love,
e to Me, etc. *



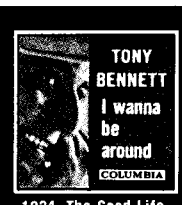
1177. Also: Warm All Over, More Than You Know, etc.

1054. A sumptuous outpouring of glorious melodies

Romantic Music

BY AMERICA'S FAVORITE STARS

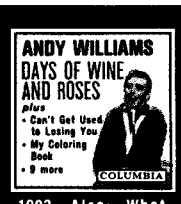
1155. Also: Home On The Range, Tennessee Waltz, etc.



1024. The Good Life, Someone to Love, If I Love Again, 9 more

1014. Also: Wasn't the Summer Short?. Marianna, etc.

1046. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, I Remember You, etc.



1002. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, May Each Day, etc.

1048. Also: Ciao, Bambina; Piscatore; etc.

1003. Also: Volare, Around The World, Kansas City, etc.

1060. Born to Lose, Four Walls, I Walk the Line, 12 In all

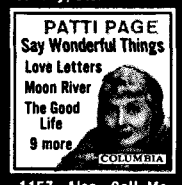
1059. Also: Over the Rainbow, Never on Sunday, etc.

1179. Chances Are, Just Walking in The Rain, 12 in all

1184. Also: Moments to Remember, 3 Coins in The Fountain, etc.

1138. Also: Scarlet Mist, Quiet Village Bossa Nova, etc.

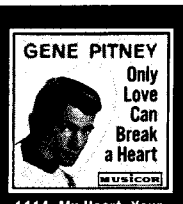
1011. Also: Autumn Leaves, Near You, 'Til, Exodus, etc.



1157. Also: Call Me Irresponsible, I Wanna Be Around, etc.

1036. Also: Smile, Some Like It Hot, Magnificent 7, etc.

. Also: Party in
na, etc.

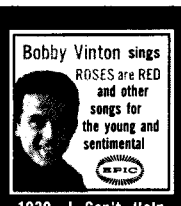


1114. My Heart, Your Heart; 12 in all

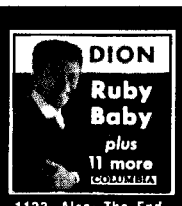
1052. Also: Lookin' for Love, etc.

ENJOY A SWINGING

Teen Party



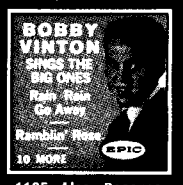
1039. I Can't Help It, Crying, 8 more



1133. Also: The End of The World, etc.

1142. Also: Memphis, Honolulu Lulu, etc.

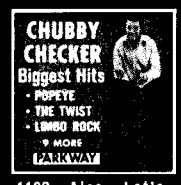
. Teens top drum
s for your danc-
leasure



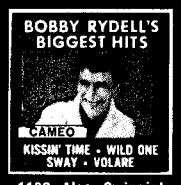
1185. Also: Because of You, Be My Love, I Remember You, etc.

1008. Also: Green Onions, Red River Rock, Calcutta, etc.

1005. Also: Truly Do, Come Softly to Me, Confidential, etc.



1182. Also: Let's Twist Again. (Not available in stereo)



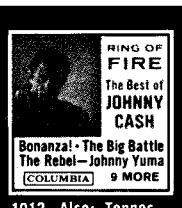
1180. Also: Swingin' School, etc. (Not available in stereo)

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, etc. (Not available in stereo)

1175. Also: Twist and Shout, Playboy. (Not available in stereo)

Durham's Reel,
Blues, 10 more

1010. Also: Railroad Bill, Whistle, etc.



1012. Also: Tennessee Flat-Top Box, etc.

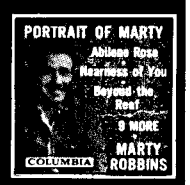
1163. Puff, The Magic Dragon; 12 in all

1145. It's All Right, Oxford Town, etc.

1062. Also: Ham 'n Grits, Your Cheatin' Heart, etc.

1168. Also: Black Cloud, Big Man in A Big House, etc.

1190. Down to Darby, Barbara Allen, The Old-Timer, 9 more



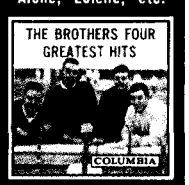
1065. Also: Dusty Winds, I'll Walk Alone, Lolene, etc.

JOIN THE FUN OF A

Hootenanny

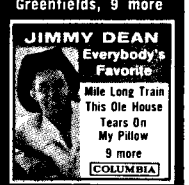
AND COUNTRY JAMBOREE

Also: I'll Be
You Done Me
g, etc. *



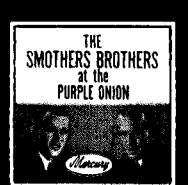
1004. Green Leaves of Summer, My Tani, Greenfields, 9 more

Also: Midnight
al; Whoa, Back,
etc.

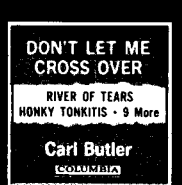


1029. Also: Sweet Georgia Brown, Philosophizin', etc.

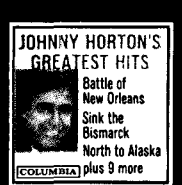
Also: She Once
Here, etc.



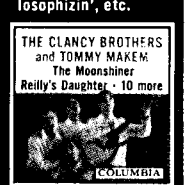
1152. Nine completely hilarious numbers



1134. Also: Grief in My Heart, etc.



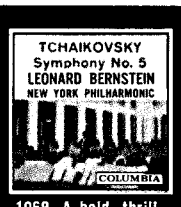
1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, etc.



1193. Also: The Whistling Gypsy, etc.

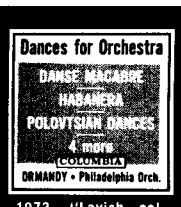
1089. "Lush, romantic."—The Atlantic

1090. Also: Londonderry Air, etc.

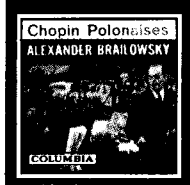


1069. A bold, thrilling interpretation

1074. Historic debut of a superb talent



1073. "Lavish color."—High Fidelity



1092. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N. Y. Times

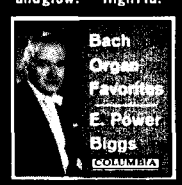
1094. "Performances that really sparkle andglow."—HighFid.

A FESTIVAL OF

Classical Favorites

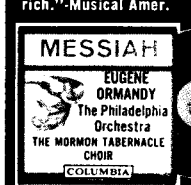
1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—HiFi Rev.

1103. "Brilliant performance...lush...rich."-Musical Amer.



1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popularcompositions

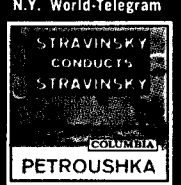
1098. "Fierce impact and momentum."—N.Y. World-Telegram



1107-1108. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Zestful . . . a powerful, vital statement!"—Hi Fi Review

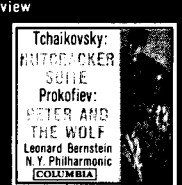
1095. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos

1101. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous."—HiFi Rev.



1093. "A work of genius . . . colossal score!"—High Fid.

1110. "Recommended."—High Fidelity



1070. "Richly performed."—High Fid.

1078. Performances of rare loveliness

1173. Recorder music past and present

1096. "Overwhelming."—HiFi Rev.

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SPEAKING OUT*

Celebrated for his wit, warmth and clarity, C. S. Lewis is one of England's leading authors and a former professor of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Cambridge University. His best-known book is The Screwtape Letters.

As this article went to press, its author died at his home in Oxford, England. The article is his last work.

WE HAVE NO "RIGHT TO HAPPINESS"

By C. S. LEWIS

Is happiness—in particular, sexual happiness—one of man's inalienable rights? A distinguished author attacks the brutality of this increasingly common notion.

"After all," said Clare, "they had a right to happiness."

We were discussing something that once happened in our own neighborhood. Mr. A. had deserted Mrs. A. and got his divorce in order to marry Mrs. B., who had likewise got her divorce in order to marry Mr. A. And there was certainly no doubt that Mr. A. and Mrs. B. were very much in love with one another. If they continued to be in love, and if nothing went wrong with their health or their income, they might reasonably expect to be very happy.

It was equally clear that they were not happy with their old partners. Mrs. B. had adored her husband at the outset. But then he got smashed up in the war. It was thought he had lost his virility, and it was known that he had lost his job. Life with him was no longer what Mrs. B. had bargained for. Poor Mrs. A., too. She had lost her looks—and all her liveliness. It might be true, as some said, that she consumed herself by bearing his children and nursing him through the long illness that overshadowed their earlier married life.

You mustn't, by the way, imagine that A. was the sort of man who nonchalantly threw a wife away like the peel of an orange he'd sucked dry. Her suicide was a terrible shock to him. We all knew this, for he told us so himself. "But what could I do?" he said. "A man has a right to happiness. I had to take my one chance when it came."

I went away thinking about the concept of a "right to happiness."

At first this sounds to me as odd as a right to good luck. For I believe—whatever one school of moralists may say—that we depend for a very great deal of our happiness or misery on circumstances outside all human control. A right to happiness doesn't, for me, make much more sense than a right to be six feet tall, or to have a millionaire for your father, or to get good weather whenever you want to have a picnic.

I can understand a right as a freedom guaranteed me by the laws of the society I live in. Thus, I have a right to travel along the public roads because society gives me that freedom; that's what we mean by calling the roads "public." I can also understand a right as a claim guaranteed me by the laws, and correlative to an obligation on someone else's part. If I have a right to receive $100 from you, this is another way of saying that you have a duty to pay me $100. If the laws allow Mr. A. to desert his wife and seduce his neighbor's wife, then, by definition, Mr. A. has a legal right to do so, and we need bring in no talk about "happiness."

But of course that was not what Clare meant. She meant that he had not only a legal but a moral right to act as he did. In other words, Clare is—or would be if she thought it out—a classical moralist after the style of Thomas Aquinas, Grotius, Hooker and Locke. She believes that behind the laws of the state there is a Natural Law.

I agree with her. I hold this conception to be basic to all civilization. Without it, the actual laws of the state become an absolute, as in Hegel. They cannot be criticized because there is no norm against which they should be judged.

The ancestry of Clare's maxim, "They have a right to happiness," is august. In words that are cherished by all civilized men, but especially by Americans, it has been laid down that one of the rights of man is a right to "the pursuit of happiness." And now we get to the real point.

What did the writers of that august declaration mean?

It is quite certain what they did not mean. They did not mean that man was entitled to pursue happiness by any and every means—including, say, murder, rape, robbery, treason and fraud. No society could be built on such a basis.

They meant "to pursue happiness by all lawful means"; that is, by all means which the Law of Nature eternally sanctions and which the laws of the nation shall sanction.

Admittedly this seems at first to reduce their maxim to the tautology that men (in pursuit of happiness) have a right to do whatever they have a right to do. But tautologies, seen against their proper historical context, are not always barren tautologies. The declaration is primarily a denial of the political principles which long governed Europe: a challenge flung down to the Austrian and Russian empires, to England before the Reform Bills, to Bourbon France. It demands that whatever means of pursuing happiness are lawful for any should be lawful for all; that "man," not men of some particular caste, class, status or religion, should be free to use them. In a century when this is being unsaid by nation after nation and party after party, let us not call it a barren tautology.

But the question as to what means are "lawful"—what methods of pursuing happiness are either morally permissible by the Law of Nature or should be declared legally permissible by the legislature of a particular nation—remains exactly where it did. And on that question I disagree with Clare. I don't think it is obvious that people have the unlimited "right to happiness" which she suggests.

For one thing, I believe that Clare, when she says "happiness," means simply and solely "sexual happiness." Partly because women like Clare never use the word "happiness" in any other sense. But also because I never heard Clare talk about the "right" to any other kind.

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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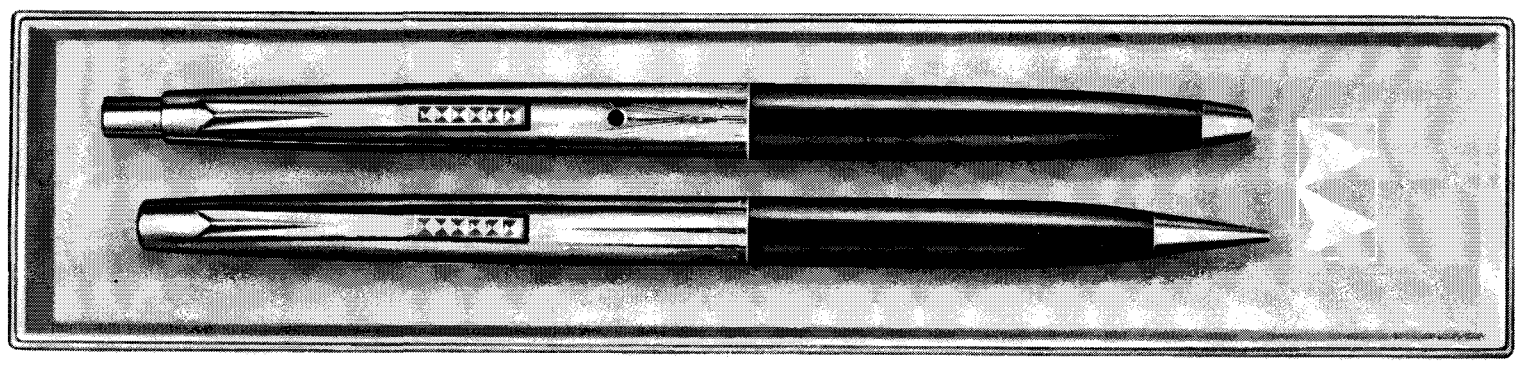
What
do you mean
Uncle Harry
is hard
to buy for?



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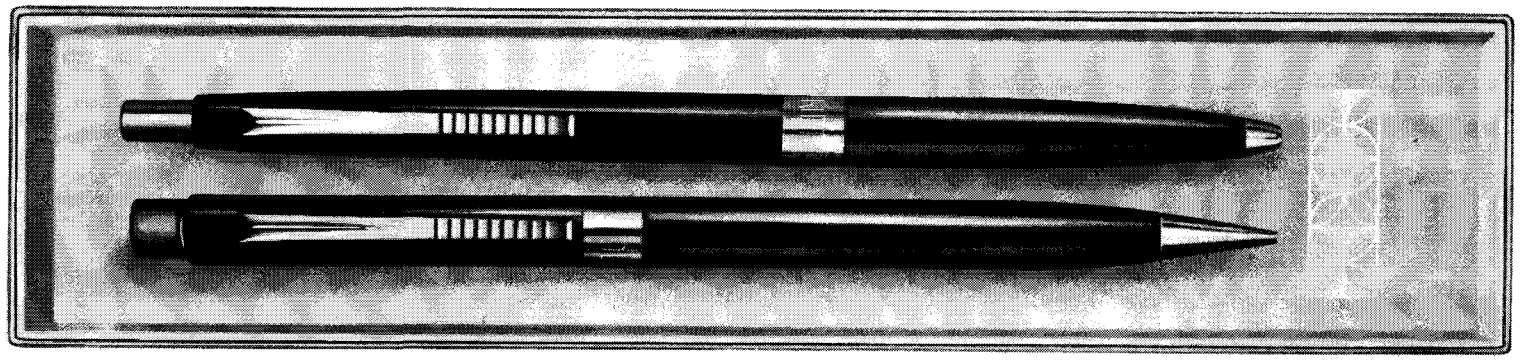

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SPEAKING OUT

She was rather leftist in her politics, and would have been scandalized if anyone had defended the actions of a ruthless man-eating tycoon on the ground that his happiness consisted in making money and he was pursuing his happiness. She was also a rabid teetotaler; I never heard her excuse an alcoholic because he was happy when he was drunk.

A good many of Clare's friends, and especially her female friends, often felt—I've heard them say so—that their own happiness would be perceptibly increased by boxing her ears. I very much doubt if this would have brought her theory of a right to happiness into play.

Clare, in fact, is doing what the whole western world seems to me to have been doing for the last 40-odd years. When I was a youngster, all the progressive people were saying, "Why all this prudery? Let us treat sex just as we treat all our other impulses." I was simple-minded enough to believe they meant what they said. I have since discovered that they meant exactly the opposite. They meant that sex was to be treated as no other impulse in our nature has ever been treated by civilized people. All the others, we admit, have to be bridled. Absolute obedience to your instinct for self-preservation is what we call cowardice; to your acquisitive impulse, avarice. Even sleep must be resisted if you're a sentry. But every unkindness and breach of faith seems to be condoned provided that the object aimed at is "four bare legs in a bed."

It is like having a morality in which stealing fruit is considered wrong—unless you steal nectarines.

And if you protest against this view you are usually met with chatter about the legitimacy and beauty and sanctity of "sex" and accused of harboring some Puritan prejudice against it as something disreputable or shameful. I deny the charge. Foam-born Venus . . . golden Aphrodite . . . Our Lady of Cyprus . . . I never breathed a word against you. If I object to boys who steal my nectarines, must I be supposed to disapprove of nectarines in general? Or even of boys in general? It might, you know, be stealing that I disapproved of.

The real situation is skillfully concealed by saying that the question of Mr. A.'s "right" to desert his wife is one of "sexual morality." Robbing an orchard is not an offense against some special morality called "fruit morality." It is an offense against honesty. Mr. A.'s action is an offense against good faith (to solemn promises), against gratitude (toward one to whom he was deeply indebted) and against common humanity.

Our sexual impulses are thus being put in a position of preposterous privilege. The sexual motive is taken to condone all sorts of behavior which, if it had any other end in view, would be condemned as merciless, treacherous and unjust.

Now though I see no good reason for giving sex this privilege, I think I see a strong cause. It is this.

It is part of the nature of a strong erotic passion—as distinct from a transient fit of appetite—that it makes more towering promises than any other emotion. No doubt all our desires make promises, but not so impressively. To be in love involves the almost irresistible conviction that one will go on being in love until one dies, and that possession of the beloved will confer, not merely frequent ecstasies, but settled, fruitful, deep-rooted, lifelong happiness. Hence *all* seems to be at stake. If we miss this chance we shall have lived in vain. At the very thought of such a doom we sink into fathomless depths of self-pity.

Unfortunately these promises are found often to be quite untrue. Every experienced adult knows this to be so as regards all erotic passions (except the one he himself is feeling at the moment). We discount the world-without-end pretensions of our friends' amours easily enough. We know that such things sometimes last—and sometimes don't. And when they do last, this is not because they promised at the outset to do so. When two people achieve lasting happiness, this is not solely because they are great lovers but because they are also—I must put it crudely—good people; controlled, loyal, fair-minded, mutually adaptable people.

If we establish a "right to (sexual) happiness" which supersedes all the ordinary rules of behavior, we do so not because of what our passion shows itself to be in experience but because of what it professes to be while we are in the grip of it. Hence, while the bad behavior is real and works miseries and degradations, the happiness which was the object of the behavior turns out again and again to be illusory. Everyone (except Mr. A. and Mrs. B.) knows that Mr. A. in a year or so may have the same reason for deserting his new wife as for deserting his old. He will feel again that all is at stake. He will see himself again as the great lover, and his pity for himself will exclude all pity for the woman.

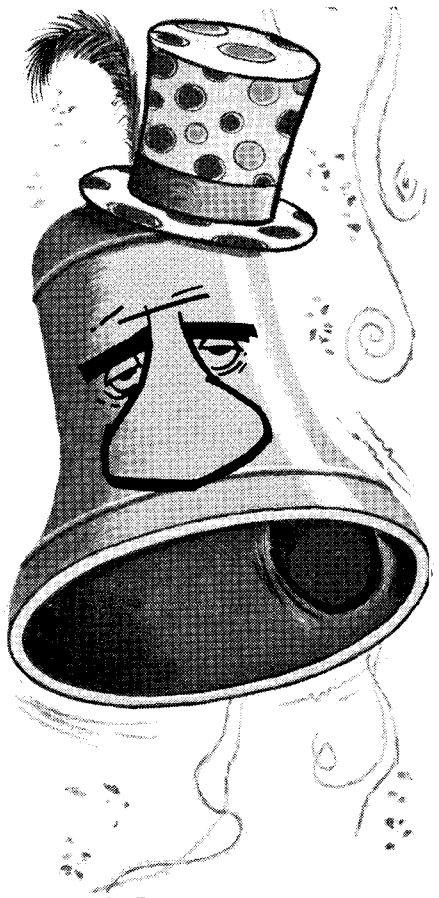
Why women suffer more

Two further points remain.

One is this. A society in which conjugal infidelity is tolerated must always be in the long run a society adverse to women. Women, whatever a few male songs and satires may say to the contrary, are more naturally monogamous than men; it is a biological necessity. Where promiscuity prevails, they will therefore always be more often the victims than the culprits. Also, domestic happiness is more necessary to them than to us. And the quality by which they most easily hold a man, their beauty, decreases every year after they have come to maturity, but this does not happen to those qualities of personality—women don't really care two cents about our *looks*—by which we hold women. Thus in the ruthless war of promiscuity women are at a double disadvantage. They play for higher stakes and are also more likely to lose. I have no sympathy with moralists who frown at the increasing crudity of female provocativeness. These signs of desperate competition fill me with pity.

Secondly, though the "right to happiness" is chiefly claimed for the sexual impulse, it seems to me impossible that the matter should stay there. The fatal principle, once allowed in that department, must sooner or later seep through our whole lives. We thus advance toward a state of society in which not only each man but every impulse in each man claims *carte blanche*. And then, though our technological skill may help us survive a little longer, our civilization will have died at heart, and will—one dare not even add "unfortunately"—be swept away.

THE END



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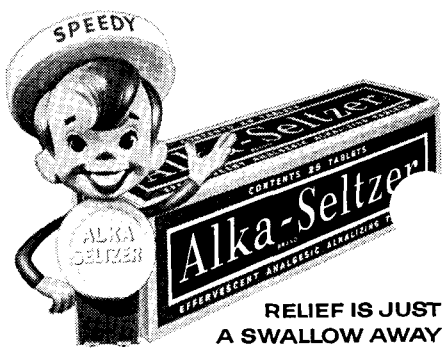

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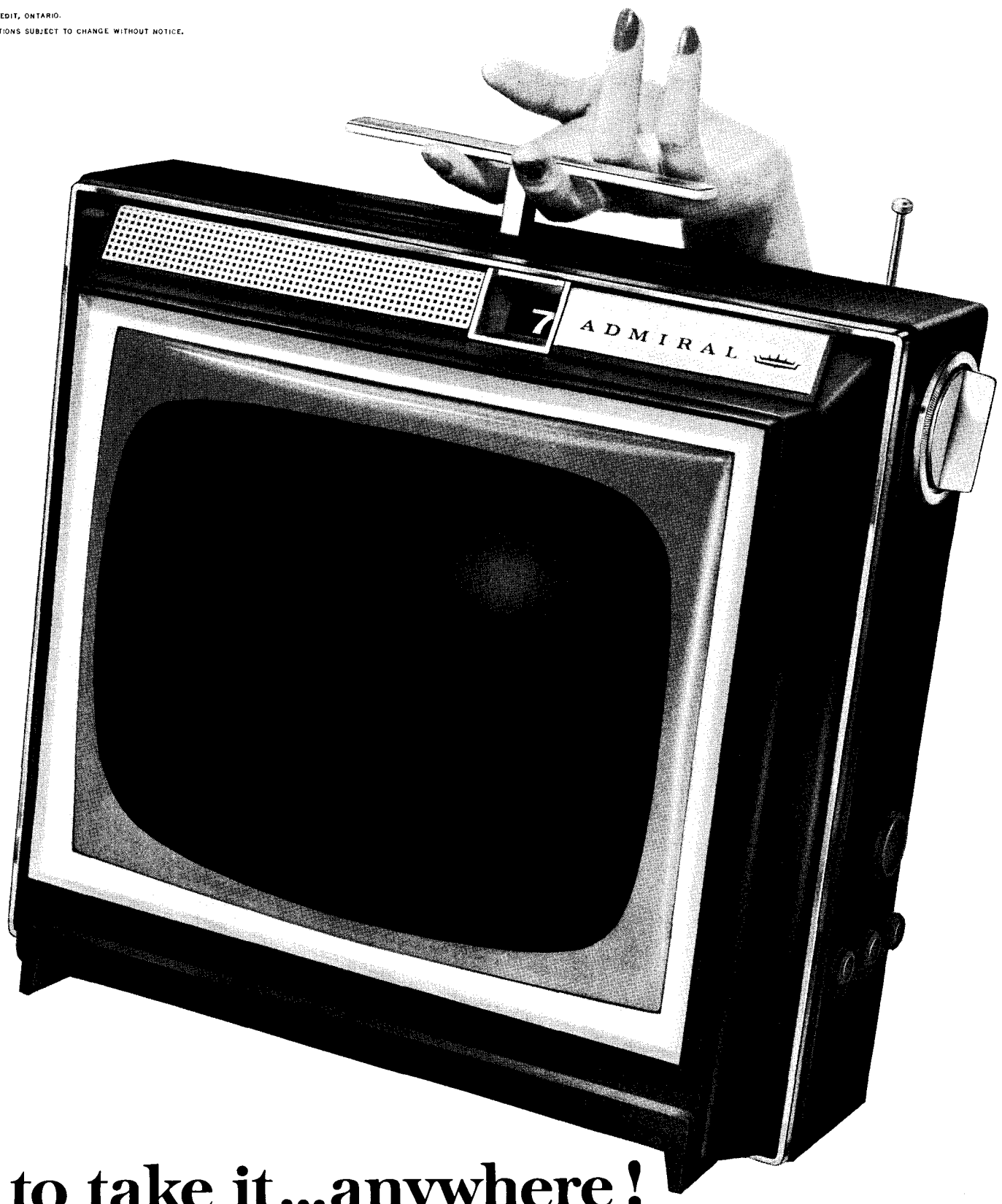

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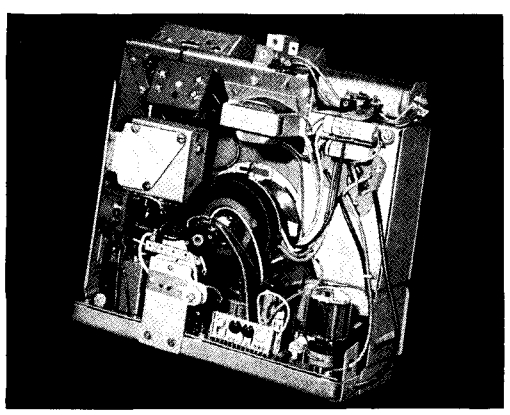
New Admiral 11" (overall diagonal) Playmate



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A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding ⁜ that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified ⁜ that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them ⁜ that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses ⁜ that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us ⁜ that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

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More on the great tax myth

WASHINGTON: Barry Goldwater has said that the progressive income tax ought to be abolished. Like most of the rest of us, he is doubtless unaware that above a certain level it has already been abolished.

As previously reported in this space, a Treasury analysis showed that the lucky fellow with an income of a million dollars a year typically pays a smaller percentage of his income than a man with a 20th of his income. But the million-dollar-a-year man, according to a second analysis by the same authoritative source, pays a higher percentage of his income than those even richer. In short, while almost everybody assumes that our income-tax system is steeply progressive, the percentage of income paid in taxes actually tends to decrease as income increases in the highest brackets.

This second Treasury analysis concerns itself with the taxes paid by a happy band of exactly 1,002 persons. These are the persons who, in the year 1959, reported "adjusted gross incomes" (incomes after business and other deductions) of more than $500,000 a year. Actually, there are many more than 1,002 people with that kind of real income. Since income from many state and municipal bonds is free of federal tax and need not even be reported, most very rich people have a high proportion of their capital invested in them.

For this reason the officially reported percentages of real income paid in federal taxes are certainly on the low side. In certain cases, however, they could not be lower, since according to the Treasury analysis there were 20 very rich people who paid no income taxes at all. The distribution of these nonpaying rich is interesting.

There were 529 people who reported incomes ranging between $500,000 and $750,000 a year. Of these relatively poverty-stricken citizens, a mere three—a fraction of one percent—paid no income tax at all. Four of the 529—no doubt they made the mistake of *earning* taxable income—paid at the highest rate, between 80 and 85 percent.

There were 19 Americans with incomes of more than five million dollars a year. Among the lucky 19, five, or more than 25 percent, paid no income tax at all. None of the 19 paid in the 80-to-85-percent bracket. Only one paid more than 70 percent on his income. (Perhaps that one, whoever he may be, will read this report, recognize himself and growl at his secretary, "Get my damn tax lawyer on the telephone.") Of the 19 richest of the rich, 12 paid less than 50 percent of their income in taxes.

Most people suppose that taxes in the really high brackets are "confiscatory." But is a tax of less than 50 percent on an annual income of five million dollars really confiscatory?

The word is certainly accurately applied to the eight people—eight among the whole happy band of 1,002—who paid more than 80 percent of their income to the Government. It is accurately applied to the 54 citizens who paid 70 to 80 percent, probably even to the 89 who paid more than 60 percent. But considering how much the other 851 citizens had left after taxes, below the 60 percent level, the tears of sympathy turn somewhat crocodilian.

How do 20 very rich people manage to avoid paying any income tax at all, and stay out of jail? Alas, the answer, as supplied by reputable tax lawyers, is above the head of a mere political reporter. The answer has to do with something called the "Philadelphia-nun" ruling. It seems a goodhearted Philadelphia nun liked to give away *all* her income every year. To help the kindly lady, a tax ruling was made which permits a person who gives the equivalent of his or her entire taxable income to charity in eight years out of ten to avoid paying all federal income taxes in those years. For complex reasons, the very rich can save very large sums in taxes by giving to charity, from properties which have greatly increased in value, sums equal to their annual income. In other words, if your taxable income is one million dollars, and you also provide a hospital with a long-held piece of land now valued at a million dollars, your tax bill is zero. That, at any rate, is what the tax lawyers say.

There are numerous other devices which make it possible for people who derive very big incomes from capital to avoid the taxes which those who earn their money must pay. This may sound outrageous. A person with a moderate income who discovers that he is paying more taxes than someone with an income 100 times as big is tempted to man the barricades and call for revolution.

This reaction is irrational, as the reader can prove by asking himself a question: "If I could legally get away with paying less, would I or wouldn't I?" Moreover, as previously pointed out in this space, the capitalist system, which has served the country well, would collapse if a capitalist *really* had to hand over to the Treasury nine out of every ten dollars earned on his capital.

Even so, the facts and figures cited above raise a question: Should President Johnson reconsider President Kennedy's decision to abandon virtually all the "reform" aspects of his original tax program? The program as first proposed would have combined generous cuts in upper-bracket tax rates with the closing, or at least the narrowing, of various tax loopholes. For example, the top rate would have been lowered from a totally unrealistic 91 percent (which literally no one in the country pays) to less than 70 percent. At the same time, devices like the Philadelphia-nun gimmick would have been eliminated. In short, the Kennedy program would have made a modest move in the direction of fixing taxes at a rational rate, on the basis of income actually at the disposal of the taxpayer. In the tax-cut bill which has passed the House, and which the Kennedy Administration endorsed, virtually all the major "reform" aspects, as they affect the upper brackets, were dropped.

Perhaps this was inevitable. Any tax system creates enormously powerful vested interests. To cite one example, all the major foundations, museums and other charities would be seriously hurt by a repeal of the Philadelphia-nun ruling. But the consequences, in political terms, are ironical.

If a Republican had proposed such legislation, all the liberal Democrats would be hollering their heads off against the "rich man's tax bill." As things stand, the only effective opposition comes from the conservative budget-balancers, like Sen. Harry Byrd. In the words of one of the Senate liberals, "We'll hold our noses and go along." Those five fortunate fellows who had more than five million dollars in income and paid no income tax are probably all Republicans. But they should thank their lucky stars that this Administration is Democratic.

Stewart Alsop

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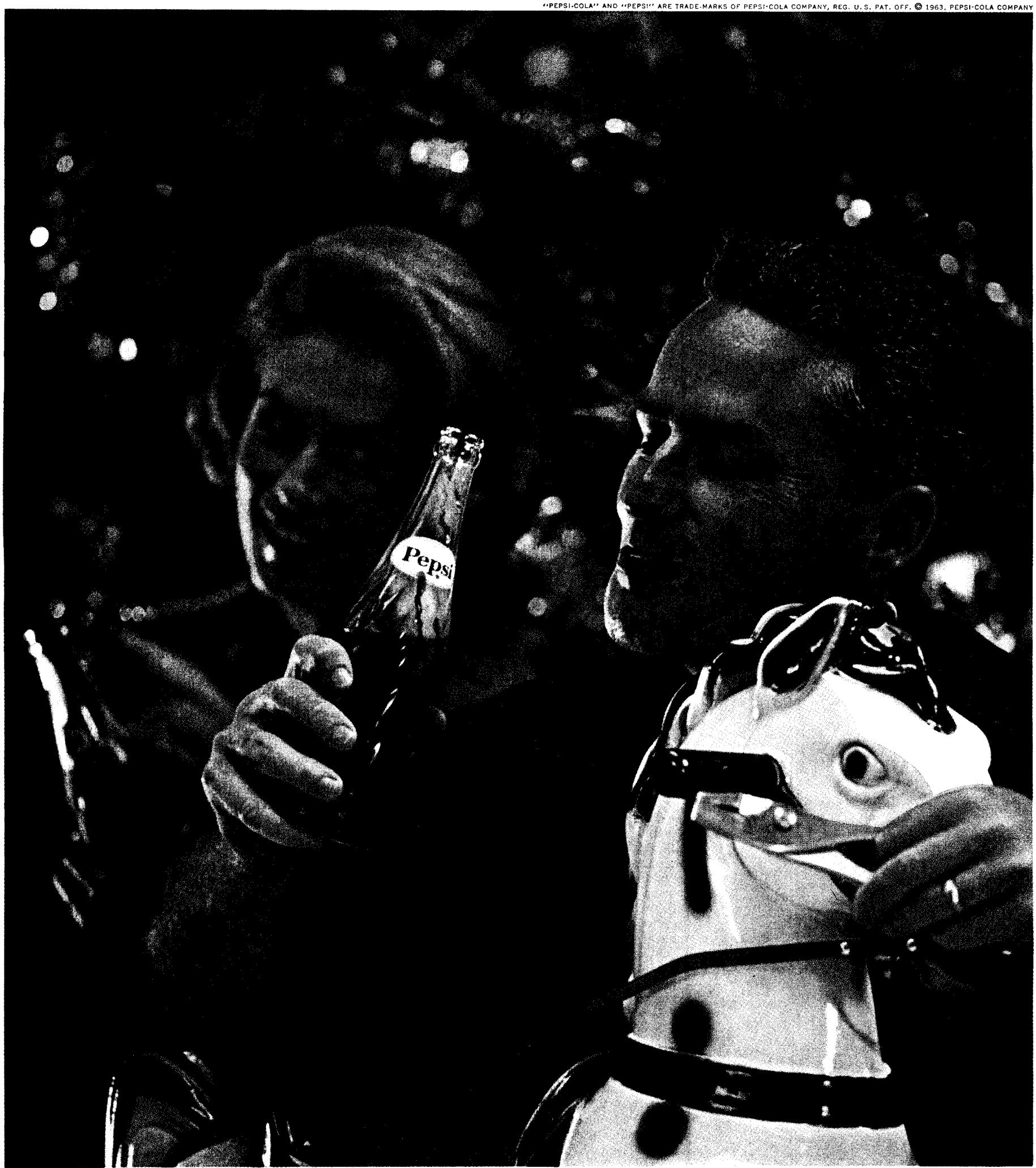

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A Christmas portfolio illustrating "Let the variety of Christian worship in America.

the earth stand in awe of Him."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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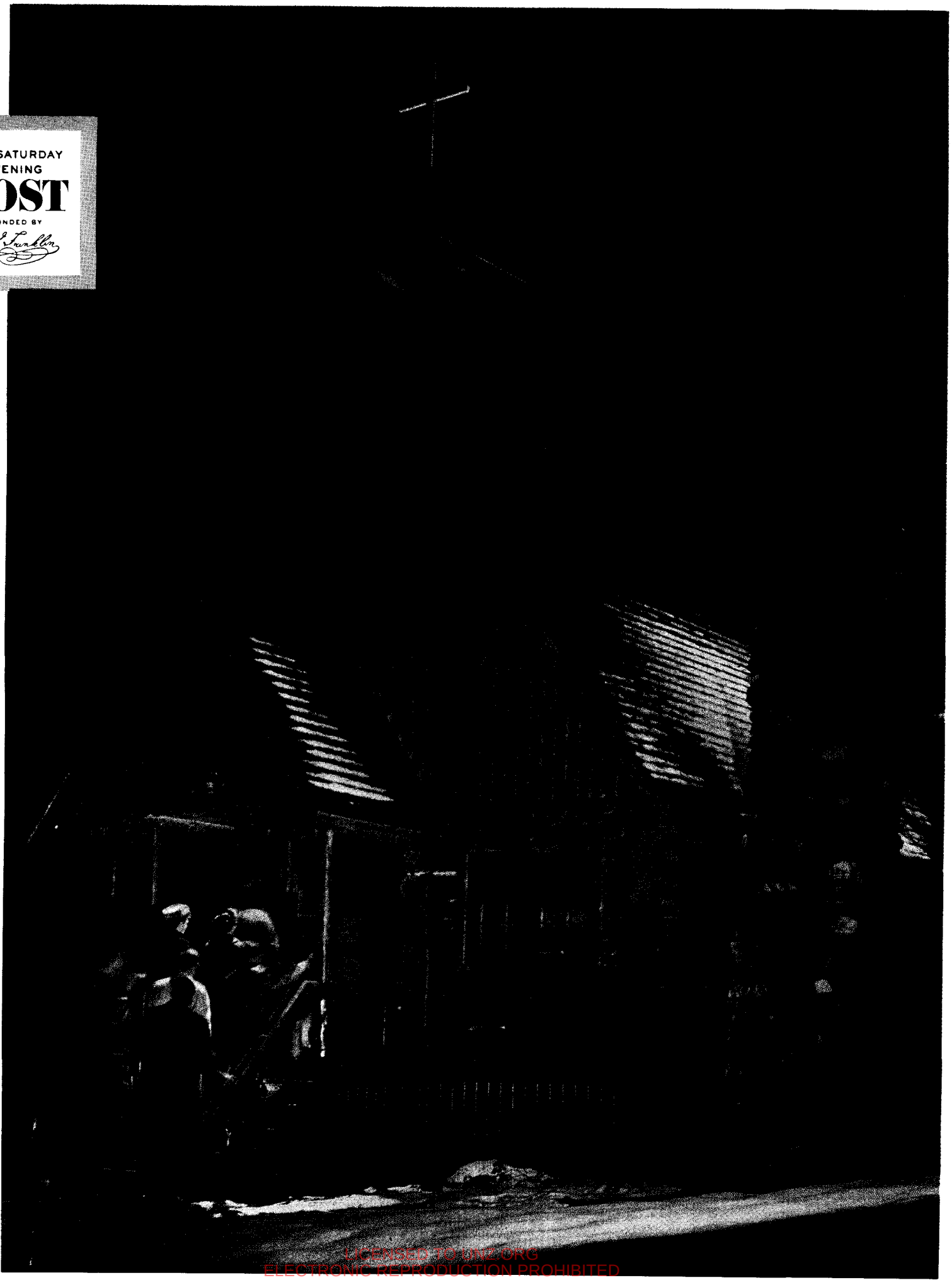

At a log church in Rockwood, Maine, members of the United Church of Christ gather for an evening service.

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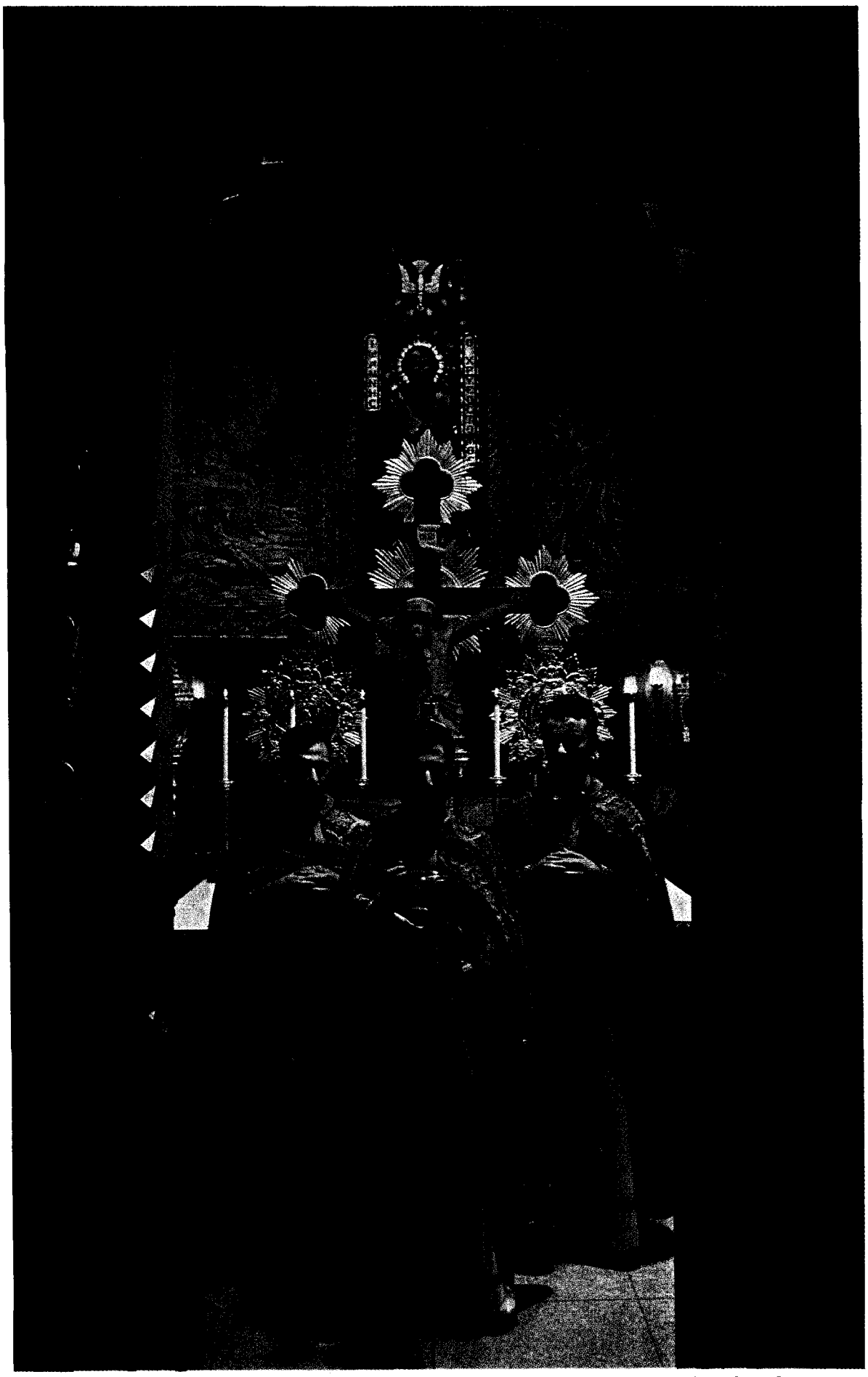
America's Christian churches vary greatly—in ritual, architecture, viewpoint. But beneath the differences is the harmony of an underlying sacrificial spirit.



Priests of St. Sophia Greek Orthodox Cathedral in Los Angeles bear forth the bread and wine.

"Oh worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him." Though united in the miracle of Christmas, Christians find many different ways to express the beauty of holiness. To one it means the reverent hush of a great cathedral at midnight Mass, and a vast choir singing the *Gloria*. To another it recalls the austere beauty of a country church on a snowy morning, the plain man in the pulpit telling the story of the Manger and the Child.

The pictures on these pages depict this great diversity of form and ceremony that marks the Christian Church in America. Here all the great strains of the Christian faith flow in their myriad, separate channels. Here the Christian may approach his God by many doors.

The camera records these differences, yet it also records a harmony. The churches vary in architecture, in ritual, in viewpoint, but each witnesses the common heritage all Christians hold. All use one book, the Bible, though they may differ over interpretation. All believe in "one God, one faith, one baptism," though they may dispute the forms that baptism, for example, should take. All pray: "Our Father, Who art in heaven." All stand in the shadow of the cross on which Christ died. And in every Christian church the holiest sacrament is the Lord's Supper, to which the lowliest suppliant may come.

This, then, is the picture of the Christian Church in America today, linked in beliefs, diverse as human nature in its surface forms, but growing slowly less stubborn in its loyalties to the barriers that divide it. Today, almost unnoticed, subtle changes are taking place. The great liturgical churches ponder how to make their pageantry more meaningful. Slowly, the once austere evangelical churches turn to symbolism and formality to bring a greater beauty to their services.

Unchanged and unchanging is the church's great mission—to instill in blundering, frightened, sinful man a deeper knowledge and love of God; to hold out to him the hope of resurrection; to continue as in ages past to "beat the drum of the Immortal in the darkness of the world."

Below a simple cross, ministers of Methodist Memorial, White Plains, N.Y., give Holy Communio

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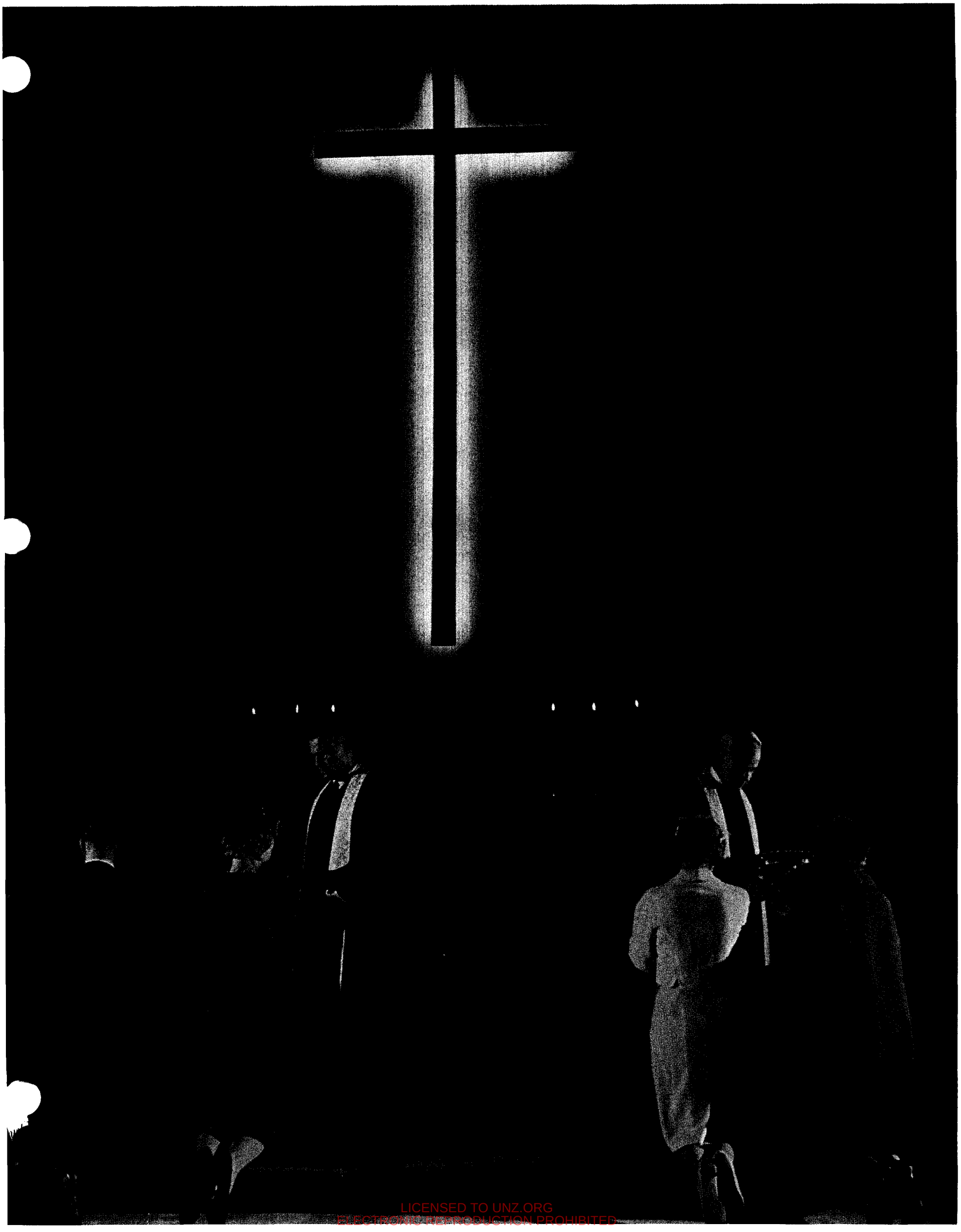

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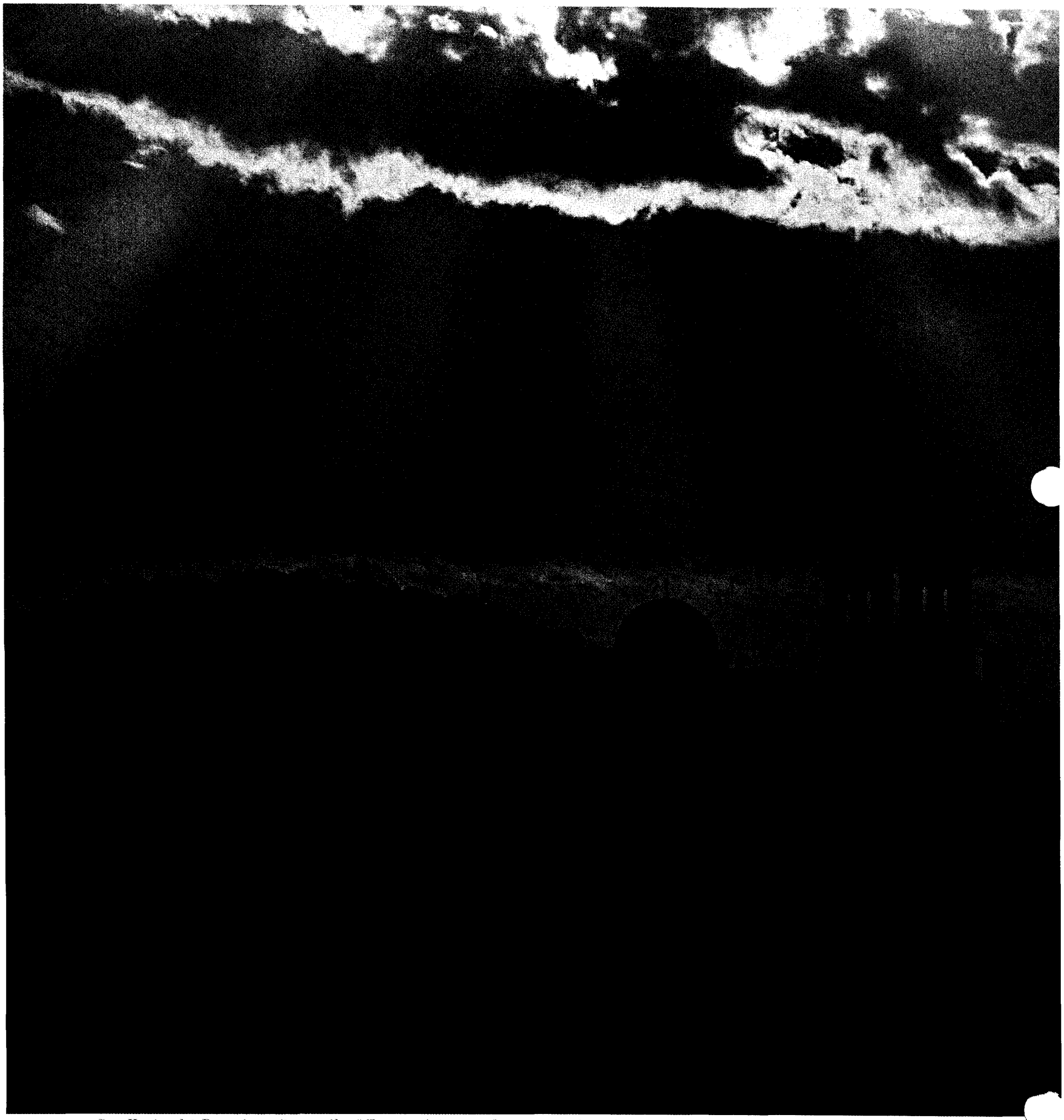
Our churches display both our Old World legacy and our passion to express ourselv



San Xavier del Bac, nine miles south of Tucson, Ariz., stands serene against the evening sky. Completed in 1797, San Xavier is considered the

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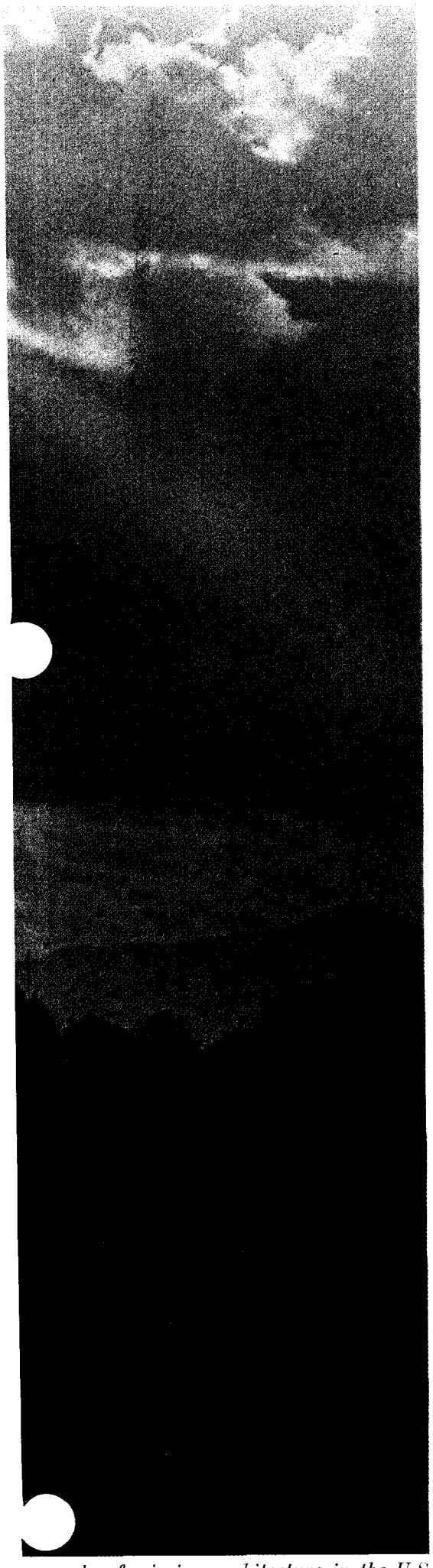
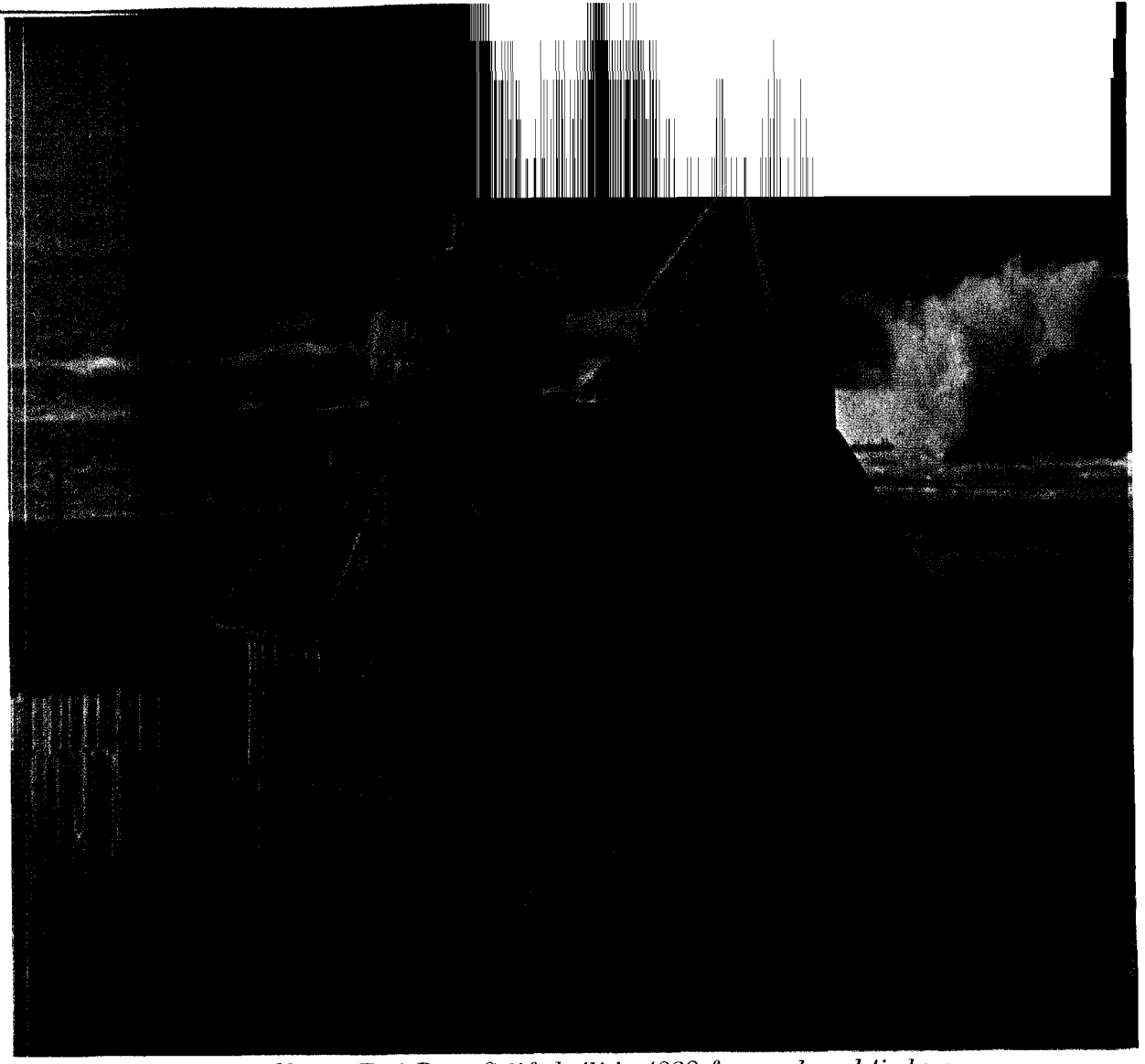
rough new technology.

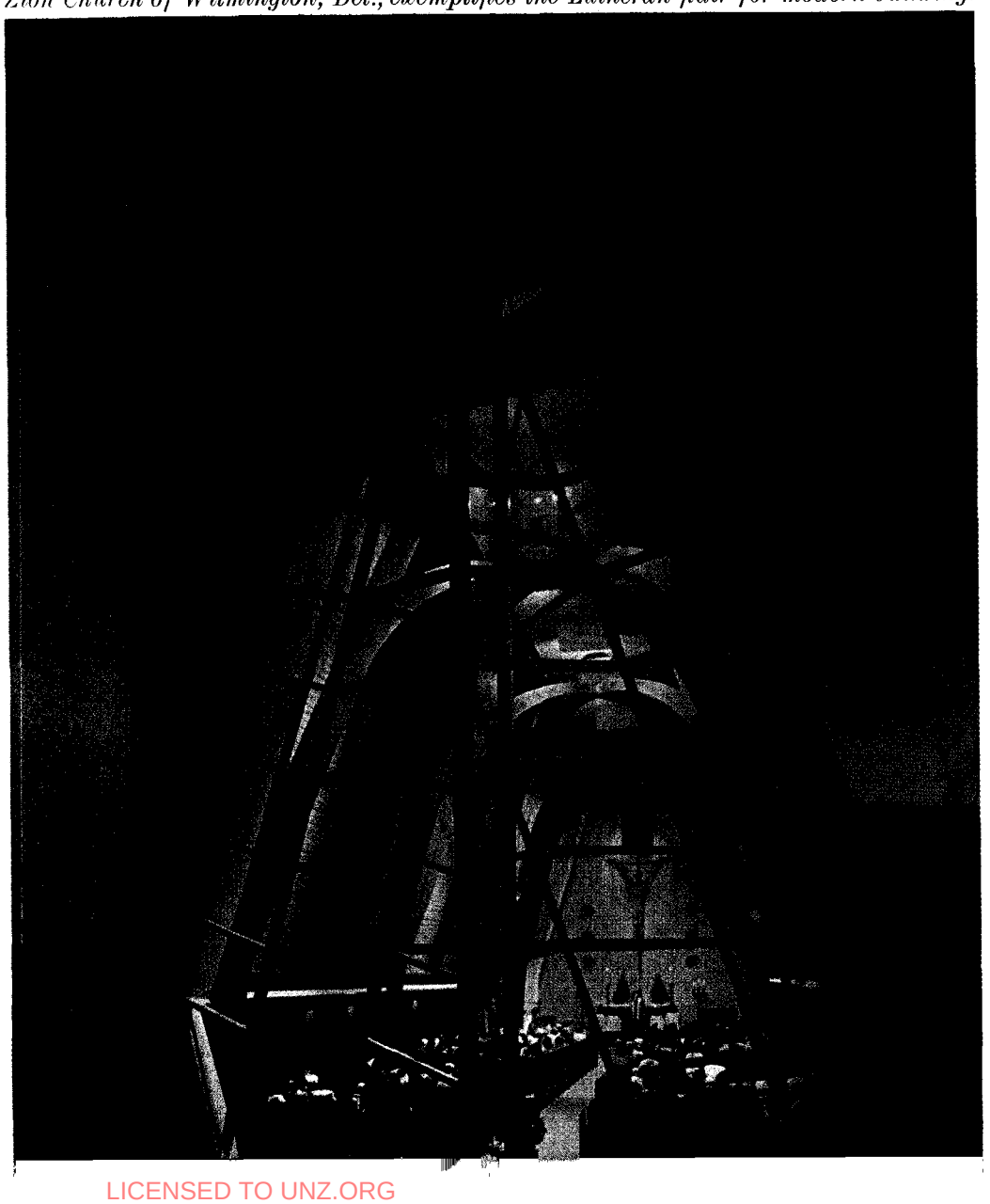


xample of mission architecture in the U.S.



The Russian Orthodox Chapel, Fort Ross, Calif., built in 1828 from redwood timbers.

Zion Church of Wilmington, Del., exemplifies the Lutheran flair for modern building.



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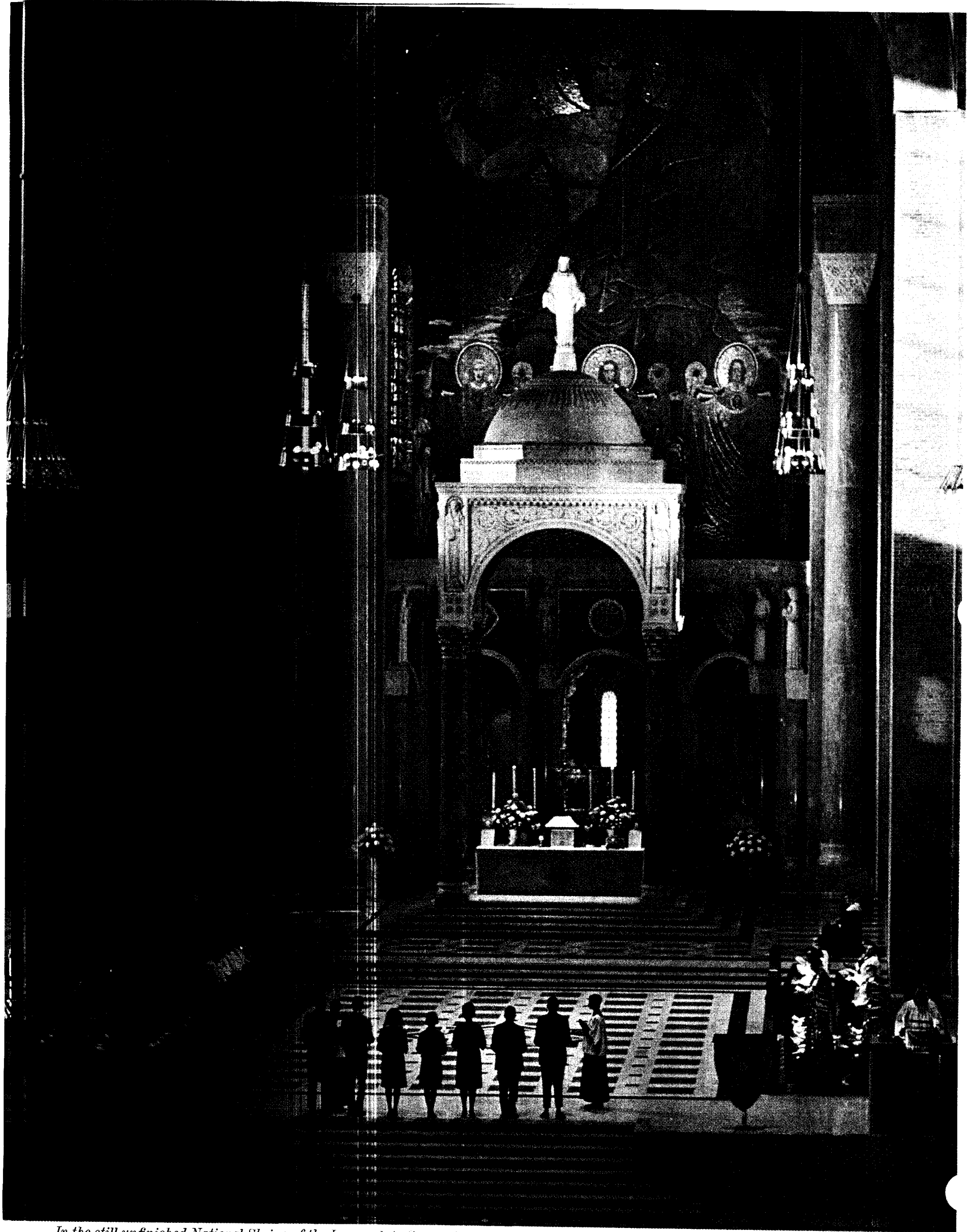

In the still unfinished National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, newly elected Catholic Youth officers are presented at the altar.

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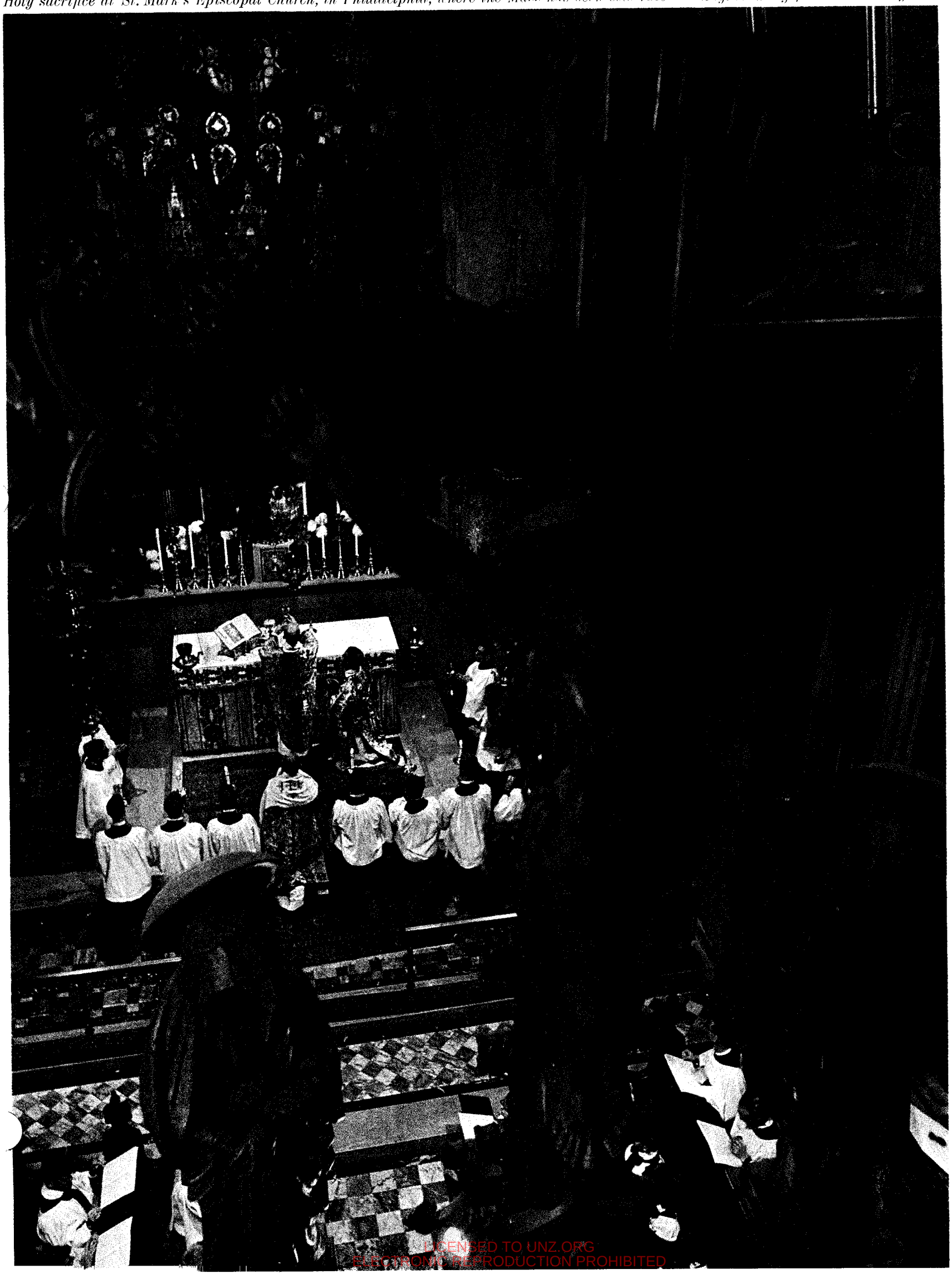
From the common bond of eucharistic worship, a new spirit of Christian unity.

Holy sacrifice at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia, where the Mass has been celebrated in English daily for almost 100 years.



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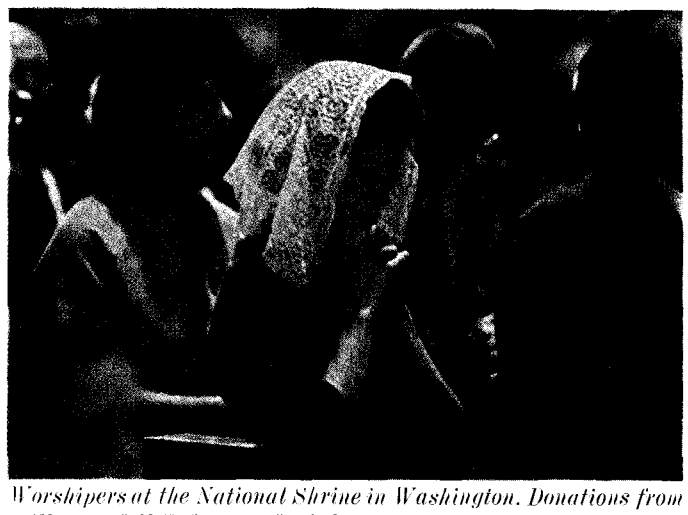
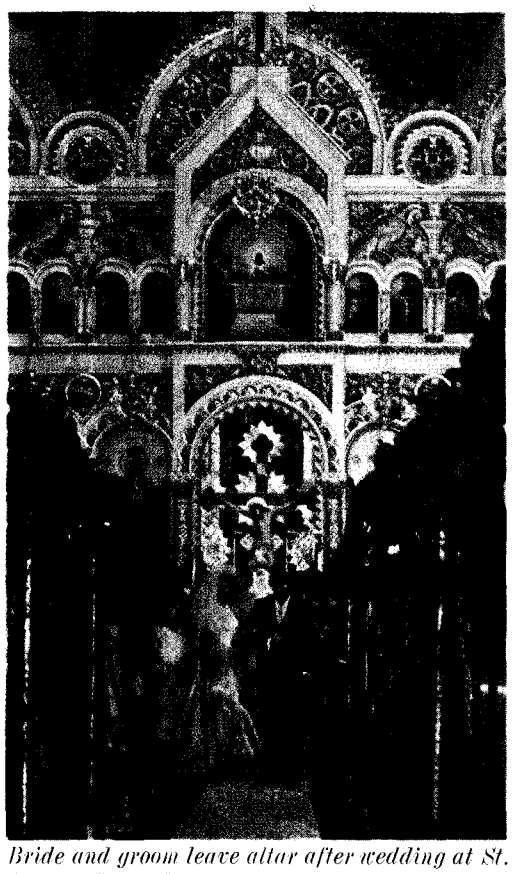
"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I."

Matthew xviii: 20

Climax of the consecration at St. Mark's Episcopal Church. The ritual and ornamentation reflect the reverence of Christ's people.

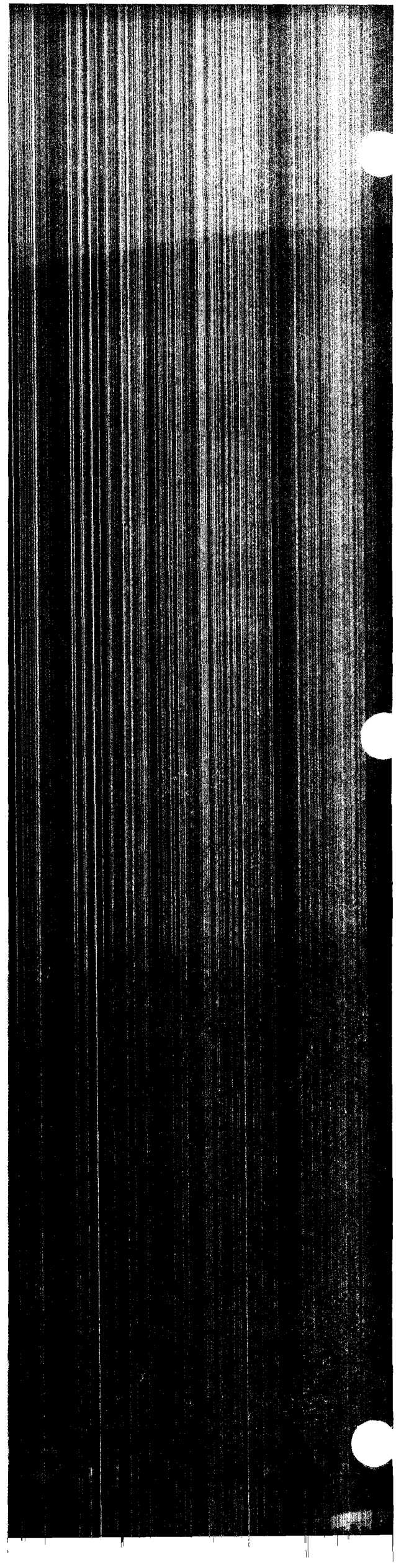


Worshipers at the National Shrine in Washington. Donations from millions of U.S. Roman Catholics helped build the vast church.



Bride and groom leave altar after wedding at St. Sophia Greek Orthodox Cathedral, Los Angeles.

By total immersion, a 16-year-old girl is baptized at the First Baptist Church in Longview, Tex.



Aglow against the darkening Vermont hills, Sunderland Union Church welcomes parishioners to Sunday supper

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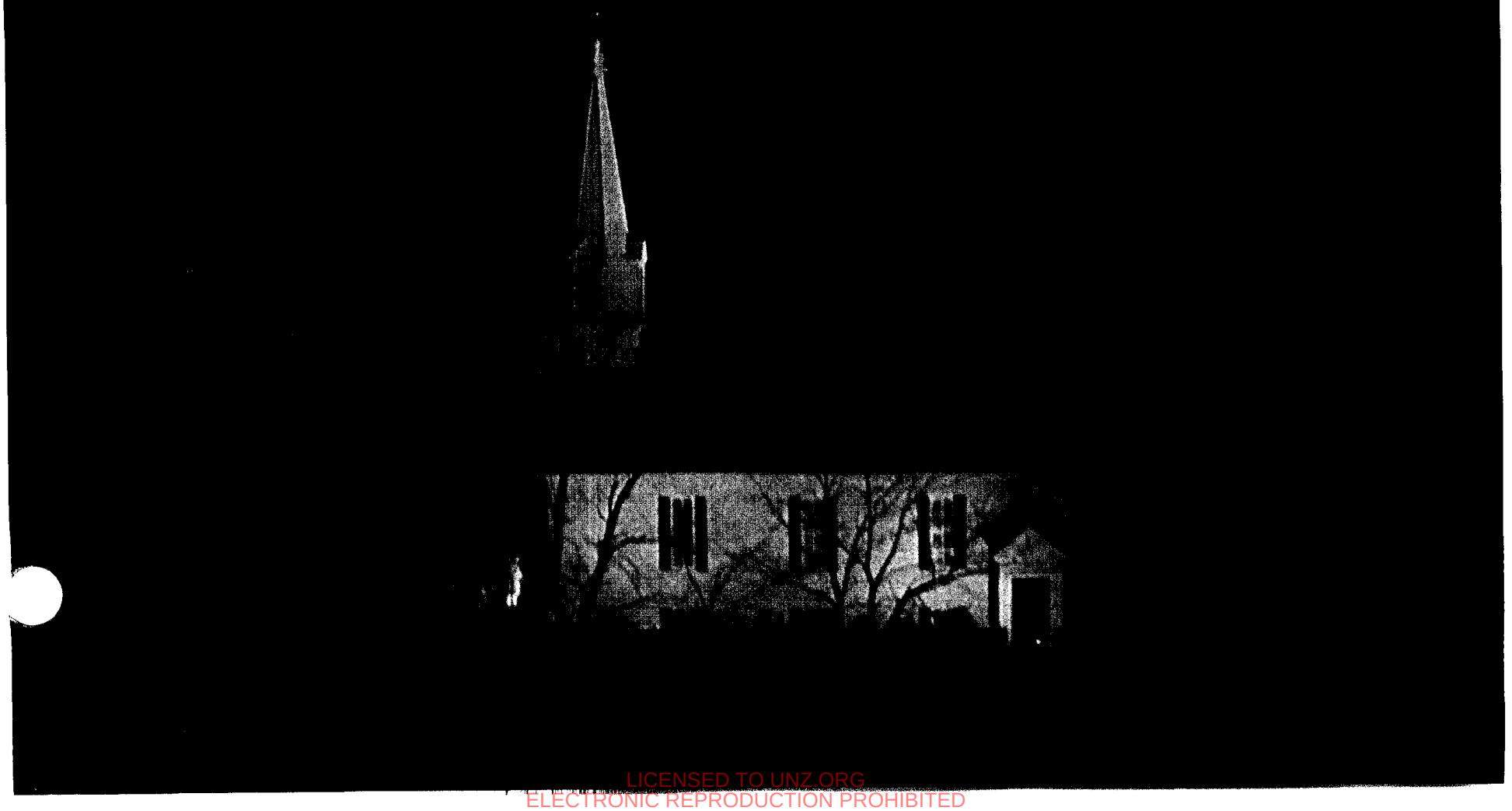

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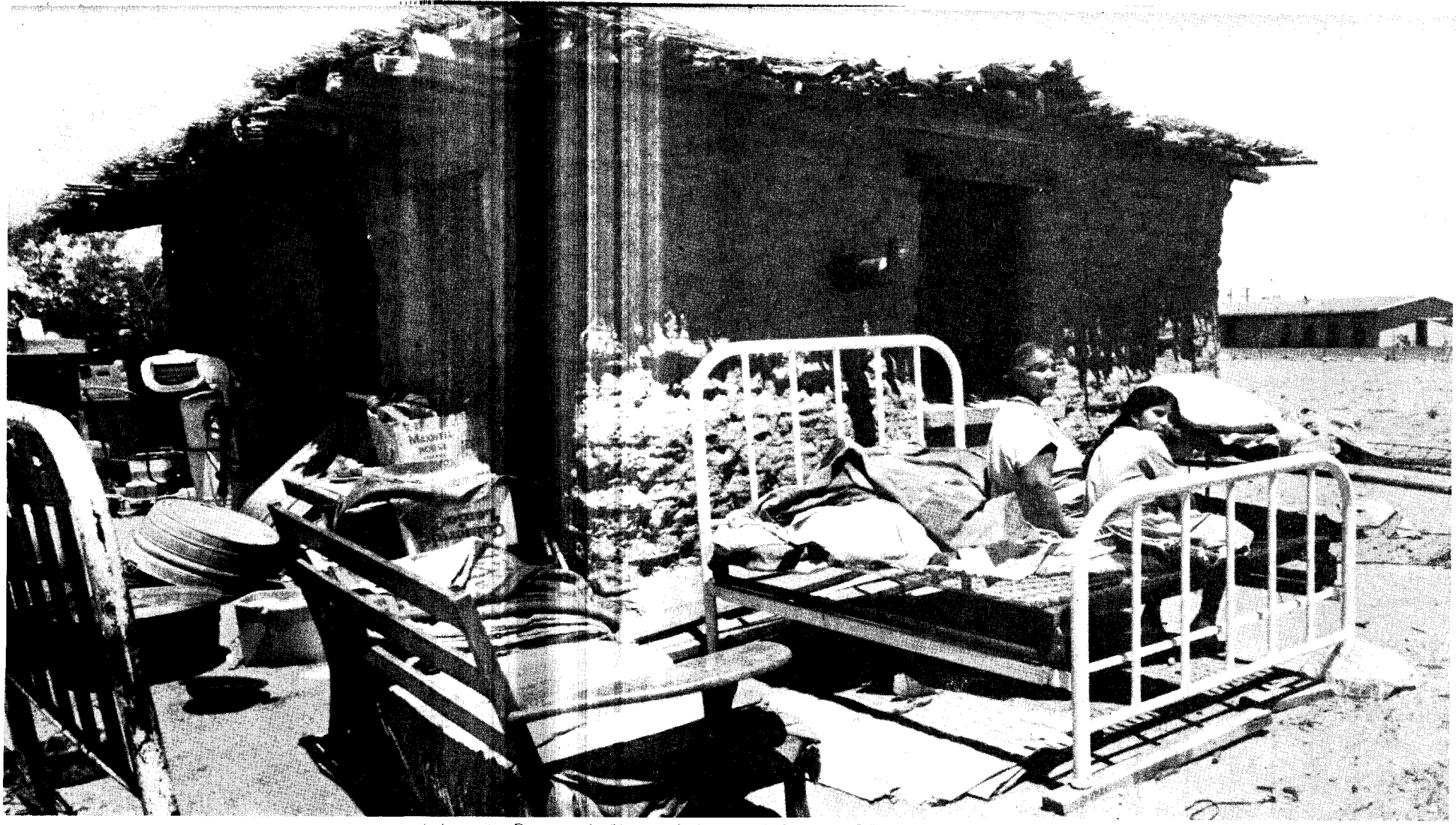

Arizona's Papago Indians, their world destroyed by modern civilization, sit and wait—for nothing. They move be

POVERTY: A SPECIAL REPORT

We are the richest nation on earth, yet one American in five is without adequate food or shelter or medicine, and nobody seems to care.

THE INVISIBLE AMERICANS

By Ben H. Bagdikian

There is a world inside the United States where the American dream is dying. It is a world where, when it rains at night, everyone gets up to move beds away from the leaks. Where there is no electricity—but refrigerators are valued to keep food safe from rats. Where regularly at the end of the month whole families live on things like berries and bread. Where children in winter sleep on floors in burlap bags and their lung X rays at age 12 look like old men's. Where students drift hungry and apathetic through school and their parents die 10 or 20 or 30 years earlier than their countrymen.

These are the poor. They are not just the psychological cripples. Nor are they located only in small, isolated pockets. They are everywhere in the country. Every city, every region has them. In a few places there is scarcely anyone else.

At least 36 million Americans, one in every five, are poor. They are the men, women and children who don't come close to living under minimal standards of food, shelter and medical care. They are not basically different from their fellow Americans. But they have had the bad luck to be born in a poor region, or to be trained for a dying or automating industry. They may have dark skins. They may be sick. They may have lost their jobs after they were 40 years old—too old to find new jobs but not old enough to die. Or, like the American Indians and the small farmers, they may merely have been born into an obsolete culture.

The poor in 1963 are largely invisible. They are concealed by modern apparel—all Americans tend to dress casually and, with modern dyes, most old clothes remain unfaded. They are also hidden by the new shape of the metropolis, where the most wretched people are unseen in the central cores of cities while their comfortable compatriots are gone to the suburbs. Finally, the poor are obscured by The National Average. Since World War II it has been taken for granted that the United States, with the world's highest standard of living, has eliminated poverty. For 80 percent of the population this is true, and this 80 percent assumes it is the same for all.

The American poor are incomparably luckier than the poor of Asia and Africa and the Middle East, who die by the hundreds on the streets. But poverty is measured according to the standards of a man's own community.

If most of America is well fed, the man who can't find three meals a day for his family is poor. If most of America has modern weatherproof housing, the man whose home is leaky and has no piped water is poor. If most of America has enough medical care to stay alive until age 70, the man who can't afford to live beyond age 55 is poor. Such a man is poor statistically. But he is also poor in a far more damaging way: He is a failure in his neighbor's eye and in his own.

Most of the poor are helpless victims of a social upheaval they could neither foresee nor control. Farms are becoming

Photographs by Bill Bridges

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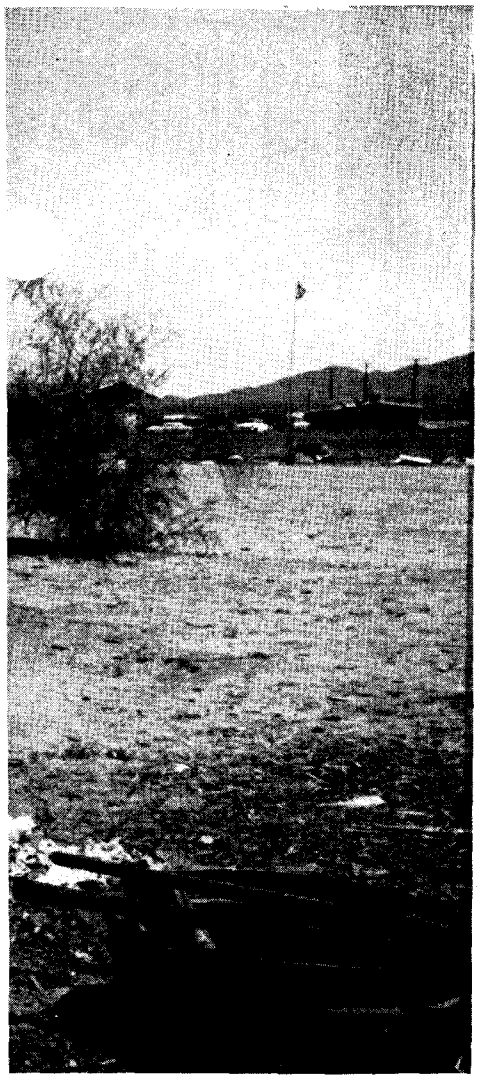

utside to escape heat of adobe houses.

great mechanized operations, surviving through science, size and big investment. In the process, country people are being squeezed off the land—more than a million a year—and are fleeing to the cities.

The traditional urban foothold for the novice from the country is the unskilled job, and this is being eliminated by automation. Nevertheless, the city has much excitement, some jobs and a tradition that the starving shall be fed. At this moment, millions of rural Americans are merely waiting for the bus fare or the hint of a job, or for the last vestige of family loyalty to die so that they can flee the rural misery they know for the risk of urban misery unknown.

* * *

Willie Johnson is a short, stocky West Virginian. He is 55 years old, which means that society expects at least seven more years of work from him before he qualifies for a Social Security pension. Like his father, he went into the coal mines at age 13 and worked steadily. Twelve years ago he was earning more than $100 a week. Today he earns nothing. He will probably never work again.

"If a man looks hard enough," the middle-class belief goes, "he will find *some* work." This is hard to believe in Logan County. It is one of the 230 counties of southern Appalachia, the beautiful mountain region that runs from West Virginia to northern Alabama, where seven million Americans are gasping from economic suffocation. In all of Appalachia the three main ways to earn money—farming, lumbering and mining—need ever fewer men. In Logan County, where mining is the sole source of money, there were 14,000 men in the mines in 1954 when Willie Johnson last held a job. Now there are only 3,500.

Negro children peer out from their unheated Chicago apartment: a baby brother died of pneumonia last winter.

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Hoping to raise money by selling junk, a ragpicker sullenly trudges along Chicago's West Madison Street.

"Oh, Lord," an old

POVERTY

With 10,000 families out of work in one small county, the men who get no welfare because they are not crippled or have no dependents live in abandoned shacks or friends' woodsheds, and no one is sure how they stay alive.

Willie Johnson's family is on maximum relief in the county. Each month they get $165. Rent is low, $27 a month (four rooms, leaky roof, no running water). Electricity is $7.50. This leaves $130.50 for everything else.

With eight children at home, it is not an easy choice between shoes, books and food. Books in the public high school cost $28 a year; this can be prohibitive. When he was in the ninth grade, the oldest son, young Willie, dropped out of school so the younger ones could stay in.

"First two weeks we have it right smart," Willie Johnson says of their diet. Breakfast is eggs, salt pork and brown gravy. Lunch is a bowl of pinto beans. Supper may be two fryers for 10, potatoes, beans, milk for the children and coffee for parents.

The last two weeks bring a pinch known to millions of the poor: By then, small catastrophes have occurred—a schoolchild's shoes have literally fallen apart and one has to spend four dollars for a new pair that will disintegrate in the first rain, or eight dollars for a pair that will last. The night they had an unexpected visitor the 10 Johnsons were having berries picked from the back hill, mixed with flour. It was the 25th of the month, with a week more to go before the next welfare check.

For two Christmases there have been no presents in the Johnson household. The children have never seen a movie. An old television set is broken. The last time a doctor was in the house was 1951. Recreation? "I don't know the meaning of it," Willie Johnson said without rancor.

Clutching empty bottle in one hand, h

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man's voice cried out. "I'm dying, Lord. Please have mercy on me!"

He mostly sits on his sagging porch in a sagging tubed chair, looking at the melancholy hills around him. From his chair he can see, high and shadowy on a distant ridge, a strip mine that produces 40 railroad cars of coal a day. When he was young, it employed 500 men. Today it produces the same amount of coal with 20 men. Young Willie spends a lot of time sitting on the porch too.

Johnson goes to bed at sundown, in one of the four beds in which the 10 members of the family sleep.

"I pray every night. My boy, he wants to be a mechanic. This girl of mine, she's fourteen, she wants to be a teacher. They talk about this and while they're talking I'm hoping and at night I pray: They've got to get out of here."

* * *

The farmer has always been the folk image of The Perfect American—hard-working, self-reliant, prospering from his own labor and beholden to no man. Farmers and farm workers are today among the poorest people in the United States. Forty acres and a mule no longer will support a family. It takes at least 325 acres for an average American standard of living, plus good credit at the bank and heavy investment in fertilizers, weed killers and complicated machinery.

The brutal fact is that most farmers are not really needed anymore. Fifty years ago each one grew enough food and fiber for seven people; today he provides for 24. It is not surprising that in the last 10 years eight million Americans left their farms for the cities. At this moment there are over 1.5 million young men between 10 and 19 growing up on farms, but in the next 10 years there will be only 150,000 openings for farm operators. Yet most farmers still retain their compulsive desire to make things grow, and their bitter love for the land.

Columbus Cooper is 57 years old. His father owned his own farm and divided the land among his male children. Cooper started clearing his 26 acres when he was 16 years old. He built his present house with his own hands, an unpainted pine clapboard cottage. On a rainy day recently he looked out on his land in Sumter County, S.C., at the sagging tobacco shed, the drizzle glistening on the small tractor and moistening the rust on his six-year-old car. For him, too, the revolution was a perpetual puzzle.

"Things are kind of standing still. That's what's worrying me. I'd like to redeem myself, but the expenses are growing. Things could break bad for me if I can't stop this expense and pay back my indebtedness. . . . Sometimes I can't sleep nights trying to solve my problems."

It is generally agreed that a farmer in the United States, if he wants to live at an ordinary standard of living, needs to gross at least $10,000 a year cash income. Columbus Cooper, with a family of 12, grosses $1,500.

He is no rarity in American farming. There are 350,000 full-time family farms that average $438 a year in sales. Because he is a Negro he is worse off than most. More than 40 percent of all Negroes in rural areas have less than $1,000 a year income. Rural whites are better off, but not much; 50 percent earn less than $3,000; 20 percent, less than $1,000.

Cooper, a thoughtful man who dresses neatly and looks out steadily through shell-rimmed glasses, cannot quote national statistics. But he knows that four years ago he had to mortgage the farm for the first time for $2,000 at seven percent interest. Since then he has reduced it to $1,500, sometimes with bales of cotton. But each year he has less money to start the next crop and has to borrow for seed, fertilizer and fuel to cure his tobacco.

He grows most of the vegetables they eat—cabbage, collards, turnips, peas, beans—and spends $600 a year for store food: rice, flour and occasionally stew meat. If the cow is milking, the children get milk. In summer he and the boys may catch pike, bream or catfish. In winter and fall they hunt for squirrel, which Mrs. Cooper boils and then fries.

He pays $400 a year on his tractor, $85 for kerosene to cure his tobacco, $200 for fertilizer. Clothes, mostly shoes, cost about $150 a year. All his older children finished 12th grade and the rest plan to; he carries heavy insurance—at $200 a year—to try to guarantee it. But this already is $1,635, and provides nothing on his mortgage or on the $300 he still owes on his car. Nor for medical and dental bills. Or anything else.

Mrs. Cooper is a younger, round-faced, serious woman who thinks she works harder than her mother, who worked very hard. "I do a lot of mending and altering hand-me-downs, but you know older girls in school."

Their living room was neat ("the roof leaks in two or three places but not bad") with clean yellow curtains on the windows, an old but scrubbed linoleum, two sofas used for sleeping in summer (there are seven beds for 12 people), and a piano given them by an aunt in North Carolina.

"Jo Earl, she's fifteen, takes lessons. They cost sixty cents a week. It's a lot for us, but I think the girls ought to have something like that," Mr. Cooper said.

At Christmas they spend about two dollars for each child. "Birthdays there aren't presents, but we do eat something special, like chicken or sweet bread."

A doctor was last in the house four years ago. When toothaches are unbearable the children go to a dentist in town at three dollars a visit.

When Cooper wishes out loud, he wishes he could pay cash to start each crop instead of going into debt. He wishes he could get a Government loan to clear 20 more acres and thus increase his income.

"But mostly I hope my kids do better than I'm doing. They'll have to achieve something on their own, and they'll have to study for that, learn modern farming, or a trade like brickmasonry. But I hope they won't have to leave home. Oh, I hope they won't. But I want them to do better than I have."

* * *

"Those who labor in the earth," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "are the chosen people of God."

But Jefferson didn't know the migrant workers, the two or three million Americans who work on other people's farms. They move like nomads from farm to farm and from state to state. They live in the worst squalor, the most hopeless family chaos, and the most ignored poverty of the American poor.

Theirs is a strange existence. Their seasonal movements are charted on maps like those of the birds, but more is known about birds than about these human beings. They are almost outside the normal workings of American society—except that their hands pick the nation's fruit and vegetables.

They are constantly crossing state lines, but are exempt from federal minimum-wage laws for workers in interstate commerce. They are almost never eligible for welfare, since they do not live long enough in one place. They do not get unemployment compensation when they are out of work, or workmen's compensation when they are injured.

In 1960 the average migrant worker earned $1,016. Where there are families, they all work. It is hard to get anyone to admit there is still any child labor, but in 1959 a special U.S. census showed 457,000 children between the ages of 10 and 15 employed in agriculture.

If you drive north from Miami on Route 441, you will see no sign of migrants unless, somewhere along a 30-mile stretch north of Fort Lauderdale, you turn off onto dirt roads, bump into still smaller roads and run into one of the 90

earches gutter for other salable items.

Feeling the ragpicker may offend his customers, a store owner comes out and kicks him in attempt to drive him off.

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"I hope my kids won't leave home. Oh, I hope they won't. But they

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clusters of shacks in the tall grass where 35,000 migrant workers work during the winter. They hope to earn enough money to move north for picking in the summer, and then have enough at season's end to get back south again.

This year desperation ran through the camps. One Thursday it began to rain in flooding sheets, and two days later the last of the bean crop was ruined. It was a severe financial loss for the farmers, but it meant starvation for the pickers.

Mildred Mason—not her real name—is 18 years old. She had an illegitimate child when she was 15, but the baby died of dysentery. This is not unusual. She now is legally married, has two healthy children and appears to be in firm control of her life. This is unusual.

She and her husband Joe live in a one-room shack. There are no windows, only hinged boards. Fleas and flies are so thick nobody troubles to brush them off anymore. The only source of heat and cooking is an open fire outside their doorway. Water comes from a pump that serves 11 other shacks.

Mr. Mason can make $36 or $42 a week, and Mildred makes $20 or $30. But they do not make this every week. In 1959 the average days worked by all migrant workers was 143, and work gets harder to find as automatic machinery learns to plant, weed and pick. Cotton used to be a six-dollar-a-day crop six months a year. Now it is closer to 60 days. Yet migrants continue to appear, like the Masons coming mostly from sharecropping, where there is now no work whatever.

The Masons see the handwriting on the wall but do not know what to do about it. Last May they left Florida after six months' work with $25 to show for it. They arrived, two days and nights of continuous riding later, in Cedarville, N.J., with $14 left. The strawberry crop in New Jersey was 10 days late, so they—two adults and a child, with one on the way—tried to stretch the $14 until the crop was ready. After a summer of picking—with time off while she was sick—they returned to Florida with three dollars.

Mildred Mason is slender, solemn and possessed of an uncommon poise. But now she spoke in a rush: "I don't want my husband picking crops anymore and I don't want my children to. I'm tired of worrying about crops being ready, worrying if it's going to rain, worrying if there'll be a storm. I want food for my kids, a house that doesn't have rats or bugs, that has windows in it, a house where the wind won't come through the wall and the rain won't come in like there was no roof at all. I want my kids to have an education. It's awfully hard to get a job without an education. We're good pickers. But I never in my whole life had more than forty dollars cash at one time. Right now I don't have a single penny."

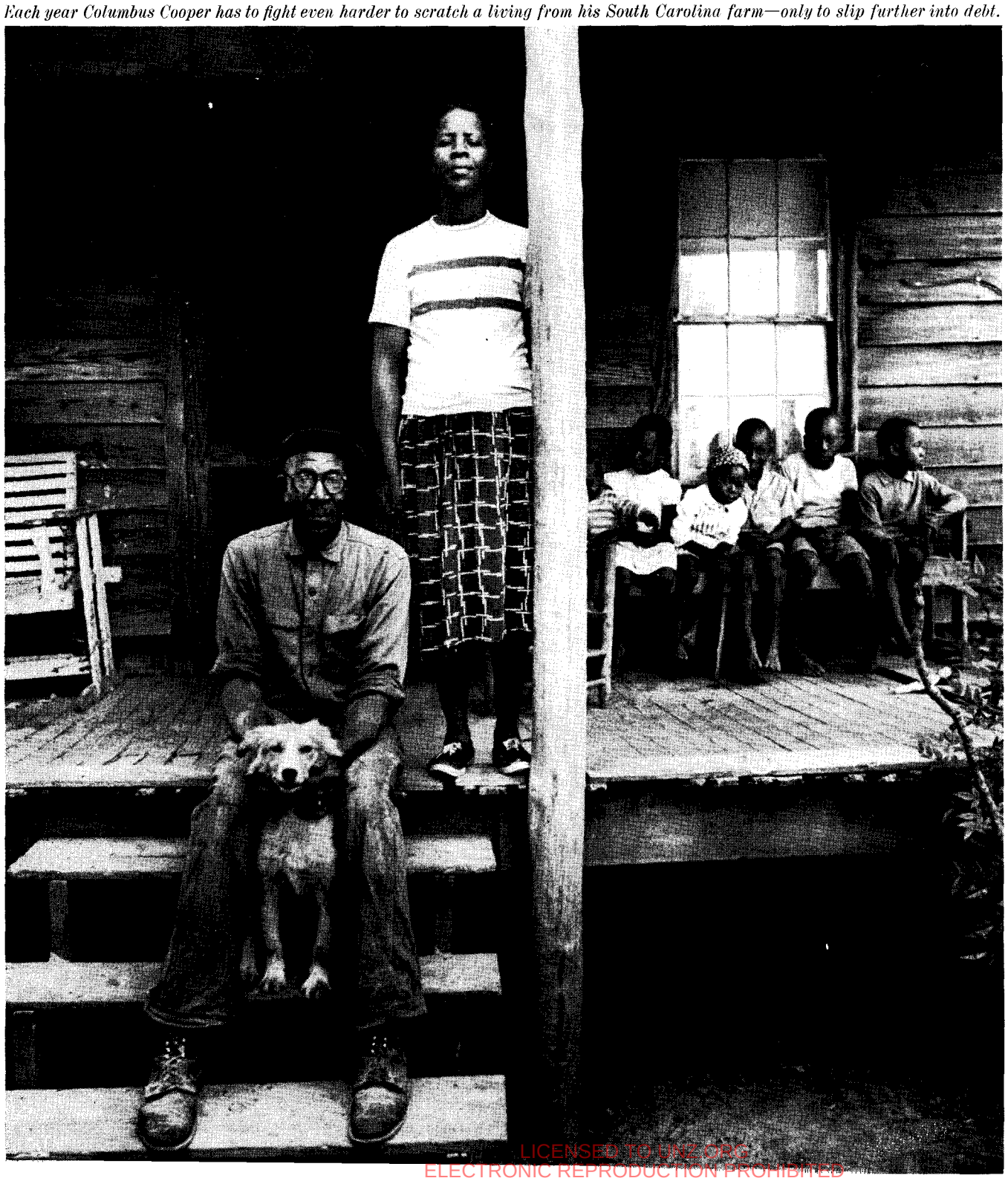
Her eyes filled and she looked fierce as her six-month-old child crawled to her feet and stuck a fist into his mouth.

"I don't have a single penny and no food. But I don't care. I don't want to go up that road anymore."

* * *

José Chico is a powerful, barrel-shaped American Indian who calculates that he is 61 years old. During the first 30 years his life he lived pretty much as his forefathers did in the year A.D. 1500. Like others in the Papago tribe in southern Arizona, he dwelt in adobe houses, grazed cattle, coaxed crops out of the grudging soil, hunted deer and rabbit in the mountains. The tribes were ruled by village elders in remote family clusters in what is still some of the most lonely and inaccessible inhabited land in the United States. Their ancestors have been there for about 5,000 years, and, like most of the 500,000 American Indians, his people are repulsed by personal aggressiveness and by failure to work for family and tribe. The mastery of the quiet Indian was his instinct for catching deer, his ingenuity in trapping flash-floods to sustain desert gardens, the incredible sensitivity to the austere land and its life. But now this is all wrong. The lack of personal aggressiveness in a competitive labor market becomes apathy and laziness. The sensitivity to nature becomes quaint confusion in the city. Family and tribe are no help on the paved streets of Phoenix and Chicago. In less than a lifetime, José Chico's world has leaped ahead 500 years.

Each year Columbus Cooper has to fight even harder to scratch a living from his South Carolina farm—only to slip further into debt.



José Chico, cataracts forming over his eyes, peers over the desert range, at the giant cactus, the golden paloverde trees, the scarlet punctuation of the ocotillo, the purple mystery of mountain and mesa—the visible evidence that the tribe is rich in nature, since they own 4,000 square miles of this land. Yet starvation is endemic among them.

Like his father, he still coaxes a usable garden out of the desert, he still does some herding of cattle for others. In addition, he picks some cotton to make about $500 a year to support his wife and five children. He gets surplus federal foods. But still there is not enough cash.

Two of his sons attend a mission high school in New Mexico, their tuition and board paid by the church. But he got a letter saying they needed shoes. The $30 he had saved for food for the month of May went by return mail.

José Chico stood by the corner of the well-made adobe house and the neat ocotillo-branch corral he has proudly maintained his whole life. He was somber. What did his children plan to do to make a living after they finished high school in New Mexico?

He stared at the questioner as long as it is courteous for an Indian to look at anyone without speaking. Then he looked back at the shadows stretching out over the desert.

"I don' know," he said. "Come back home with me, I think. Maybe, I hope."

* * *

"George, you obscenity-head! You know what today is? You know, you dumb bastard? Today is Sunday, April fourteenth. Easter! And you know what that means? That means a bottla wine is gonna cost you eighty-five cents."

A half-human sound: "All I got is an obscenity seventy cents."

"Thass what I'm tellin' ya, you cheap obscenity! The only way you're gonna get a bottle today is from the bootlegger. There ain't no fifty-cent bottles to[day]. There ain't no sales."

The animal sound came plaintively again. "All I got is seventy cents."

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got to do better than I have."

"Why, you cheap bastard! You got five bucks downstairs advance rent. Go get it, you cheap bastard. You know today's Easter."

From a distant cage a voice groaned.

Nearby someone vomited.

Another voice cried out in sleep.

You walk down both long flights of stairs, past the flophouse sign that reads, CLEAN, QUIET, NO DRUNKS. Outside, a man's body was sprawled across the curb, half in and half out of the gutter, an empty wine bottle near his hand.

The Easter sun was just up, pouring yellow, horizontal and thick down West Madison Street like a searchlight. There was no sound, but moving ghostlike through the blinding light were dozens of men, shuffling, wandering, moving noiselessly in the middle of the street, along the side of buildings, men who walk all night because they have no place to sleep or who have slept in doorways and are in the sun trying to warm muscles gone stiff from sleeping on concrete. A few purposeful men already rifle the trash barrels for the treasured empty bottles, worth half a cent each toward the golden goal of 50 cents, the price of one pint of red fluid marked PORT, which acts on foodless bodies to produce a strange narcosis through which some men choose to die slowly, all for 50 cents a pint. Except that this was Easter and you would have to spend at least 85.

This was Skid Row in Chicago, one of the areas in the country's 100 largest cities where men congregate to accompany each other over the edge of civilized life and then over the edge of life itself.

But these wrecks are not typical of the poor. They are only a few hundred thousand of the more than 30 million poor. Actually, they constitute only 60 percent of Skid Row inhabitants. The rest are aging bachelors, maybe former seamen or truck drivers, who have come to Skid Row to live as cheaply as they can or because they prefer its naked drama to life in a respectable middle-class rooming house.

My flophouse "room" was a steel cage, a windowless hole with ugly mustard-colored corrugated steel walls. It was eight feet long, too narrow to stretch the arms wide in, and eight feet high, the top covered with chicken wire. Inside was a locker, a broken wooden stool and a cot with one sheet, one blanket and lice. On the whole floor of the building—where my cage was No. 270—the stench was solid, sticking in the throat for days after, a mixture of urine, vomit, dirty socks, sweaty bodies and smells unidentifiable. It was a place easy to leave for the rough excitement of Saturday night on Skid Row. For the huge bar—"FULL SHOT BEER, 25¢"—where a casual inquiry brought a cold, "You ask too goddam many questions." For the all-night movie: "It's a good joint; they let you sleep but you gotta watch out you don't wake up and maybe your shoes is gone." Or the mission where a lugubrious sermon on Sodom and Gomorrah was preached to 18 soundly sleeping men.

Back in the flophouse the sounds are much like those of men dying. The maids usually find one man dead each morning among the 38 flophouses.

"Oh, Lord," an old man's voice cried out in the night. "Oh, Lord, have mercy on my soul. Oh, Lord, I'm sick. I'm dying. Please, Oh, Lord, please have mercy on my soul."

A voice from the next cubicle barked, "Shut up, you bastard."

Other men got the shakes as they lay on their cots, the terrible shivering of a man addicted to wine and now having withdrawal symptoms cured only by a new drink. Only during their fitful sleep do fragments from the past float to the surface of men's minds, like the cry in the night, "Where's my dad? Where's my dad?" and the wild sobbing.

* * *

Edmund MacIntosh had been depending on the theory that hard-boiled eggs and opened cans of meat need no refrigeration. And he was sick.

He had also depended on the theory that if you work hard, live frugally and mind your own business you will get by without help. And now he was 74 years old and needed help.

MacIntosh, to use a descriptive but not a real name, depended on hard-boiled eggs because his Los Angeles hotel room has no refrigerator, and he cannot afford to eat out. He is trying to live on his $50-a-month Social Security check. Room rent is $38.50 a month, which provides a room with clean linen every two weeks and clean towels every day. The remainder goes for food and chewing tobacco. Every week friends on the same floor do his shopping for him: two dozen eggs, seven small cans of V-8 juice, two cans of meat, a carton of dry cereal and his tobacco. He boils the eggs at once and eats them morning and evening. He stretches a can of meat for three days or so. He has just discovered that hard-boiled eggs and canned meat need refrigeration in warm weather.

MacIntosh has a solid, dignified manner, even as he lies on his bed, propped on an elbow, his square-jawed face ashen. He looks vital, but he has dizzy spells, and so fears to walk outside. "I'm afraid I'll fall down, and the cops will think I'm a wino. That happened to a friend of mine, and when I couldn't find twenty-one dollars bail money for him he got thirty days."

His response to the present problem is one of hurt rather than anger. He was always able to earn money. He finished high school in North Carolina and two years in a military institute. He was in the Navy in World War I, married a Georgia girl, had a daughter and after the war bought a newsstand on Times Square in New York and made $2,500 a year. When the depression ended that, he worked in a Baltimore hospital, then in the late 1930's got back to newspaper distribution in Washington at $3,000 a year. He joined the Navy the day after Pearl Harbor and was on a troop transport at Midway when he got the letter saying his wife was getting a divorce.

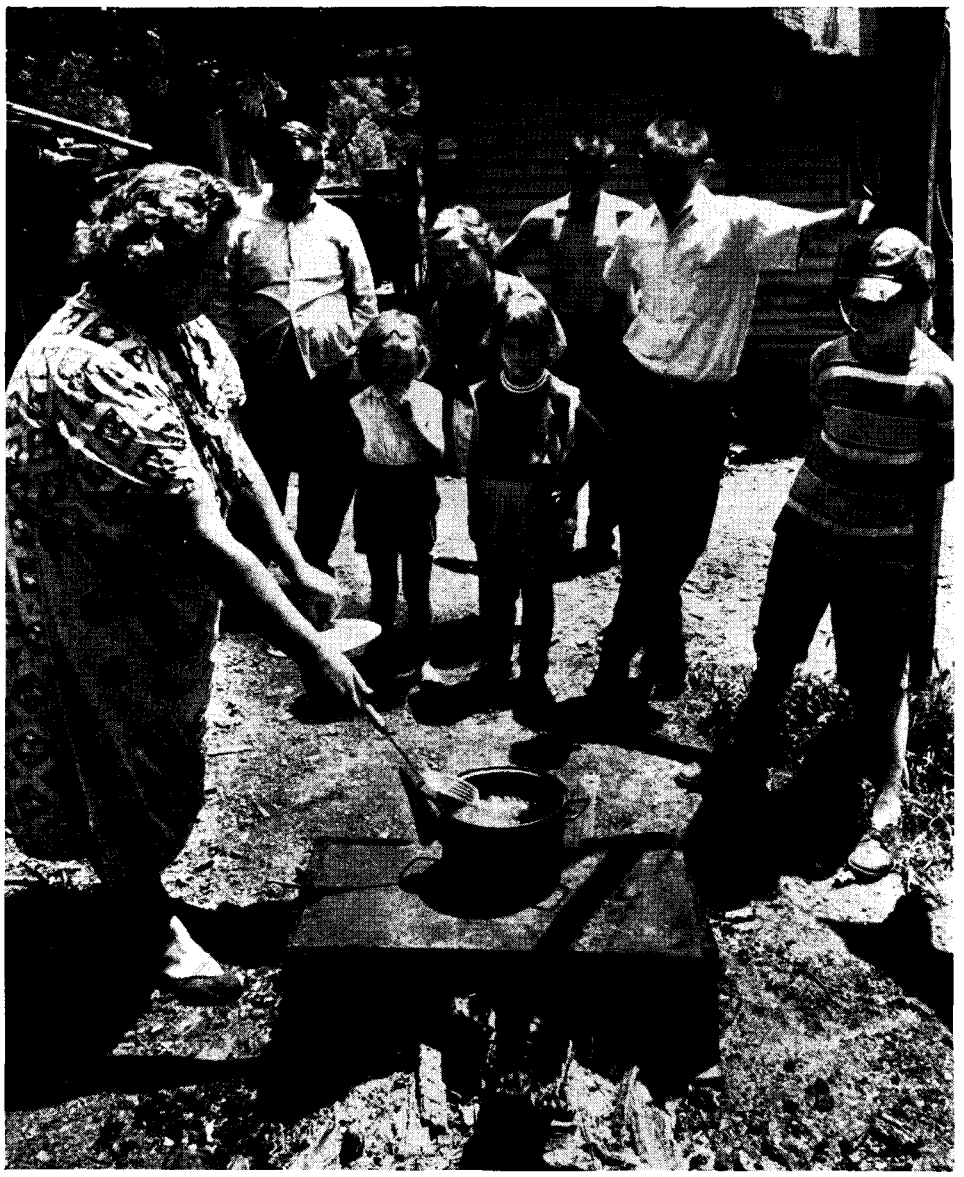
After the war he became a watchman at a California air base for $38 a week with free room; then a railroad guard at $80 a week, until 1954, when the railroad began laying off men.

Then he came to Los Angeles—"because it's warmer here, and that helps"—and began doing a variety of odd jobs. He had a regular clientele for lawn cutting until automation reached him in its own way. "People began getting those power mowers. That was the end of me."

He had known he was eligible for Social Security but let it pile up. When the power mowers took over, he collected an accumulated $1,250 and began his $50 a month. He bought a suit of clothes and prepared for the rest of his days. But it became apparent $50 a month would not care for the rest of his days. He sold his TV set when he was economizing. But this only brought $15.50. He is down to $250 of his nest egg and needs medical care for his stomach, his dizziness, his failing eyesight. And he needs something to help through his loneliness. "I got a letter a year ago. It was from the bank telling me how much I had left."

Edmund MacIntosh is one of eight million Americans who form the aged poor. He lives, or tries to, on $600 a year. There are 1.5 million lone individuals who live on less, tucked away in the cheapest rooming houses. Millions of others live in poverty as couples. These are the lonely old people known mostly to welfare workers, to postmen delivering the Social Security checks on the first of the month, and to the firemen who carry the elderly outdoors when an alarm flushes them out of the geriatric warrens.

When Edmund MacIntosh was a boy, there were fewer than four million Americans over 65. Today there are more than 16 million. In 1920 more than 30 percent of the aged were working, today only 20 percent work. Science is keeping them alive longer but it is taking away their jobs, making them obsolete.



Willie Johnson's wife cooks a pot of beans for her unemployed husband (rear) and family.

MacIntosh did nothing wrong in planning for his old age, but his plans were not good enough. And now he needs help.

"What I need most is medical attention. I need a suit of clothes. I'd like to go to church. I'd love to go to a picture show. And if I had some good company, I guess that would be pretty good."

* * *

Into the cities they pour, refugees from a silent revolution.

We are in the midst of a great upheaval in American life. In the last four decades 27 million people have flocked to Metropolis. It is a greater migration than the one from Europe, which at its height—from 1880 to 1920—brought twenty-one million newcomers to America's cities.

In Chicago the white folk from the countryside come mostly by Trailways bus, carrying all they own—a suitcase tied with rope, an old trunk, three shopping bags, a folded baby buggy, a bag of grits—and clutching a letter from a relative, who came earlier, with an address and a warning: "Don't take the cabs, they'll cheat you."

If they are colored, they come mostly by that great iron artery in southern Negro life, the Illinois Central Railroad, getting off in awe under the largest building they ever saw, carrying their old suitcases and trunks, cardboard boxes with clothes and pans—and they, too, bring a carefully written address, an address that may no longer exist, because newcomers go to the slums, and massive redevelopment is turning numerous urban slums into vacant lots or luxury apartments.

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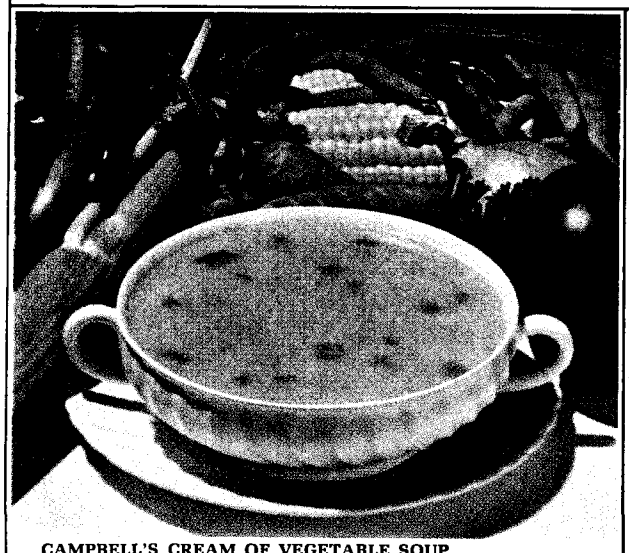
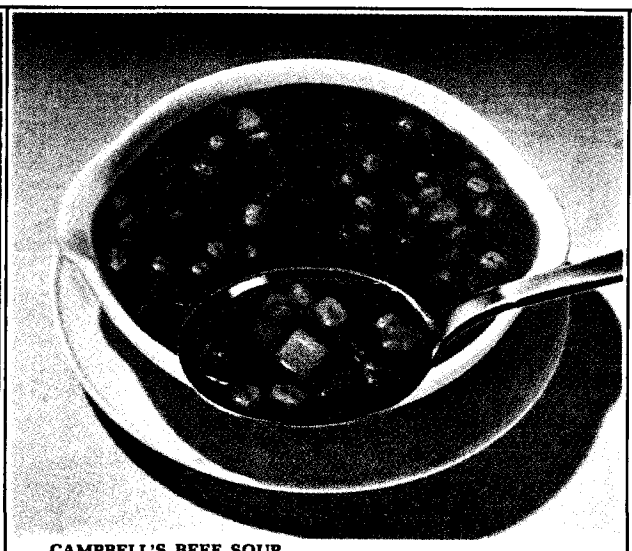
Today have a soup that's new to you from Campbell



CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF VEGETABLE SOUP

A delicate soup that gives you 7 favorite garden vegetables in a velvety-smooth, cream-soup base.

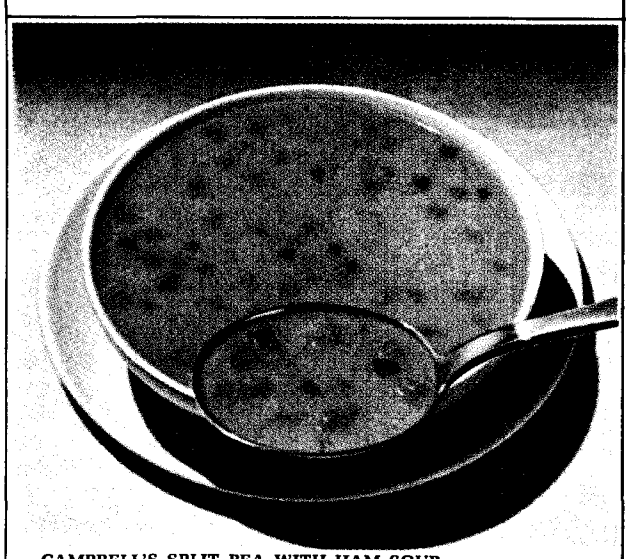


CAMPBELL'S BEEF SOUP

Hearty beef, barley and seven good vegetables in a beef broth seasoned to a real man's taste.

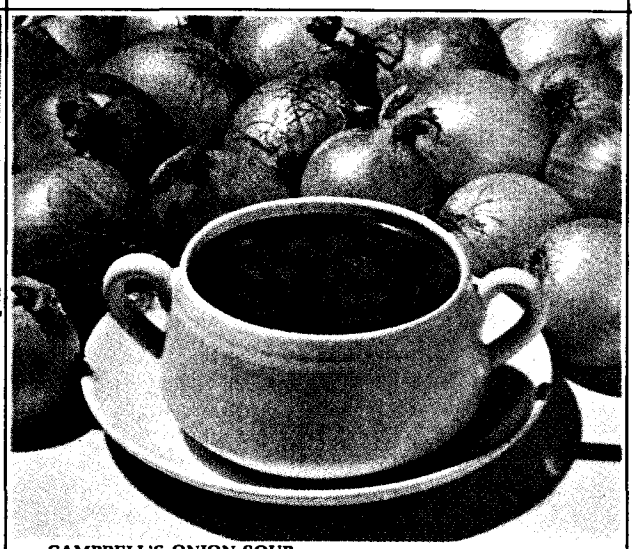
CAMPBELL'S FROZEN OYSTER STEW

A great oyster stew, frozen to keep its flavor fresh. (It's with your grocer's frozen foods.)



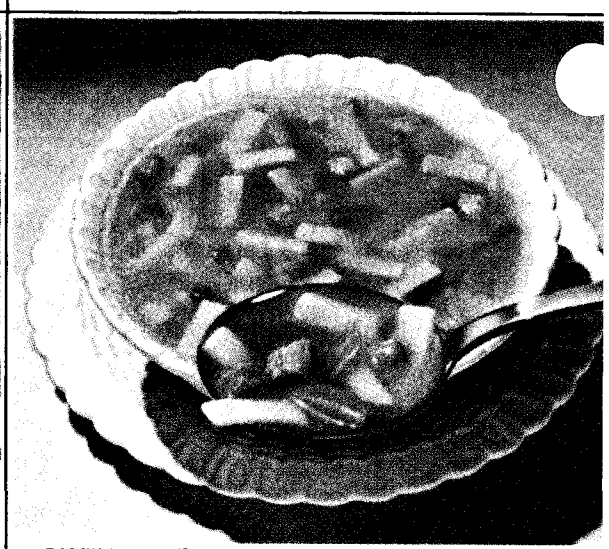
CAMPBELL'S SPLIT PEA WITH HAM SOUP

A hearty, homespun soup: tender split peas in a green-pea purée, with bits of smokehouse ham.



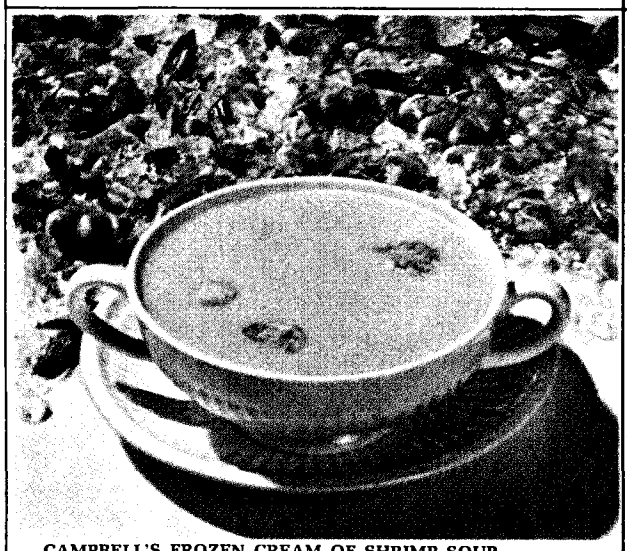
CAMPBELL'S ONION SOUP

A wonderful French-style soup, made with sweet onions, lean beef broth and cheese.



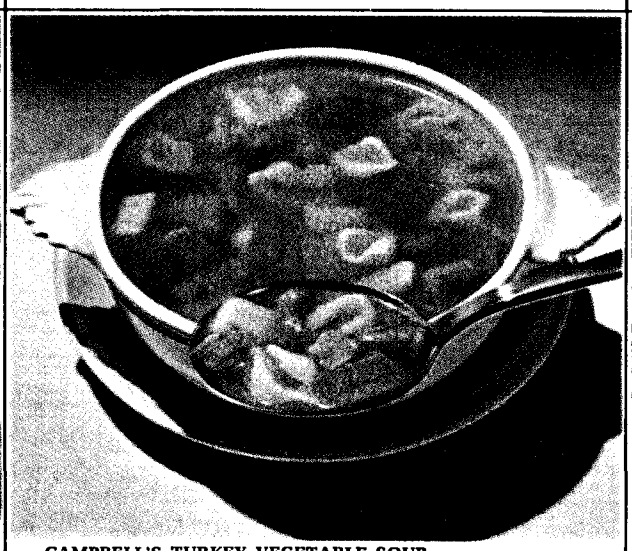
CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP

Tender chicken, golden ribbon noodles and favorite vegetables in real chicken broth.



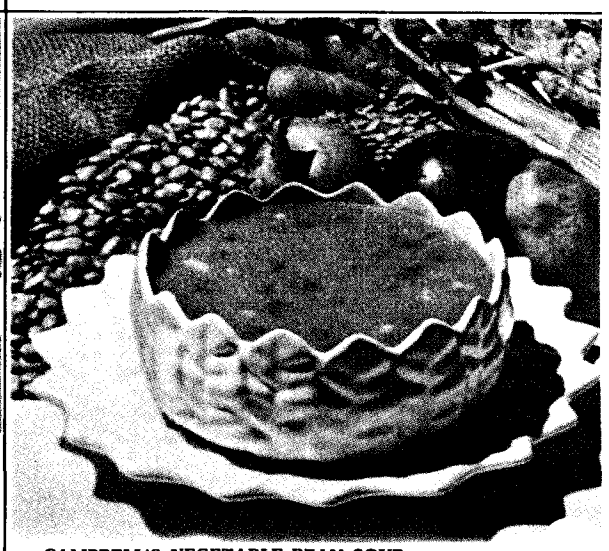
CAMPBELL'S FROZEN CREAM OF SHRIMP SOUP

A delicacy: tender shrimps in shrimp bisque with sauterne. (It's in your grocer's freezer.)



CAMPBELL'S TURKEY VEGETABLE SOUP

Day-after-Thanksgiving soup all year: holiday turkey, vegetables, macaroni, turkey broth.



CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE BEAN SOUP

Hearty, he-man soup: California pink beans, & other garden vegetables, rich, beefy broth.

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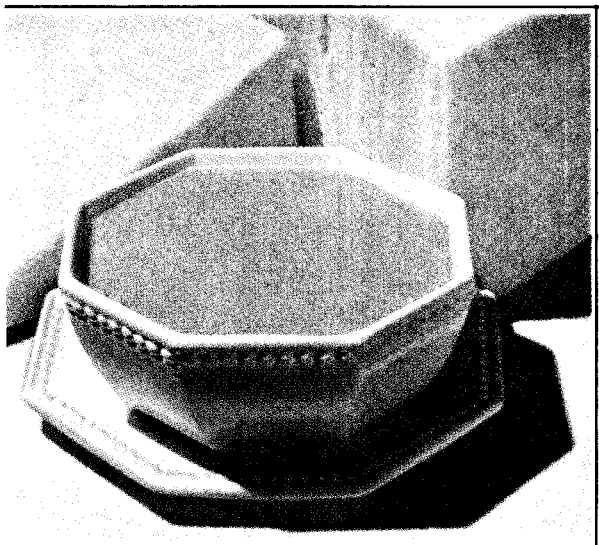
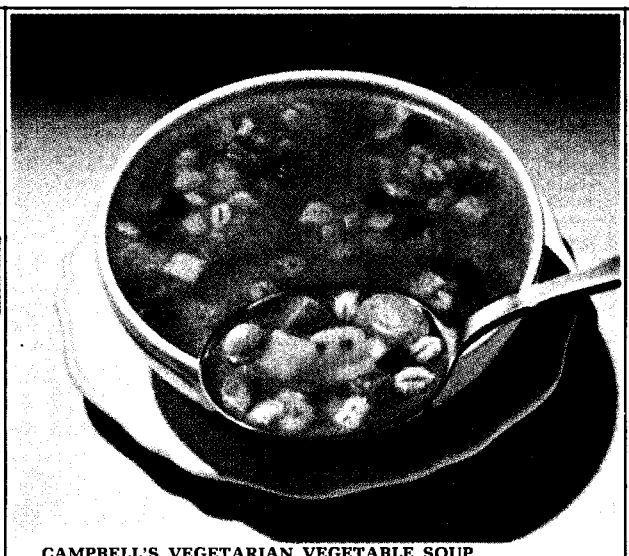
Half the fun of good eating is having something new. Here, Campbell selects 18 intriguing soups (from its list of more than 30) and invites you to find some kinds you haven't tried. It goes without saying that each has the homemade taste you'd hope for if you made the soup yourself. Each could easily become a new favorite in your home. Soup this good just has to be Campbell's



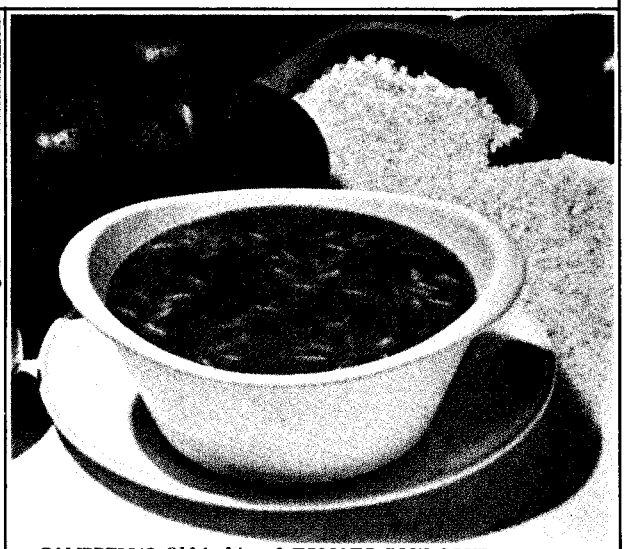
CAMPBELL'S CHEDDAR CHEESE SOUP

A creamy soup that makes a dreamy sauce; rich with the flavor of tangy, well-aged Cheddar.



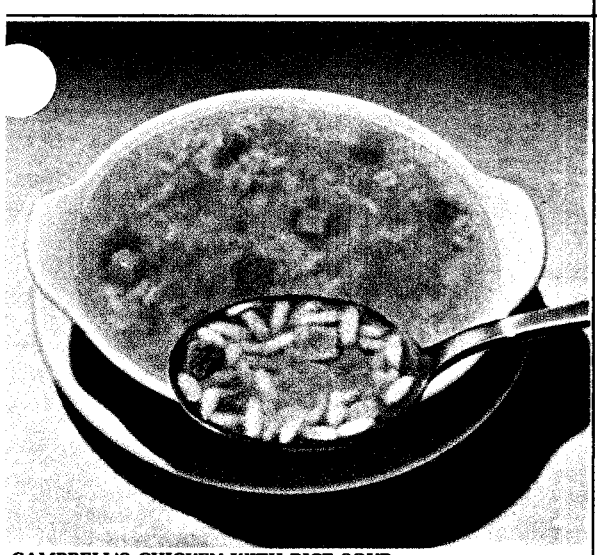
CAMPBELL'S VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE SOUP

A marvelous, meatless soup: fifteen garden vegetables in their own delicious broth.



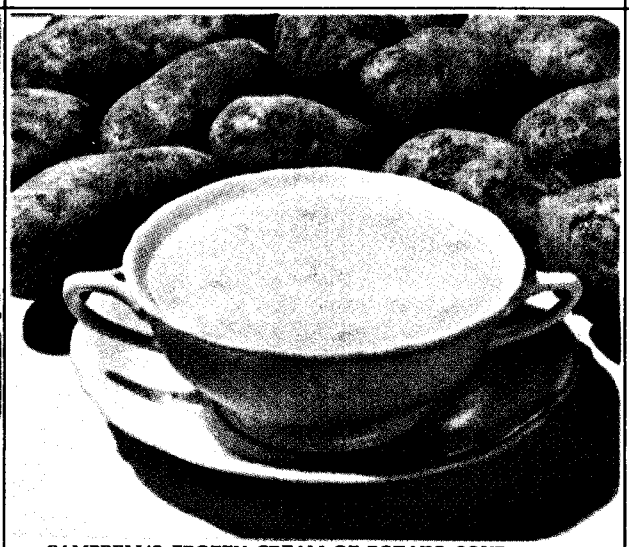
CAMPBELL'S *Old-fashioned* TOMATO RICE SOUP

A bright soup that gives you pieces of tomato, garden vegetables and rice in tomato broth.



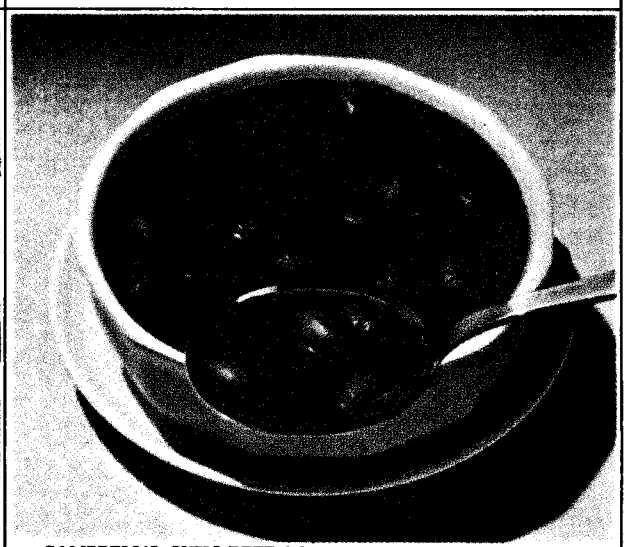
CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN WITH RICE SOUP

A gentle soup that gives you tender chicken and long-grain rice in delicious chicken broth.



CAMPBELL'S FROZEN CREAM OF POTATO SOUP

A real country-kitchen soup, often served as Vichyssoise. (It's in your grocer's freezer case.)

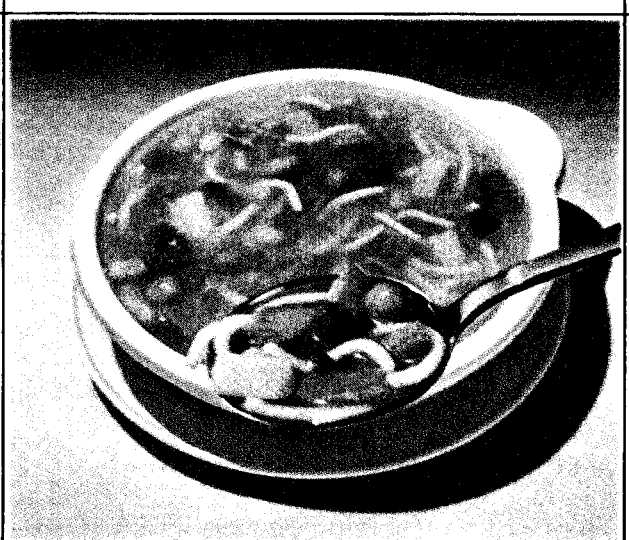


CAMPBELL'S CHILI BEEF SOUP

A hefty, hearty soup you'll enjoy: tender beans, lean beef and just a proper seasoning of chili.

)ELL'S MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER

Four-minute clam chowder the New Yorker way, with tender clams, tomatoes and vegetables.



CAMPBELL'S MINESTRONE SOUP

Italian-style vegetable soup: 13 delicious vegetables in sturdy beef broth, with spaghettini.

CAMPBELL'S FROZEN NEW ENGLAND CLAM CHOWDER

Real down-East chowder: country milk, tender clams. (It's with your grocer's frozen foods.)

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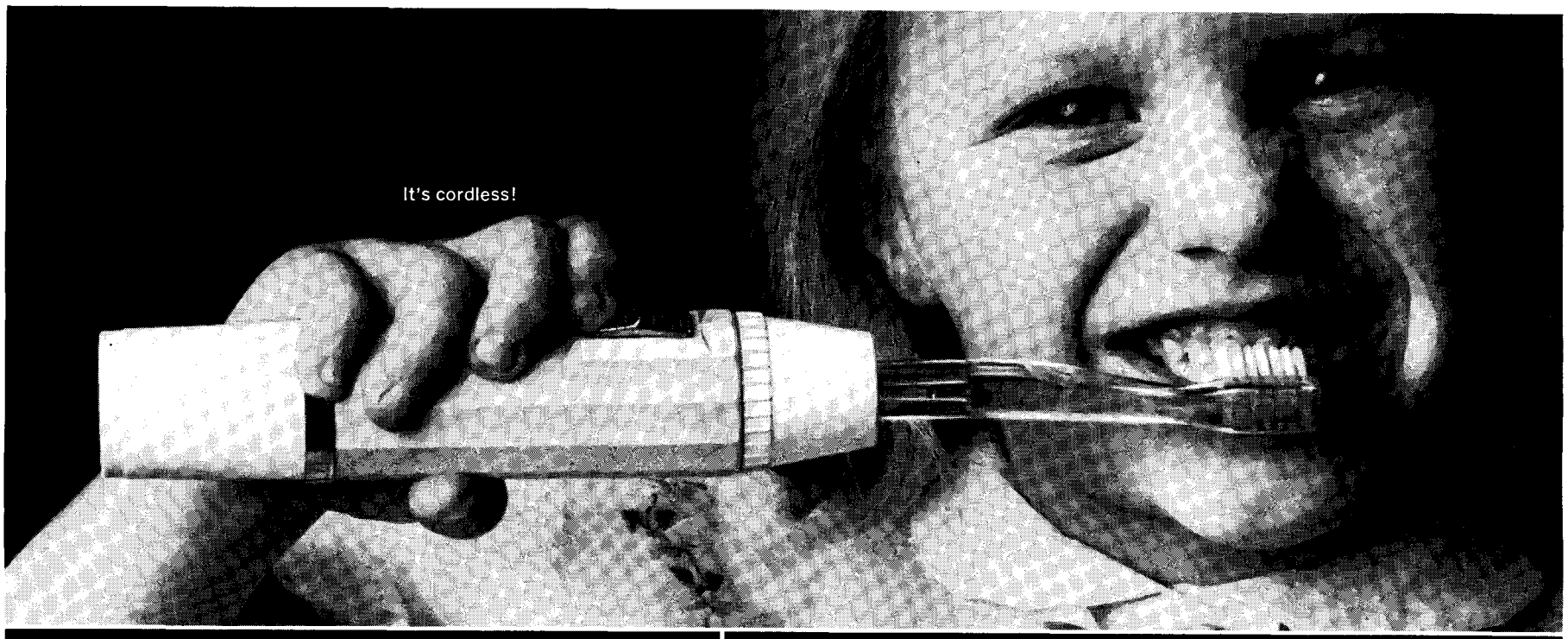

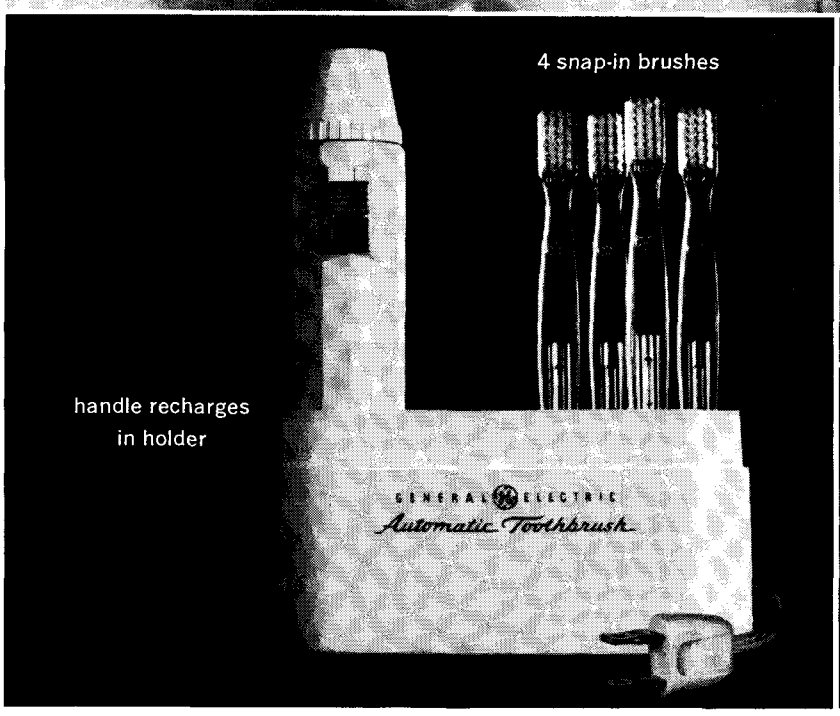

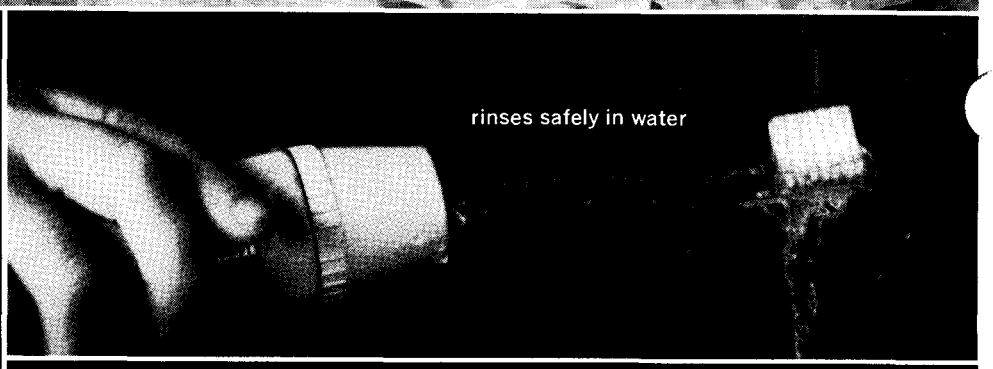

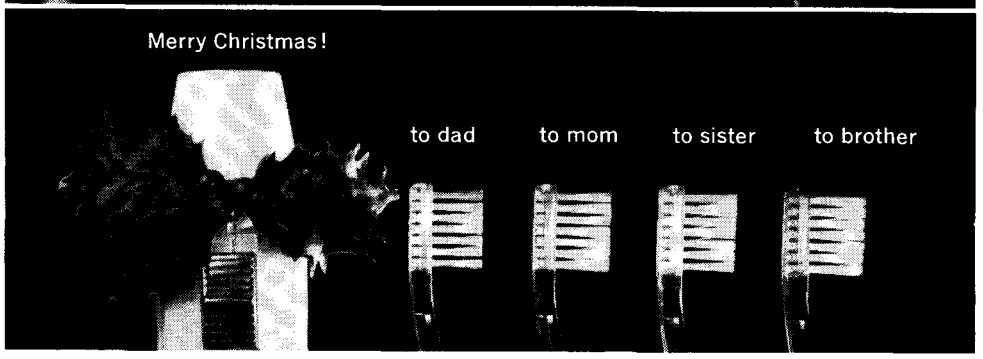

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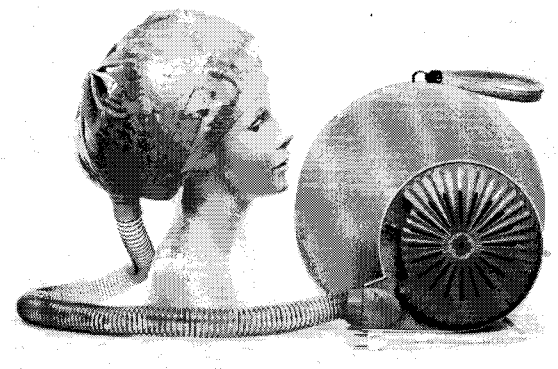

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"I got no money and no food. But I can't go down that road anymore."

POVERTY

If they are American Indians, they may come in rickety old cars from the Dakotas and Utah and Arizona, fleeing the hunger of the reservations, making Chicago the fourth-largest concentration of Indians in the United States.

But it is not just Chicago. It is the same in New York, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Washington, Atlanta, St. Louis—all the great cities. Almost all of the newcomers are poor, and most of them remain poor.

There are enormous differences in each person's response to adversity, and this has led to the assumption by some people that poverty makes one more noble. This was never true for most of the poor, nor is it now. Yet the belief persists that the poor, compared with the affluent, ought to be more honest, more resourceful, more puritanical, more disciplined, more resilient against despair, more emotionally stable and simultaneously more aggressive and more submissive. They are not. Poverty is the pressure of living at the bottom of the social sea, and this pressure finds the weakness in every personality. Poverty is dirty, hungry, cold in winter, broiling in summer, and worst of all it is lonely and self-reproaching.

The modern American immigrant comes at an unhappy time. The unskilled job, foothold for the newcomer, is being replaced by machines. From 1947 to 1961, twice as many new people entered the labor force as there were new jobs to be had. From 1957 to 1962, industrial production went up 20 percent, but there were one million fewer factory jobs. The new openings are in white-collar, professional and managerial work, and these are the jobs for which the untrained poor are totally unsuited.

Today's cities are stranger to the American rural poor than were Boston and New York to the European immigrants of the turn of the century. All Americans two generations ago were learning to live in the city, and the Europeans often were city folk of long standing. Today's rural migrants come from simple homes and shacks. Back in the small towns whole lifetimes were spent in face-to-face personal relations that stayed stable. But in the city these are replaced by impatient people who talk fast, and demand applications in triplicate. The punctuality and impersonality of city jobs seem depressing.

In school the children of newcomers are, in the fifth grade, two grades below city children of the same age, a reflection of the slower-paced education that existed where they came from.

The final irony is that today it costs more to be poor. Children must go to school: thus law as well as custom demands a higher standard of living. And the family without a car is lacking what has become a basic tool of American living: The factories and shopping centers have fled to the suburbs, as have the experienced city-dwellers. The poor find it harder to compete for jobs, and they pay more for their food than those with rs. They feel more isolated than ever.

* * *

"You mean you want to take a look at a hillbilly?"

Homer Burleigh, 33, out of Anniston, Ala.—hefty, freckle-faced and sandy-haired—stood in the doorway of his flat, dressed in T-shirt and slacks, immobile with resentment. Like 20,000 other southern whites now living in the 2½ square miles of Chicago's Uptown, he has his troubles, his pride, and an innate suspicion of the city slicker.

But he is too good-natured to stay sullen. Inside, four of his five children, ranging from two to seven years old, ran about in underpants. His wife, a wan, tired woman, was pregnant. The five-year-old chanted at the visitor, "You got on a necktie. You got on a necktie."

Once Homer Burleigh decides he likes you, he is an engaging man. His mother had died when he was three. As he tells it, he had fought with his stepmother, gone with an uncle to Detroit; and, by persistent trial and a winning honesty about his lack of experience but his desire to learn, was soon earning $100 a week. Two years later, with a 1940 Chevrolet and $3,000 in savings he went back to Anniston. "Between me and the car and a few good-looking women, that $3,000 didn't last ten months."

Like many southern white men, he shifted from the North, when plants shut down or work slackened, to the $40-a-week jobs back home in Alabama. Then he met his wife, a waitress with a child by a previous marriage. They decided to get married and try Chicago. Four days after his arrival he was earning $100 a week on a punch press.

In the next seven years there were four more children, more rent, more food, more medical bills. They learned to make his pay stretch fairly well until work began to slacken. He couldn't support his family on less than 40 hours' work, so when his plant went on short time he went out and found another job working full time. But this meant he built up no seniority, and when the new plant had to lay off men, he, being the last hired, would be the first fired.

A familiar set of walls moved in on him. Machine-shop work in the city went on shorter time. He had the almost universal desire for a car and the $60 a month on his 1954 Pontiac became harder than ever to squeeze out of his $300 take-home pay. He developed running sores under his arms that interfered with his work. The finance company attached his pay. So Homer Burleigh committed folly. He got a new Social Security number and drew his pay under another name, to balk the finance company.

A doctor gave him a letter saying he should not work. He applied for welfare aid, which would take about two weeks to be processed and during those weeks he kept on working.

When I saw Homer Burleigh, his welfare had been cut off because of fraud. He did not know what would happen about the Social Security number. He said the finance company had seized the car. Because he was out of work and without welfare aid for a month, he had fallen behind in his rent, and he was going to be evicted in four days. Already the furnishings of normal life were beginning to fall away. One room of the flat was bare except for a sewing machine in the middle of the room, one chair and a caged parakeet in the corner. The living room had two pieces of furniture, a sofa and a TV set.

"If the arm continues this way and if they don't give me assistance," he said gloomily, "I'm going to have to put the kids in a home."

Homer Burleigh is a likable man who reacted foolishly to a crisis. Whether society punishes him is yet to be seen. But there remain his wife, five children and a sixth expected, and whether they head down the road to perpetual dependence upon others will be governed by how far-sighted society is in dealing with the poor, the foolish and the unlucky.

* * *

"I'm going to be a lawyer," said Harry, aged six. "Lawyers make good money. I'm going to keep my money."

"I'm going to be a doctor," said his seven-year-old brother firmly, "and I'm going to take care of my family."

Their eight-year-old sister announced serenely, "I'm going to be a nurse in a big hospital and wear a real uniform and help people."

The sweet optimism of youth could have been heard in millions of American homes, but this home was rather special.

Though it was midafternoon, the tenement was dark. Gray plastic sheeting was tacked to the insides of the windows. Plaster was off part of the ceiling and walls, and strands of hair on laths trembled with the passing wind from outside. Double doors opened onto the kitchen, which was almost invisible. Its windows, too, were sealed with opaque plastic, presumably to preserve heat. But the darkness was thickened by a crisscross of clothes-lines that filled the room with hanging rags of clothes. In one corner of the kitchen was a table with three legs and one chair. In another was a stove bearing a pan of cold soapy water with clothes soaking, next to it a pan of cold beans and beside that a crusted frying pan bearing one single short rib congealed with fat. Through one kitchen door was a bathroom with the toilet boarded over; it had frozen and burst in the winter cold. Through another door was "the kids' room," two beds for seven children. Neither bed had a mattress; the children slept on the springs.

"Look at this book I got from school," Harry said. "Want to hear me read?"

Harry read about Dick and Jane and their dog, Spot. Dick and Jane were clean-cut, well-dressed Anglo-Saxon children who lived behind a white picket fence in a red-roofed cottage with geraniums in the window. Their mother was a smiling blonde with clear, square teeth. Their father wore a snap-brim hat, a conservative suit, and carried a briefcase. And they all lived happily in a schoolbook called *Friends and Neighbors.*

Little Harry might as well have been reading science fiction. His own family had never in his memory eaten a meal together—there were not enough chairs, dishes or forks. The mother's role or the oldest daughter's at mealtime was to watch as each child took a portion of the pot on the stove to make sure no one took more than his share.

But Harry was still eager to please. He had not yet learned that other people

WHO ARE THE POOR?

Average family income in 1960 was $6,800, certainly not "poor." But "average" is an abstraction. If a man with an income of $200,000 a year lives in a mansion and the only other house on the block belongs to his chauffeur, with $4,000 a year, the average income for that block is $102,000—which tells nothing about either inhabitant. Something like this has happened nationally.

Half of all American families earn less than $5,600. Almost one third earn less than $4,000; 22 percent earn less than $3,000; 13 percent earn less than $2,000; and 5 percent of our families earn less than $1,000.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics regards $1,500 in cash and benefits—free food and fuel, for example—as necessary for a lone individual to live modestly. And in 1959 the U.S. Department of Labor surveyed 20 American cities to find what is a "modest but adequate" family budget. The average was about $6,000, of which a family of four spent about $4,000 for food, shelter, taxes, medical and working expenses.

If the lowest adequate income for an individual is $500 and that for a family $2,000, there are still 20 million Americans who fail to meet those standards. As the standards rise, so do the totals. If the minimums are raised to $1,000 and $3,000, there are 36 million poor. If to $2,000 and $4,000, there are 54 million.

Assuming that 36 million qualify as poor, one can identify a number of groups composing this total, some of them overlapping. About eight million live in rural areas, mostly on farms. About eight million are aged poor. About seven million fall into that group of obsolescent citizenry, the "unskilled workers"—people who wash dishes, work in hospitals, drift in and out of similar simple labor. About 500,000 are American Indians. A few hundred thousand are derelicts on Skid Rows. Among these groups are the semipermanently unemployed: coal miners, steelworkers, meat cutters, auto workers—families of men who once worked for the most respectable wages in industry but who have now been replaced by machinery.

Most noticeable of the poor is the Negro, once concentrated in the rural South, now two thirds in the cities. Many went from field to factory during World War II and the Korean War, when labor was in demand; but being the last hired, they were the first fired when automation or recession came. Negroes still average 40 percent less than whites in wages and have double the white unemployment rate. They are 22 percent of the American poor—double their proportion of the population. But, numerically, the great majority of the poor are white.

Poverty is not particular to any region. It is a normal reservoir in all rural areas. It is a migratory stream of desperation headed for the cities. And it is now a festering concentration in every metropolis in the land.

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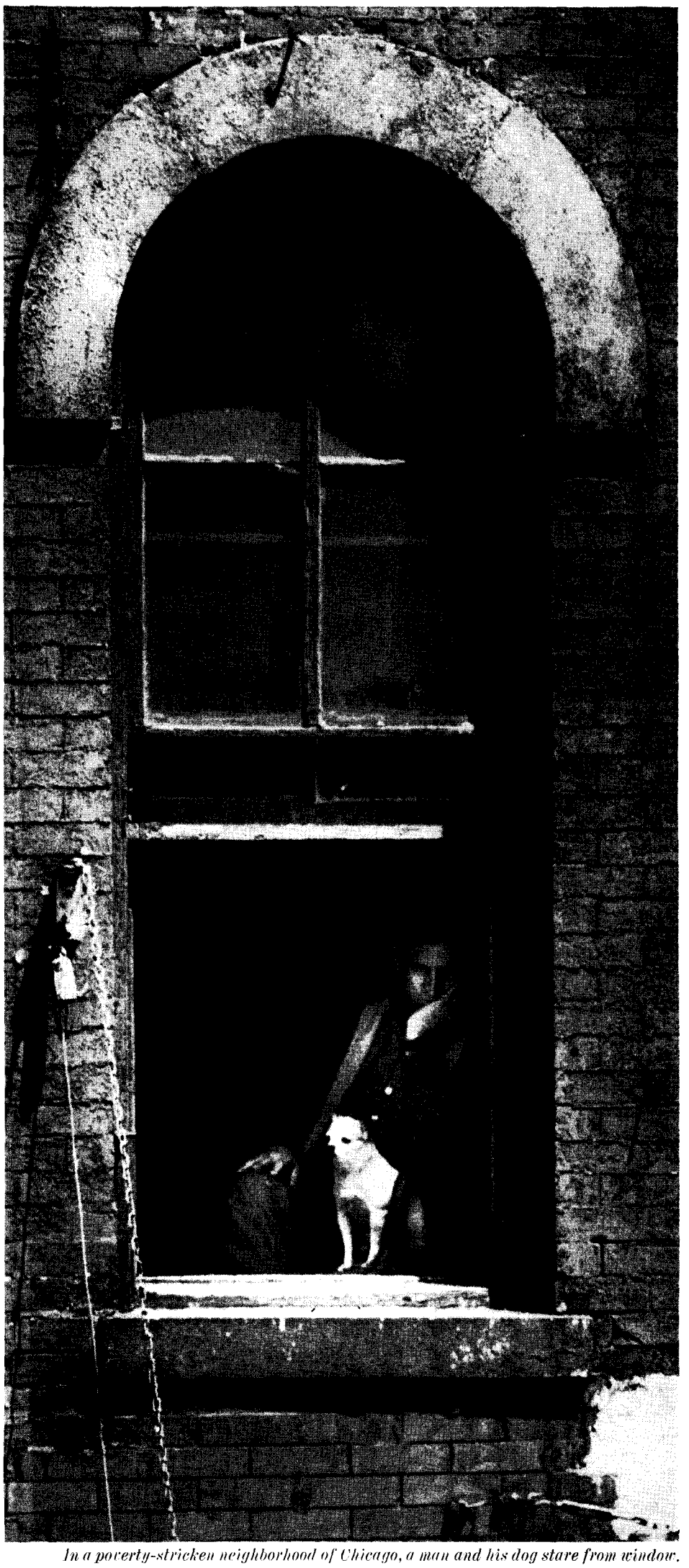
Poverty is like cancer: Left to itself, it will only get worse.



In a poverty-stricken neighborhood of Chicago, a man and his dog stare from window.

expected him to be like Dick and his sister to be like Jane, to have parents like Dick and Jane's, to live in a house like Dick and Jane, and that as a Negro slum kid all of this was as remote to him as the canals of Mars. And unless he were uncommonly lucky, this book and the school would soon seem as remote.

The Martins—a fictitious name—are living off welfare. They came from McCrory, Ark., six years before, and Martin got a job at $84 a week in a meat-packing plant. Last year the plant moved away, and the family went on welfare. Last winter a newborn child whose crib was a supermarket basket died of pneumonia. Martin began drinking and has been more or less drunk ever since.

Mrs. Martin looks weary and bewildered, huddling in the perpetual twilight of their tenement, fearful of the outside world. She was hard to picture as a young woman entering a new city with excitement—until I asked when she had last bought a dress. She stared blankly and then for the first time her eyes lost their emptiness and she smiled. Her voice had a kind of life it had not had before, so much so the children stopped talking and listened in amazement.

Her last good dress

"It was six years ago. We was making good money at the meat plant and he took me out to a dress shop. When he saw how much I liked that dress, he said, 'Honey, you get it.' It cost thirty dollars. Oh, that was a dress. I mean it really *was* a dress. It was pink, and it was cut a lot lower than this one and it had sequins all over, and they shined and shined and the pink was so pretty."

The girl from McCrory, Ark., was for the first time identifiable as a woman with a range of emotions. Then the face began to sag again. She wiped her hands automatically on the side of her stained dress, and one could see that her slip was held up with pieces of knotted twine.

Outside, Sister Mary William, the young, tall, indomitable Irish nun who strode through Chicago's West Side, looked down the endless line of row houses, at the trash barrels lolling on their sides, the broken glass laid like a glistening carpet as far as the eye could see. It was the sight her own father had looked at when he first visited from St. Louis and asked his daughter in dismay, "What was it you did that was so bad they sent you here?"

She crunched the broken glass under her awkward black shoes and said, "You figure out what's going to happen to Harry Martin when he finds out he's never going to be a lawyer. And his brother's never going to be a doctor. And his sister's never going to be a nurse. The worst most of us have to resign ourselves to is that there's no Santa Claus. Wait until this hits those kids."

* * *

Poverty is like cancer. Left to itself, it will generally get worse. There is no simple cure. And elementary humanity requires that the sufferer be cared for.

Welfare payments are inescapable. Families in the city cannot create their own food and shelter without work, and in a rapidly developing industrial country it is inevitable that some men will have their work suddenly withdrawn. If the poverty that follows is not to be multiplied by the deprived children, and if industrial society is to remain civilized, such families cannot be left to starvation and exposure.

Yet simple money payments do not solve the problem. What is needed is intelligent work to help the poor to self-sufficiency. Many need to be taught the subtle skills of city living. The unemployed have to be kept in touch with jobs and new skills, for the poor live in isolation from the world of success.

The best work among the poor is done by those who live among them. The poor are submissive, but they are also suspicious. It is "us" and "them," and the social worker who is one of "them" seldom gets anywhere.

It is impossible to cross the United States in pursuit of poverty without being impressed by its paradox: the continuing vigor of the land and the strong pulse of humanity among its people. And yet poverty continues to be the fate of one American in five. This does not mean that America is callous about its poor. It means that most comfortable Americans have come to believe that the poor do not exist at all.

This belief is dangerous. It is easier than ever to avoid seeing the poor, but it is also more perilous. Each year the poor become more densely packed into the centers of our cities, ever more isolated from the hopes and satisfactions of normal American life. While this is happening, the demands increase for education and skill in order to earn a living. Thus, the poor get packed tighter together while their hope of rising becomes dimmer. There are persistent rumors that Communists are running food and propaganda into the starving populations of Kentucky and West Virginia. It would be ironic if they should undermine a proud people's faith in the future, and in the midst of a country that has a strong tradition for helping the unfortunate.

Time is running out on the fuse of poverty. To look into the faces of the poor in America is heartrending but the situation is not yet hopeless.

There is not yet the frozen, bitter cynicism of the Old World poor. Their children are not yet taught to hate those who have money. Their parents, most of them, still feel a sense of obligation to work for something better. The look on José Chico's face was one of obstinate hope, on Homer Burleigh's of belligerent pride, on Columbus Cooper's of quiet courage. They still expect—without much proof—that it is abnormal for them to be poor. When that expectation goes, this country will have changed.

"Poverty in the midst of plenty," the late President Kennedy said shortly before he was killed, "is a paradox that must not go unchallenged, because there are men, women and children who need intelligent help.

"But comfortable Americans have another reason for challenging poverty, for to turn their backs on those in need would tarnish the noblest element in the American character." THE END

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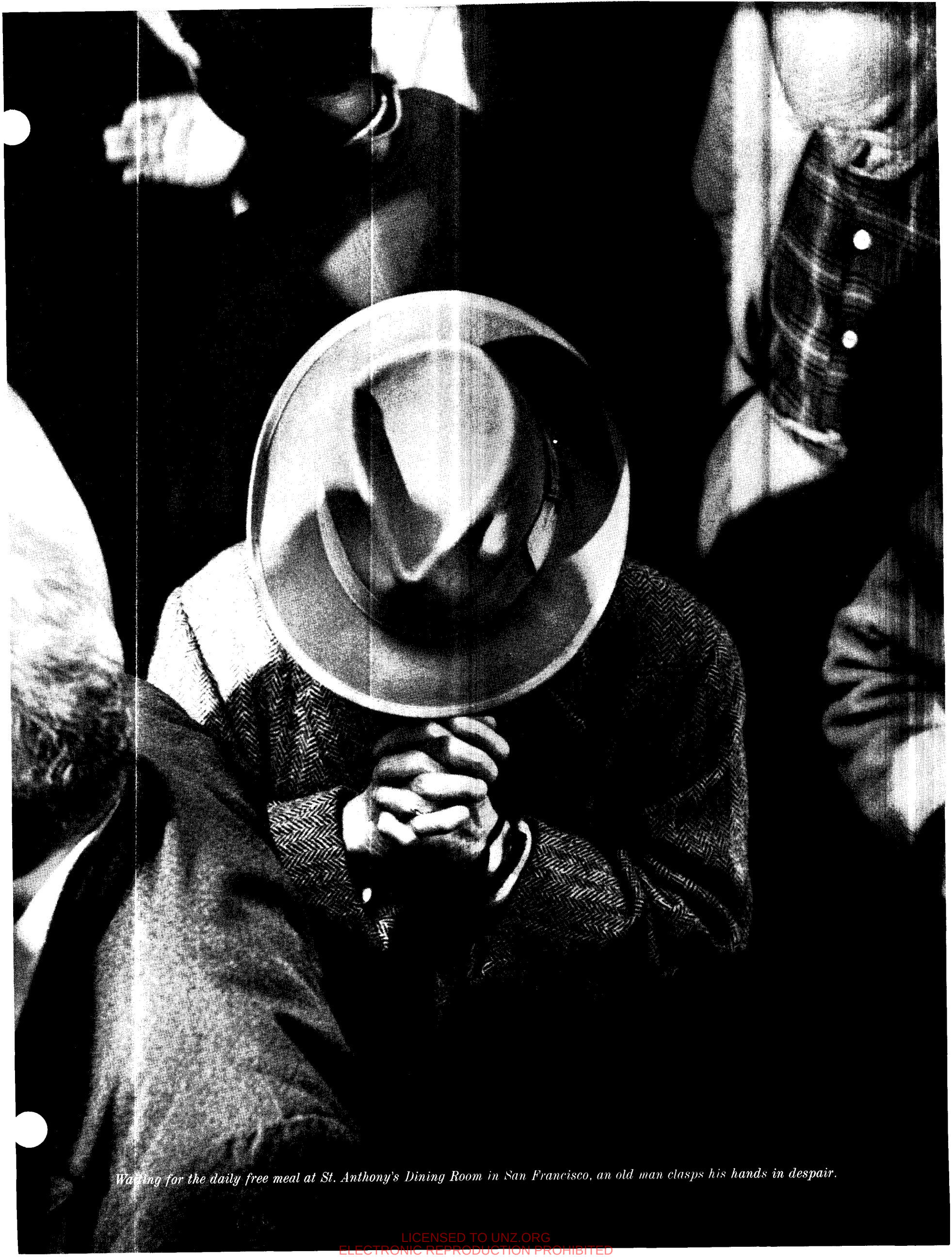

Waiting for the daily free meal at St. Anthony's Dining Room in San Francisco, an old man clasps his hands in despair.

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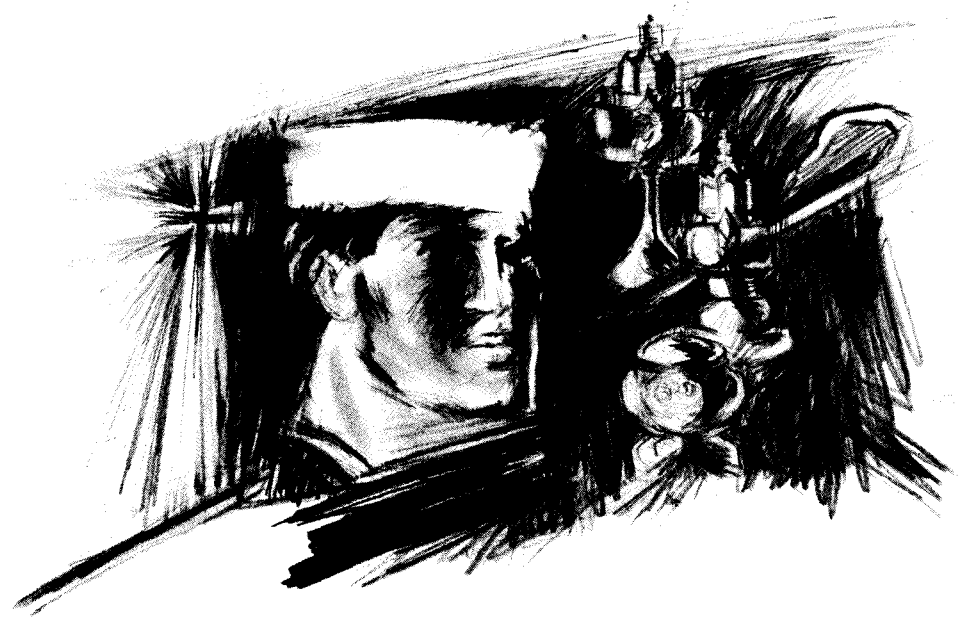

A Sailor's Christmas Gift

By WILLIAM LEDERER

W. J. Lederer
Honolulu, Hawaii
U.S.A.

Admiral David L. McDonald, USN
Chief of Naval Operations
Navy Department
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Admiral McDonald:

This letter is a year late. Nevertheless, it is important that you receive it. Eighteen people asked me to write to you.

Last year at Christmastime my wife, three boys and I were in France, on our way from Paris to Nice. For five wretched days everything had gone wrong. Our hotels were "tourist traps"; our rented car broke down; we were all restless and irritable in the crowded car. On Christmas Eve, when we checked into a dingy hotel in Nice, there was no Christmas spirit in our hearts.

It was raining and cold when we went out to eat. We found a drab little joint shoddily decorated for the holiday. It smelled greasy. Only five tables in the restaurant were occupied. There were two German couples, two French families, and an American sailor, by himself. In the corner a piano player listlessly played Christmas music.

I was too stubborn and too tired and miserable to leave. I looked around and noticed that the other customers were eating in stony silence. The only person who seemed happy was the American sailor. While eating, he was writing a letter, and a half-smile lighted his face.

My wife ordered our meal in French. The waiter brought us the wrong thing. I scolded my wife for being stupid. She began to cry. The boys defended her, and I felt even worse.

Then, at the table with the French family on our left, the father slapped one of his children for some minor infraction, and the boy began to cry.

On our right, the fat blond German wife began berating her husband.

All of us were interrupted by an unpleasant blast of cold air. Through the front door came an old French flower woman. She wore a dripping, tattered overcoat, and shuffled in on wet, run-down shoes. Carrying her basket of flowers, she went from one table to the other.

"Flowers, *monsieur?* Only one franc."

No one bought any.

Wearily she sat down at a table between the sailor and us. To the waiter she said, "A bowl of soup. I haven't sold a flower all afternoon." To the piano player she said hoarsely, "Can you imagine, Joseph, soup on Christmas Eve?"

He pointed to his empty "tipping plate."

The young sailor finished his meal and got up to leave. Putting on his coat, he walked over to the flower woman's table.

"Happy Christmas," he said, smiling and picking out two corsages. "How much are they?"

"Two francs, *monsieur.*"

Pressing one of the small corsages flat, he put it into the letter he had written, then handed the woman a 20-franc note.

"I don't have change, *monsieur,*" she said. "I'll get some from the waiter."

"No, ma'am," said the sailor, leaning over and kissing the ancient cheek. "This is my Christmas present to you."

Straightening up, he came to our table, holding the other corsage in front of him. "Sir," he said to me, "may I have permission to present these flowers to your beautiful daughter?"

In one quick motion he gave my wife the corsage, wished us a Merry Christmas and departed.

Everyone had stopped eating. Everyone had been watching the sailor. Everyone was silent.

A few seconds later, Christmas exploded throughout the restaurant like a bomb.

The old flower woman jumped up, waving the 20-franc note. Hobbling to the middle of the floor she did a merry jig and shouted to the piano player, "Joseph, my Christmas present! And you shall have half so you can have a feast too."

The piano player began to belt out *Good King Wenceslaus*, beating the keys with magic hands, nodding his head in rhythm.

My wife waved her corsage in time to the music. She was radiant and appeared 20 years younger. The tears had left her eyes, and the corners of her mouth turned up in laughter. She began to sing, and our three sons joined her, bellowing the song with uninhibited enthusiasm.

"*Gut! Gut!*" shouted the Germans. They jumped on their chairs and began singing the words in German.

The waiter embraced the flower woman. Waving their arms, they sang in French.

The Frenchman who had slapped the boy beat rhythm with his fork against a bottle. The lad climbed on his lap, singing in a youthful soprano.

The Germans ordered wine for everyone. They delivered it themselves, hugging the other customers and bawling Christmas greetings. One of the French families called for champagne—and made the rounds, kissing each of us on both cheeks. The owner of the restaurant started *The First Noel* and we all joined in, half of us crying.

People crowded in from the street until many customers were standing. The walls shook as hands and feet kept time to the yuletide carols.

A few hours earlier 18 persons had been spending a miserable evening in a shoddy restaurant. It ended up being the happiest, the very best Christmas Eve they had ever experienced.

This, Admiral McDonald, is what I am writing you about. As the top man in the Navy, you should know about the very special gift that the U.S. Navy gave to my family, to me and to the other people in that French restaurant. Because your young sailor had Christmas spirit in his soul, he released the love and joy that had been smothered within us by anger and disappointment. He gave us Christmas.

Thank you, sir, very much.

Merry Christmas,
BILL LEDERER

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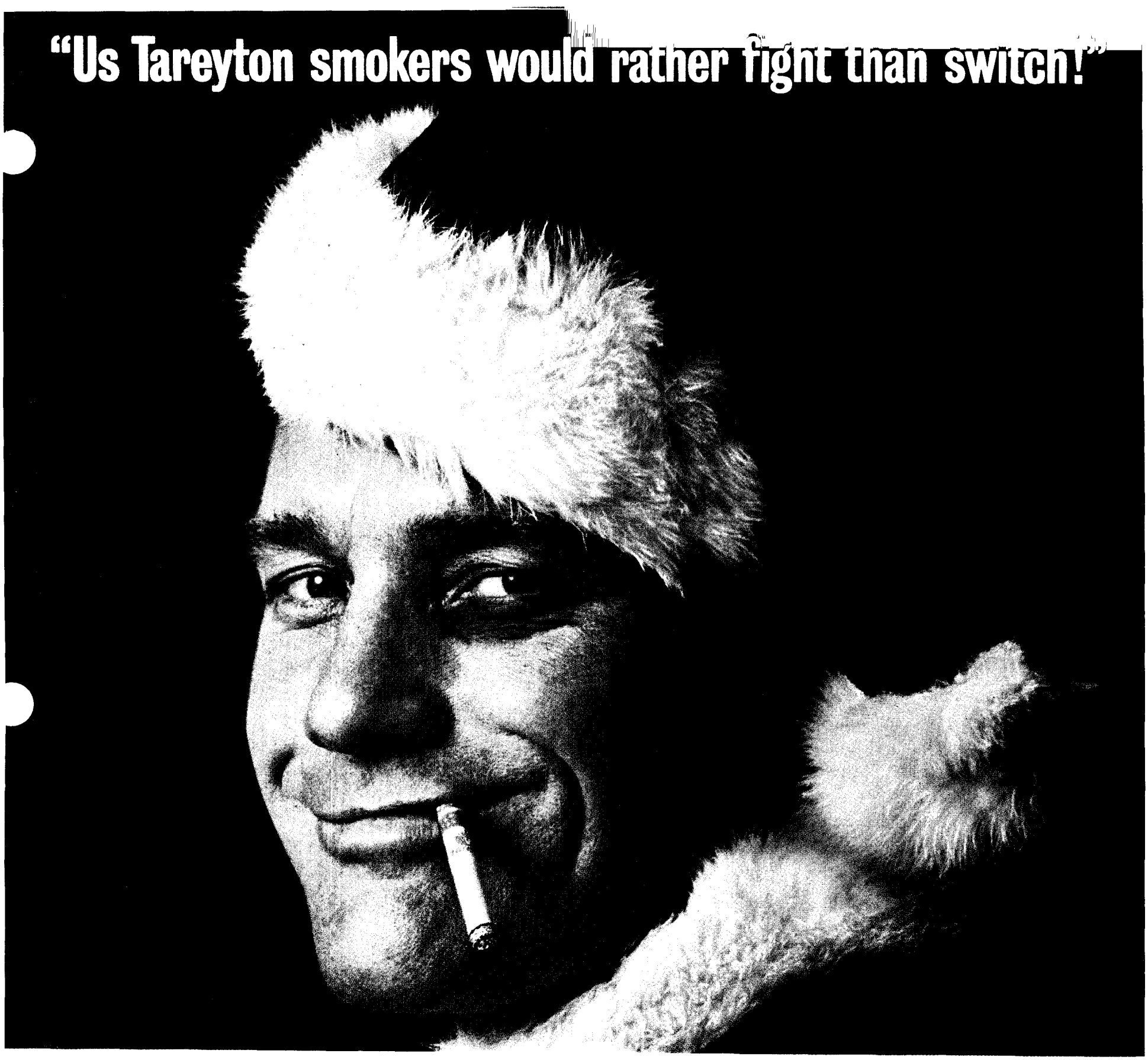
"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"



Get your friends to join the Unswitchables: give Tareytons for Christmas

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A personal message from Dr. Frances Horwich to mothers of children from four to ten

A mother's responsibility for her child has increased tremendously in recent years. This age of social and educational change demands new approaches to the pattern of child development.

Constantly you are confronted with new problems in guiding your child, stimulating his creativity, improving his understanding, keeping him constructively amused, and above all, giving him a clearer view of the world he lives in.

There is a wealth of help for you in the pages of JACK AND JILL magazine.

In every issue, there are new pictures to study, to be colored, to be cut and pasted. There are factual stories for children to read and imaginative stories to be read to your younger children. There are interesting facts, bits of fancy, poems, puzzles, and games. There is a wonder world of child adventure and sheer fun for fun's sake.

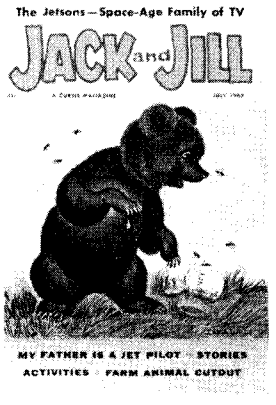
Children in over 850,000 families all over America share the delightful experience of receiving in the mail their very own copy of a magazine that is edited and designed for boys and girls from four to ten years of age. In terms of your own child's enjoyment and development, I honestly don't think there is a better way you could spend just thirty-three cents a month.

I want you to know this, too. In my work with children and especially during my years as Miss Frances on "Ding Dong School," I learned how well boys and girls respond to those who understand them and appreciate their point of view. I promise that you will find evidence of that understanding and appreciation for your child in every issue of JACK AND JILL every month of the year—including the "Ho Hum" period of vacation when "What can I do?" becomes a familiar cry.

JACK AND JILL encourages creativity and growth through an emphasis on fun and entertainment. I hope you will make it possible for us to send a monthly copy to your child very soon.

Frances R. Horwich

Director of Children's Activities
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY



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WITH LOVE FROM THE MAILMAN

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Gifts for his Majesty the American Man

©1963 by The Gillette Company

Gillette offers elegance in the royal manner with its beautiful new line of SUN UP Christmas gifts for men. SUN UP is an exhilarating after shave with a brisk, masculine fragrance, that appeals to men and women alike. There are seven distinctive SUN UP gift sets, including the above...After Shave, Cologne, and Talc, handsomely packaged for Christmas giving! **$2.79*** Below are three of the many other attractive sets that await your choice.

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Cool, refreshing SUN UP After Shave paired with the world's most popular razor—Gillette's famous Slim Adjustable...convenient, clean-shaving, sure to please. **$2.29***

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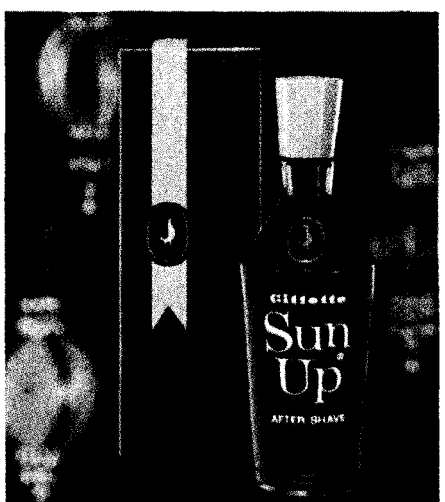

Looking for an ideal dollar gift? Here it is. SUN UP After Shave gaily Christmas-wrapped, ready to give, ready to enjoy, **$1.00***

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Wilma Shore's work has appeared in many magazines and has been included in several short-story collections, among them "Prize Stories 1958: The O. Henry Awards" and "The Best Short Stories, 1941." This is Miss Shore's second story in the Post: *her poignant tale of adolescence, "It Was Different With Cinderella," appeared in the* Post *last August 24. She was born and raised in New York City and now lives there with her family. Her mother, Viola Brothers Shore, was a frequent contributor of short stories to the* Post *during the '20's.*

By Wilma Shore

MAY YOUR DAYS BE MERRY AND BRIGHT

Will a son or daughter or relative, or someone,

invite them to a real home for Christmas?

Or will their Christmas

be spent in the lonely lobby of a hotel for elderly ladies?

Make them just a little shorter. I wasn't even going to bother with my nails, so then at the last minute when my plans changed, my regular girl couldn't take me. The girl in my hotel. "Oh, I feel terrible, Mrs. Siddell," she said. "But you know how it is, day before Christmas."

I said, "Never mind, I'll get a *good* manicure for a change." She laughed. She knew I was kidding. But some older people, they get so sour. We have a few lulus in the hotel. There's one woman in particular, what a story, you wouldn't believe me if I told you. But why think about unpleasant things this time of year?

This woman, I knew I didn't care for her the minute I laid eyes on her in the elevator. A big, heavy woman, bony, like a cow. On top of which, this mutation mink. September I moved in, and when I began riding up and down with this silver mutation, it was blinding. We were both on the top floor, this woman and me. It costs more, but Sidney always carried enough insurance, so when he ——

Oh, that's plenty short. . . . Anyhow, I didn't meet her for a while. I didn't meet anybody the first couple of weeks, while Janet was with me. My daughter Janet. We were always very close, more like friends. Some mothers, when the husband passes on, they're alone, but Janet came every day, rain or shine, and Julian called every night. My son-in-law, but I couldn't love him any more if he was my own.

Hecksher I knew. That's how I came to the hotel, because Hecksher was there. Mrs. Hecksher, my best friend. From high school, nearly forty years. And it's a lovely hotel, the bus stops at the corner, and you have hairdresser, florist, restaurant, everything you need. A fine restaurant, but not cheap. I have a little electric plate in the room, in the morning I make a cup of coffee. The management don't mind.

So then after Janet stopped coming, I asked Hecksher who was the big mutation mink? Hecksher said, "Mrs. Gleason. Her son is a Wall Street broker. She's not very popular, but she only came last month. A very lovely person, really." Hecksher has a good word for everyone.

"She looks like a cow," I said. "A very lovely cow." Hecksher laughed, she had to wipe her eyes. Hecksher always enjoyed a good laugh. I remember sometimes the teachers had to send her out of the room.

That's fine, I don't like them too pointed . . . The reason Janet stopped coming was that I told her, I said, "You can't keep running down here, you have a husband and child." And she said yes, but she didn't want me to be lonely. I said, "Lonely? With Hecksher right downstairs?" She really worries about me, Janet.

Most mothers, whatever the children do, it's not enough. They keep asking for more, the children keep making excuses. They know it's excuses, but they can't stop asking. Not me. Like I told this woman, some woman at the hotel, I didn't know her from Adam, I was only there two weeks, but she says, "Where's your daughter? Not here today?"

You could have knocked me over. The woman didn't even know me. But I just said, "I told her, don't come. Or she would have. She's very attentive. I consider myself lucky." Which I did. Do. But it isn't luck, it's how I handle it. My mother, if we didn't come every day, pandemonium. We used to try and spread the burden. I made up my mind I would never be a burden.

So then. But I'll tell you a funny thing, a month later I knew when anybody's daughter came. When they called on the phone, even. The news spreads.

Well, anyhow, this Gleason, I said to Hecksher, "She's like Camembert, doesn't improve with age." That was an old joke of Sidney's. My husband. No, but seriously, some people, the longer you know them, the more you see you were right to hate them in the first place.

You know what it was? In the hotel it's like a big race between the ladies, whose children do the most for them. And Gleason kept winning. Her marvelous son, Gerald. Anything anybody's boy did, Gerald did it twice. Honestly, I said to Hecksher, "I'm glad she don't bring him around, this miracle. It's enough just hearing about him."

"She's scared," said Hecksher. "Some other mother might grab him."

"He might find out he's the only son in the city invites his mother every single Sunday and speaks to her fifteen minutes every night." I was kidding. I didn't care who won the race. Personally, I was in the grandstand. So if this one's boy takes her to the theater, or that one's daughter brings the children for lunch, well and good. Janet's boy is too young to take to a restaurant.

But that's all they have, these old ladies. It's an empty life. You watch them try and fill it up. Take Mrs. Roote: runs that one room like a mansion. Monday wash, Tuesday iron, Wednesday polish silver. . . . Greene follows the sales; office furniture, garden hose; what she can't use herself she phones around till she finds someone that can. Between Gleason talking to her son Gerald, and Greene giving out the marketing reports, nobody can get into the downstairs phone booth. It's seven cents less than from the room.

It wasn't so much Gleason winning, it was the way she kept rubbing it in. The mutation from her son Gerald, the transistor radio from her son Gerald, the diamond from her son Gerald, eight carats. Gerald, the Wall Street broker. My son-in-law Julian is in advertising. A wonderful business.

It wasn't that she visited Gerald in Larchmont every Sunday. It was the way she went sashaying through the lobby like Queen Marie of Romania. You understand, Sunday is the big day, everybody is on lobby duty. The ones that are going to their children, to make sure you know. Or if their children are coming to them, to show them off, to everyone, even Harry the elevator boy: my son, my daughter, my daughter, my son. The others. . . . You went to summer camp? You remember visiting day? The ones whose parents can't come, how they hang around anyhow?

Then after the chosen élite leave, the remainders console each other. Sunday dinner, a game. Sometimes we take in a show. I don't mean I'm

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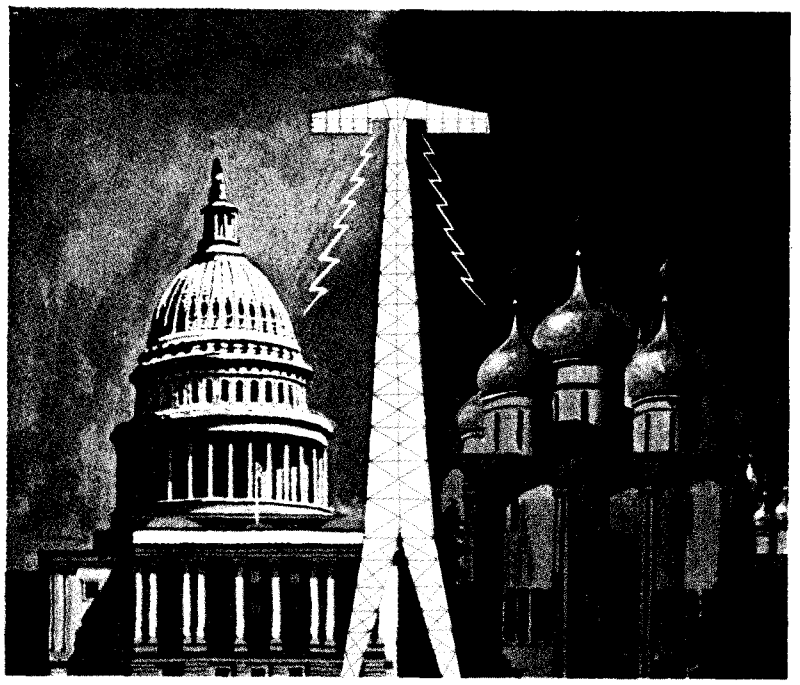
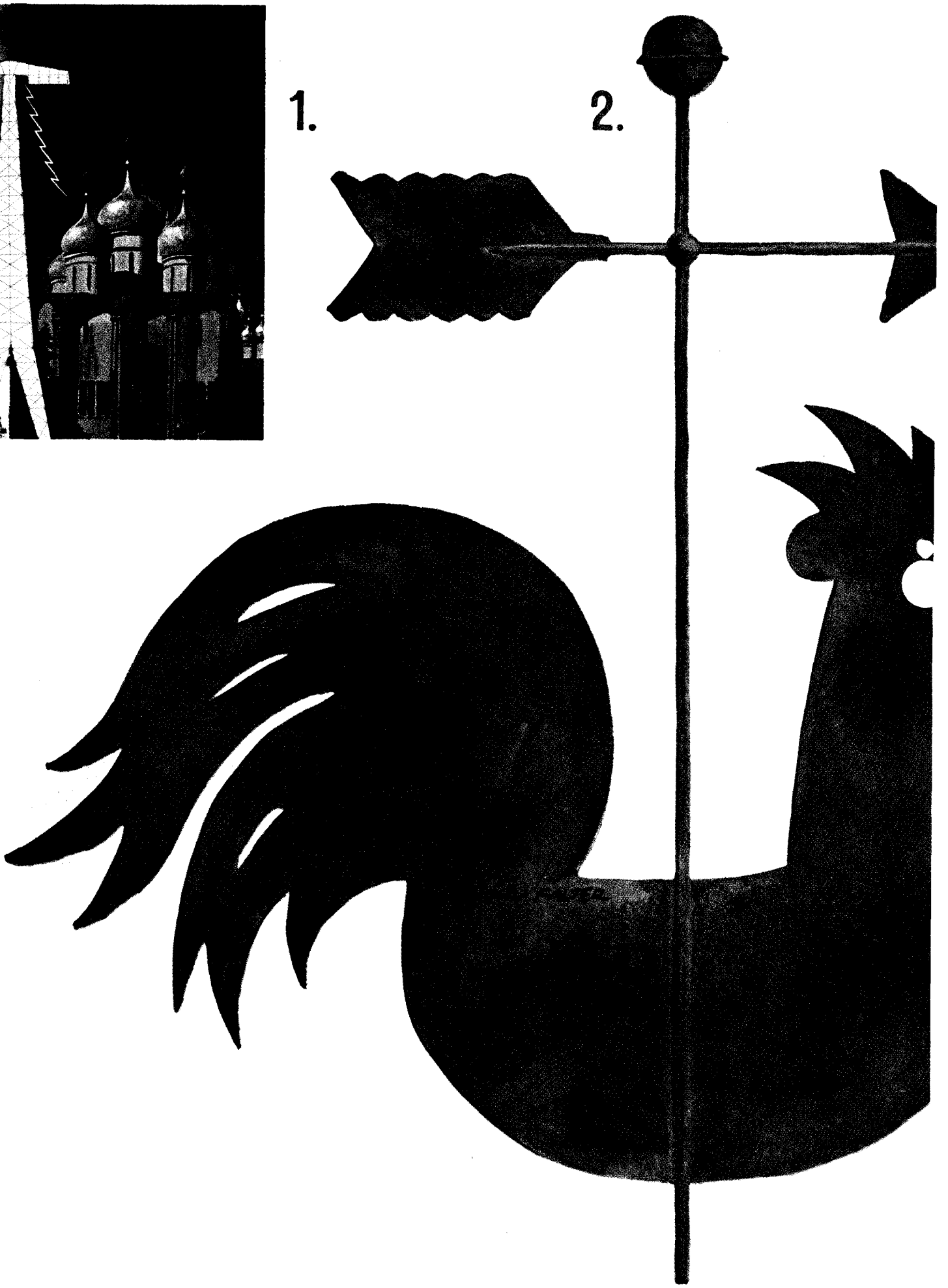
IF YOU COUNT ON THE "HOT LINE"... WORRY ABOUT THE





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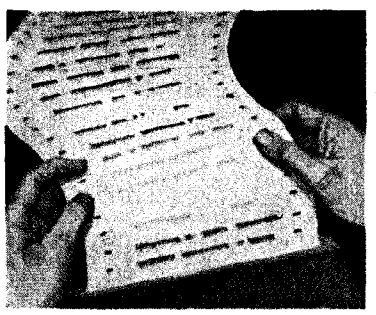

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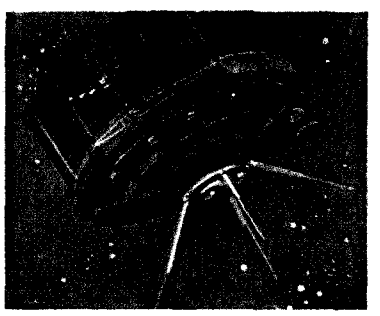

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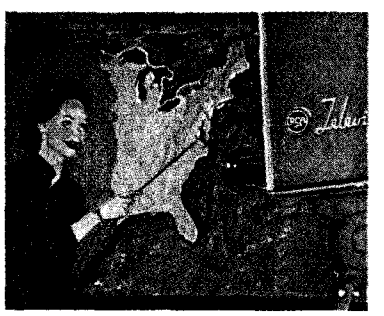

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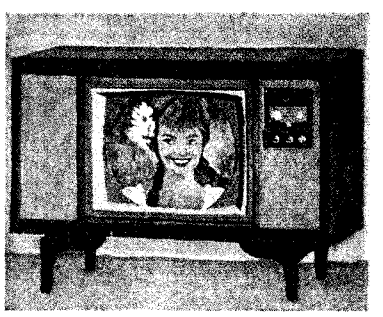

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a remainder, but if Janet didn't happen to invite me. In advertising they work Sundays, seeing clients, and anyhow I'm not one of the ones that have a rule you have to ask Mamma for Sunday. Even the ones that left the kids with the maid all day when they were little; and now all of a sudden the kids are supposed to turn around and shower them with every kindness, just because they got old. They should have thought of that sooner. I always took care of Janet myself. Such a darling little thing.

So that's Gleason. Not popular? They could have scalped her. Her and her mutation both. Hecksher was the only one that stuck up for her. So why did she turn around and go after Hecksher?

You may not believe me if I say, persecution. But I saw it. Listen to this: One Sunday Hecksher is on top of the world, her boy Steve brought her a box of caramels. She passed it around in the lobby. Good caramels.

Fine. So what happens two days later? In marches Gleason with a box. A box? A steamer trunk, should have come with a wheelbarrow. Imported chocolates. Passes it around to everyone, desk clerk, bellboys, didn't even use up the top layer.

Hecksher. You have to hand it to Hecksher, she's a sport. "Delicious!" she says. "And such a big box!"

Gleason has this skimpy little smile, like on a studio portrait. "*Too* big. I tell Gerald he'll die a poor man. He always says, 'Poor but happy.'"

Well, if you could have seen Hecksher's face. I know Steve from a baby and I love him like my own, but he is tight, a car as big as a hearse and a nine-room house in Great Neck, but for Hecksher a ten-cent card on Mother's Day, a room on the fourth floor, a little portable television. Why portable? She's not going anywhere.

Afterward I said, "Hecksher, the old cow has it in for you."

She only laughed. That's Hecksher. "Fish feathers," she says. "My son gives me caramels, I'm proud; her son gives her chocolates, she's proud. What can you make out of it?"

"I'm not making anything," I says. "She is."

Hecksher just says, "Fish feathers." Everything is fish feathers with her.

But that night she didn't get one good laugh out of Jack Benny. It was all about Benny being stingy. And then later she started in, how Steve is expanding the business, putting back the profits, everything had to go into the business. I said sure, sure.

Then one day Steve called, I was right there in the room, and suddenly I hear Hecksher: "Mrs. Gleason's son takes her to the Tavern on the Green." That's something I never did, if Janet doesn't call for a week I never told her Mrs. So and So's daughter calls every day. I mean, while Sidney was alive I always had plenty to think about, running a house, and my own friends. Now not so much. People can still like you, but if you're a couple they invite you quicker than a single woman. But why should I pressure Janet? She has her hands full. Those other women, their daughters have full-time help.

And when I say, if Janet doesn't call for a week, I'm only giving an example. Not a week goes by without a call, and mostly every two or three days.

Well, I never heard Hecksher talk like that before. Never. It didn't even work, he took her downstairs in the hotel, as usual. And left at half past seven. Where he usually stays till nine or nine-thirty.

So of course next day when Gleason puts out her bulletin, it seems Gerald is taking her to 21, and she says to Hecksher, "You know the place?"

All Hecksher could say was, "From the outside." You could have lied, I could have lied, but not Hecksher.

But you couldn't keep her away from Gleason. I tried. It was almost Thanksgiving, and we had so many spot announcements about the lavish feast Gerald was planning in Larchmont, the capon and the imported French wines and English puddings, you could get heartburn from walking through the lobby. But Hecksher was like a moth to the flame, had to have her daily kick in the pants.

Then she saw this ad for smoked turkey. Whoever heard of smoked turkey for Thanksgiving? But it costs more than capon, so that's enough for Hecksher, she begins mulling. Steve and Harriet should get one, it's supposed to be so wonderful, it would be something for the kids to remember. I tell you, this time I gave it to her good. "You leave that boy alone!" I said. "Which do you want, a nice Thanksgiving or a big announcement in the lobby? Make a choice!"

So she shut up, and I thought it would be OK, but Thanksgiving night I got back too late to check, I sat for Janet because they had to go to some client's house. After dinner, I mean. Everybody sits. Even with a full-time maid, the kids get sick or the parents want to go to Miami

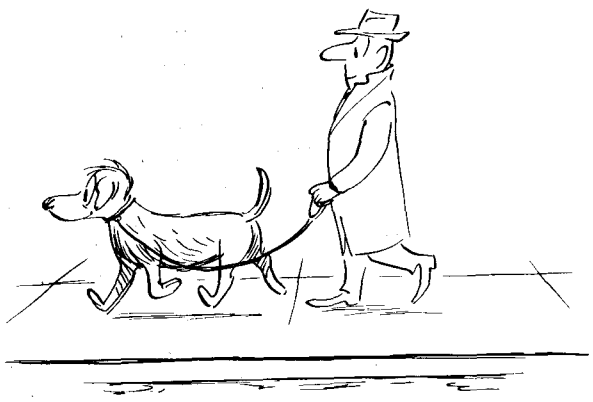
Next morning Hecksher's in bed. Neuralgia, is the story, but when I went down to her room, I got it out of her, she and Steve had a fight. "About the smoked turkey?" She just shakes her head, yes. Couldn't keep her mouth closed, after all the work I put in.

And it must have been a beaut, there was no calls all week, and the week after. And Gleason. Ambushed us in the lobby every day. "What do you hear from your boy? What's new with Steve?" But you think Hecksher would duck? Not Hecksher. Not Mrs. Fish Feathers.

What made it worst was, by now the tree is in the lobby, the wreath is in the elevator, the whole hotel is training for the Christmas handicap, greatest race of the whole year. We're starting to get the lineup, who's going for the day, the evening, Christmas Eve. The ones that didn't hear yet are on pins and needles. I heard from Janet the first week in December. I got Janet an alligator bag, for Julian a pin-seal wallet with his initials, a beautiful animal for the baby, this high off the ground.

And still not a peep out of Mr. Steve Hecksher. Not till the twelfth. She rang me right away. "I'm not excited. Why should I be excited? I knew he'd call." But by the time I put on my hat and went downstairs, it was all through the hotel. The chambermaid stopped me in the hall, and Harry the elevator boy says, "Isn't it nice about Mrs. Hecksher?" They're all crazy about Hecksher. She's a real sport.

She's sitting right opposite the elevator, and the minute Gleason steps out, up she jumps. She wasn't excited. In a pig's ear. "I'm going to Christmas for Great Neck," she says. "I mean, for Great Neck to Christmas. Anyhow," she says, "I'm going Christmas Eve and



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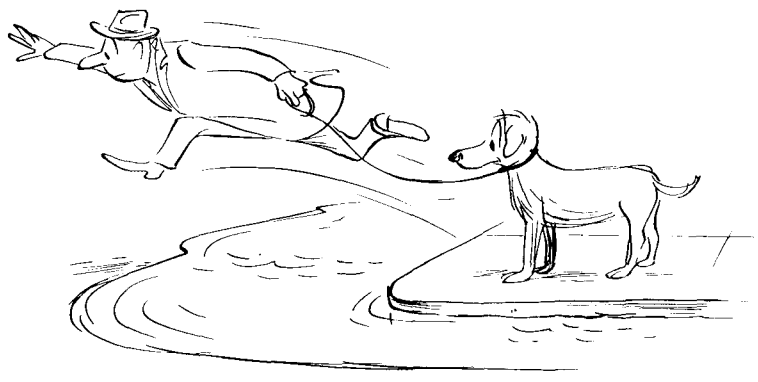

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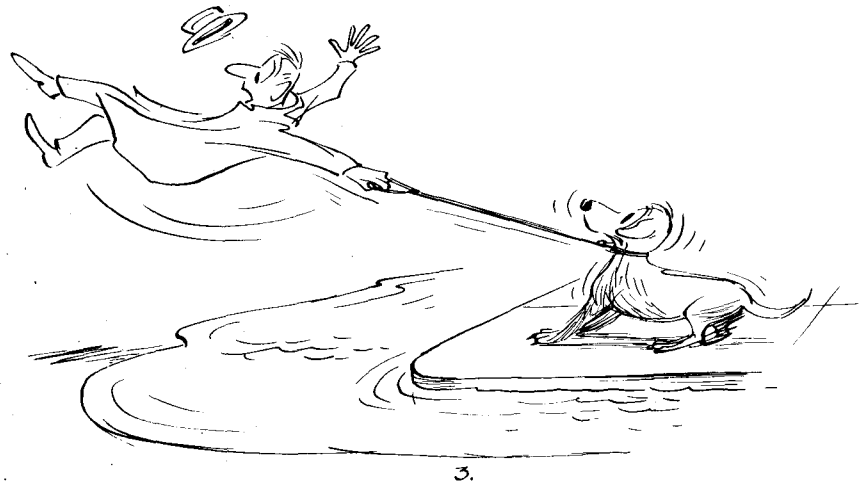

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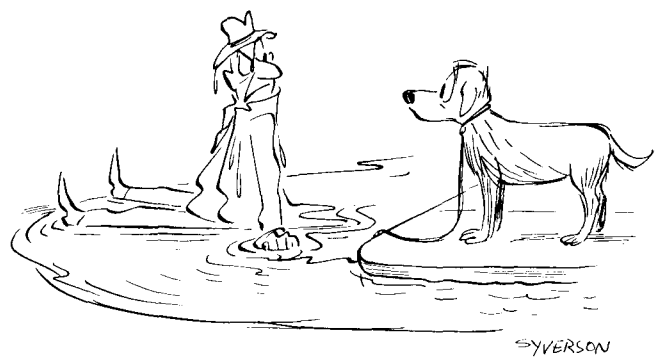

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sleep over and be there all day Christmas and help trim the tree and bake the Stollen." Hecksher used to be a wonderful baker.

Gleason just stands and smiles. Strokes her mutation. I got cold. I thought, what has she got up her sleeve?

It was the Bahamas. "Gerald absolutely insists on going away."

Roote got excited. "They're taking a cruise and leave you home alone at Christmas?" Roote is always counting her eggs before.

"Oh, no," says Gleason. "The whole idea is for me to go. He wants to get me out of the cold, but he knows I would never desert them over the holidays."

You should have seen them. Their lips were blue, like from staying too long in the lake. "Well," says Greene, "it'll be a big help, having you there with the children if they want to go dancing or something."

"They're taking the governess," says Gleason. "Gerald wants me to have a good rest." Grand slam.

I could have killed her, the big cow. Not for myself, for them. It's nothing in my young life, when they start in comparing I just sit and listen. Sometimes I have to smile. I mean, Janet and me, we were always more like friends.

Later I told Hecksher, "She must need a rest, carrying around that heavy mutation and those eight carats."

Hecksher didn't crack a smile. Hecksher knows she won't live to the day Steve takes her on a boat, except maybe to Staten Island.

The day Gleason left I was walking down Broadway. It was a terrible day. That kind of damp cold that goes right through to your bones. I'll tell you the truth, the only reason I was out in such weather was on account of Gleason, I just didn't feel like being in the lobby for the launching party. And anyhow that was the day Janet called to say she had to change the plans.

Sure, I was disappointed. Anyone would be. But like I told her, I said, "Janet darling, a person's boss comes first. You should be overjoyed, three days in the country! And that he singled Julian out of the whole office, at Christmas, think what that means!" She felt terrible, I could tell, but I said, "Janet darling, they serve a marvelous meal downstairs, more and better than you'll get at Mr. What's-His-Name; I'll eat with my friends, we'll go to the Music Hall and we'll have a grand time."

So I took the presents up last Sunday and they gave me mine.

Anyhow, there I am on Broadway, and when I got down around Eighty-second Street I passed this florist's window. White poinsettias. Beautiful! And I thought, Janet would love it. I can get it now and take it up Christmas morning. So then I remembered I wasn't going Christmas morning.

Well, anyhow, after a minute I look up, and who do I see inside the florist but Gleason? I jumped away. After all, I walked all the way downtown to Eighty-second to miss her. I thought, what's she doing way down here, when we have the florist in the hotel? And then I thought, I got the time mixed up, she already left and she was on her way down to the boat and she decided to stop off for a corsage for the daughter-in-law. You know how I can figure out a thing like that, that you don't even care?

But at least if she already left I could go home. I crossed over to the bus stop, but I had to wait so long, and then when the bus came it went right by without stopping. Sometimes a little thing like that, you feel like crying.

But the next bus stopped, and I went home. I thought, I'll take two aspirin and get in bed with the heating pad. But when I walk in the lobby Hecksher grabs me. "Siddell!" she says. "Where were you? You missed it, she just left this minute! You should have seen the orchid from Gerald! So big, she had to go out the door sideways!"

I just stood there looking at her. "What is it?" she says. "What's up, Siddell?"

I put her in the elevator and took her up to my room and made her sit down before I told her. I thought it would bowl her over.

Not Hecksher. You know what she said? "Poor old thing," she says.

"Poor old thing!" I said. "Poor old *thing?* A woman that persecuted you for four months? With her marvelous Gerald, the Wall Street broker, that we never laid eyes on? With all the presents that she bought herself? Not just the orchid, everything! The diamond, the chocolates, the cruise! To make you miserable! A whole campaign, a whole career, to make you eat your heart out! And you sit there and say, poor old thing?"

"Well, but don't you see, Siddell," she says, "if Gerald didn't take her, then she's all alone there on the boat. All alone for Christmas."

"Who cares?" I said. "After what she did to you? The visits every Sunday, the calls every night? In the lobby, so you could see? On the pay phone, not to save seven cents but so no one could listen in, and hear her talking to herself! A phony! The woman is a phony!"

She looked down at the floor. "Listen, Siddell," she says. "Everybody is a phony, one way or another."

"Who?" I said. "Who? Tell me! Say the name!"

At the floor. Wouldn't meet my eyes. "All of us," she says. "I. You."

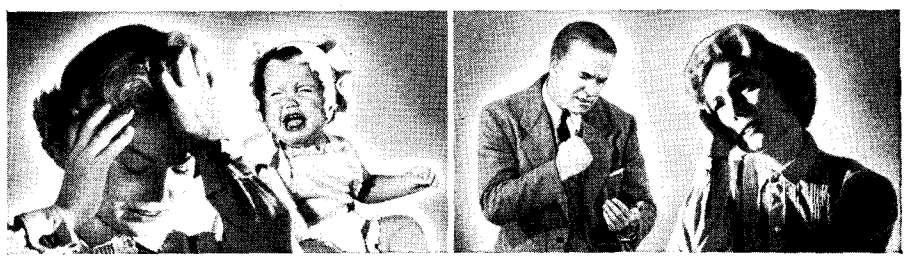
Hecksher. From high school. I swear I don't know what got into her. Later she said she was upset, didn't know what she was saying. It takes a big person like Hecksher to make that kind of an apology. Just the same, I was sick for three days. Flu. Went to bed and didn't eat, didn't answer the phone. Sometimes with flu you simply don't care if you live or die.

Anyhow, we made it up. She said she was just upset. "I'm not calm like you," she said. "You're a calm, sensible person. Look how you took it when Janet changed the plans for Christmas! No wonder you and Janet get on so well. You're a lucky woman, Siddell."

But it's more than luck. It's how you handle it. I don't know why it's so hard for them to grasp. Even Hecksher. Spoiled her whole Christmas. I'm sure that must be why her plans are changed, because of some trouble with Steve, some foolish thing she said or did. I don't know what. Generally I can get it out of her, but this time she just closed up. But otherwise why would she be coming back to the hotel first thing Christmas morning?

Won't even be there with Steve for Christmas dinner, imagine. We'll eat together. For myself I'm glad not to be all by myself in the dining room. But I'm sorry for her, she was really counting on being in Great Neck the whole twenty-four hours.

Isn't it a funny thing, they can't learn? But you take Janet and me, we're more like friends. THE END



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THE URANIUM PROSPECTOR

By HUGHES RUDD

He was a fine man, Jasper C. Graf. Take my word and never mind about the Arab woman and those other unusual events.

Jasper C. Graf was far and away the best mortician we ever had in our town. At the time this all happened about the Arab woman and the uranium hunter, we had two, but he was far and away the best.

If you live in a big town maybe you never think of morticians, or at least maybe you never think of one of them as better than any of the others. But in a little town like ours, it's different. When you only have two, the difference is bound to come out. Like I say, it's probably something peculiar to little towns, or maybe to little towns out west, where our town is, where there isn't an awful lot to take your mind off your life or your job or your wife. You know how it is? People out west are interested in morticians as a rule, I think.

And Jasper C. Graf was a fine mortician. There's more to it, you know, than just the embalming or the services: A man can make a good living in a town if he's good at those things, of course, and if he knows how to sell the more expensive caskets, but that isn't what I mean when I say Jasper C. Graf was a fine mortician. It's more difficult for a mortician to be a part of the town, a real part, you know. What I mean is, he sort of stands off to one side, or at least people put him off to one side; and if he's an ordinary man, that's where it ends, like with a preacher. But Jasper C. Graf was just about as pleasant a fellow as you ever saw. He only had one enemy that I ever heard of in our town, and that was Howie Loveless, the other mortician. Howie kept all that talk about the Arab woman going; and as our coroner, he got all mixed up in the other business too.

You could always feel a depth of something in Jasper C. that you couldn't feel in many men. You always felt like whatever he said or whatever he did, you were just hearing or seeing the ripples on the surface: The movement, the thing that was really happening, was deep down inside somewhere, like when a sunken tree will shift in a river, underwater, unseen, making a bulge, a ridge where the water meets the light and air.

And Jasper C. Graf was such a big man, with such style to him, such a commanding man, that you always felt you were looking at somebody you knew was famous; but right that minute you couldn't remember exactly what it was he was famous for: straight and tall and above six feet, with a very thin grin crease around the corners of his mouth, as though someone was looking at him and he had to behave just so. He had a great depth to him.

Now, Howie Loveless was about as depthless a man as you ever came across. You could wade around in him all day and never even get your shoes wet. He was little, and he had a bad limp that nobody ever knew the straight facts about, and he was a hypocrite and a bad mortician. I mean, really a bad mortician: His people all looked the same when he got through with them; everybody always said so, and I heard Mrs. Angelovic say at her husband's funeral in Howie's place that he looked just fine but it didn't look like him. If you'd been to one of Howie's funerals, you'd been to them all. He—well, the details are pretty bad, but the fact was he was careless. He just pumped everybody full of fluid until no more would go in and of course you can't do it that way: It makes for round faces on everybody. And a hypocrite: He was married and had three dark little children just like himself, but he used to sneak off to Big Mary's place all the time. That's the kind of mortician Howie Loveless was. I used to be scared to death I'd get killed somehow or other while he was coroner.

Because, of course, whoever is coroner has first chance at the accidentals. Or should have. The fact was, Jasper C. Graf's ambulance usually got there first, because he had such a good driver, Fat Jim. Fat Jim just worshiped Jasper C. He never said so but you could tell it, the way he followed him around and was always on call twenty-four hours a day, even though he was supposed to be the photographer on the paper. He used to get some wonderful accident pictures that way, and once Howie accused him at a coroner's inquest of moving a fellow's body in a car so it would make a better picture. It was just that Jasper C. Graf and Fat Jim paid more attention to their business, took it more seriously than Howie did. They were professionals; and Howie, in spite of his diploma from the school in San Francisco, wasn't, somehow. He was too much like everybody else and, of course, most of us are amateurs, as long as we live. You have to give yourself up pretty thoroughly to anything if you want to become professional at it, and most of us won't do it; we'd rather please ourselves.

That's the way it was with Howie, if you want to be charitable. All he wanted was to make a living and enjoy himself, and at every turn he ran smack into those two professionals. It grated on Howie.

"Damn it," he said to me on the street one day before all the trouble, "why don't them two relax for a while?"

That was another thing: Jasper C. Graf never swore. And Fat Jim, why he never even smoked or drank or anything. You could tell Jasper C. just didn't think it was fitting, but that was the kind of thing that was lost on Howie. Still, he was an easygoing fellow, content with the leftovers, like the runt of the litter always is, but he knew people expected him to be upset every time Fat Jim beat him to a case on the highway and so he acted upset. And I think it might have gone on that way for years, maybe forever, if it hadn' been for the uranium hunter.

That's what we thought he was at first. He came in on the four A.M. train from Denver. We

POST Fiction *Hughes Rudd, whose sensitive account of "The Death of William Faulkner" was published in the* Post *last July, makes his first appearance in the* Post *fiction pages. His short stories and articles have appeared in several notable collections and, in 1961, he won the Gertrude Vanderbilt Prize for Humor offered by* The Paris Review. *Rudd is currently completing his first novel. Raised in Waco, Texas, he attended the universities of Missouri and Minnesota, was an Air Force pilot in World War II, and later attended Stanford. A former newspaper reporter, editor, and motion-picture writer and director, he is a CBS news correspondent in Chicago.*

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don't get any tourists in our town, except a few buying gas over on the highway, so somebody noticed him right away, and they told somebody else and then everybody heard he was in the hardware store buying a scintillometer.

Well, we all went up there, because we'd never heard of anything like that. Out in our part of the country, people from town and a few ranchers are our only uranium hunters. They don't find much, and outsiders aren't attracted to it. And now here was this skinny little man standing in the store and reading out a long list in a whiny voice, laughing every once in a while.

There must have been twenty of us in there watching, and not one of us could believe it.

"By God," somebody near me said, "that fellow's crazy."

"He just said he didn't need no compass," somebody else said. "Did you hear that? They tried to sell him a compass, a azimuth compass, and he said he didn't need one."

He was the skinniest little man, with a skinny voice and a skinny laugh, and his clothes were all wrong. They'd started out right, somewhere, in some war-surplus or Army and Navy store in Denver, maybe, but now they were all wrong. He had on a pair of jeans, but they looked like they were made out of blue plastic, they were so thickly new and shiny—the copper rivets glittered in points in the store. And the back of his canvas hunting jacket had a fold in it so deep it looked like the two halves had not yet been stitched together but hung there on each shoulder, the edges lapped together waiting for the needle. The seams where the sleeves joined the jacket were outlined with white tack ing thread, and the stitching around the soles of his jack boots was fresh and clean and glaring.

"He must've put all that on in the train," somebody said, and we turned and went out the door and across the street to the town's bar. I could see that little man in the tiny toilet room on the chair car, struggling silently into those clothes while the sweat burst out on his forehead and back and chest, struggling into the stiff, unwieldy clothes behind the locked door of the room no bigger than a telephone booth.

We all had a drink without anybody saying anything for a minute.

"Where the hell," somebody finally said, "did that fellow ever get such a damn-fool idea as that? Can anybody here tell me that? I don't want to hear another damn thing but that."

"I tell you he's crazy," Bye Jenkins said.

"What about the railroad?" somebody said. "You think the railroad ain't crazy for selling him a ticket?"

"Well, what beats me," Bye said, "is his color. I wouldn't worry about it if he was some damn fool from Denver. But he's so pale-looking. I bet the fellow's a tourist."

That was what upset us, of course. As I say, there aren't any tourists in our town, I don't know why, and this fellow arriving on the four A.M. train to hunt uranium was impossible, strange, unnatural. We don't dislike tourists as tourists: That wasn't it at all.

We sat there talking about it and thinking and worrying about it, and I was thinking I'd ask Jasper C. Graf what he thought about it when next I saw him, when all of a sudden Charley Harper the druggist came running in.

"Have you seen her?" he said, hanging onto the bar and staring at us with his mouth twitching at one corner the way it always does. "Have any of you seen her?"

"Her?" Bye Jenkins said. "You mean him? The little tourist over at the hardware store?"

"No," Harper said. He drank down a whole glass of beer and took out his handkerchief to wipe his mouth. "The A-rab woman," he said. "I just seen Jasper C. Graf going around the corner in his Cadillac, and there was a A-rab woman in a white sheet sitting next to him," he said, and a big bubble of gas burst in his throat before he could say any more, and we just sat, looking at him.

I went up to see Jasper C. Graf right after Charley Harper told us that. He was sitting in the mortuary office, just sitting in his big leather chair with his legs crossed so neatly for a big man, smoking a cigar and looking at the wall.

"Sam," he said, and motioned me to take a chair.

I did, and just sat looking at him for a minute. I wasn't thinking about how I was going to ask him about the Arab woman: Jasper C. wasn't the sort of man you asked a question like that. You asked his advice, but you didn't ask him anything personal. No, I was thinking about that tourist fellow, and I thought, no why should Jasper C. Graf even cai about such a thing? He goes away to conventions; he knows more about the country than the rest of us. Probably it won't concern him at all, I thought.

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"The darnedest thing has happened," I said. I started to say, "You won't believe it," but I knew he would believe it, because it struck me that back over south, where he came from, they must be used to such unusual things.

"Yes," he said, looking at me.

"There's a fellow getting ready to go uranium hunting," I said.

Jasper C. just kept looking at me for a minute, and then he looked down at his desk and picked up a nail file he kept there and started cleaning his nails, although there wasn't a speck of dirt under them I could see.

"Kind of late in the year, isn't it?" he said, looking at his nails.

"It sure is," I said. "They had thirty-two degrees at the post office yesterday morning."

"Out-of-town fellow?" Jasper C. said, and I nodded.

"He's not from around here," I said. "His clothes are all brand new and he's not from out west."

"You fellows try to stop him?" Jasper C. said, still watching the nail file go along under his nails.

"No," I said. "He's not the sort of fellow you can say something like that to, I guess. He's a skinny little tourist fellow with a city kind of a laugh."

Jasper C. stopped moving the nail file, and a bright little bubble of red appeared at the tip of his little finger, where the file was.

"Now look at that," I said. "You've dug into yourself with that thing."

Jasper C. Graf was always going to conventions. In that business you have to keep up with the latest, I guess, and you have to make yourself known to other morticians from around the country so that when they have a person to ship to our town for burial, you know. That way you can be put in charge of local arrangements. Howie Loveless used to say Jasper C. went to those conventions just to "get a workout," because Howie never went to any conventions and that's what he called going down to Big Mary's, "getting a workout."

"He pussyfoots around here and then goes off to those conventions and has himself a big fat time," Howie used to say. "He gets on that big Pullman and sleeps all the way back out here, and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. That's the kind of a man I just can't stand."

But that was all a lie, of course, just Howie's jealousy. Jasper C. Graf didn't fool around with women like that. It seemed he just didn't need to or something—he was busy looking at whatever it was that was down inside of him, I always thought.

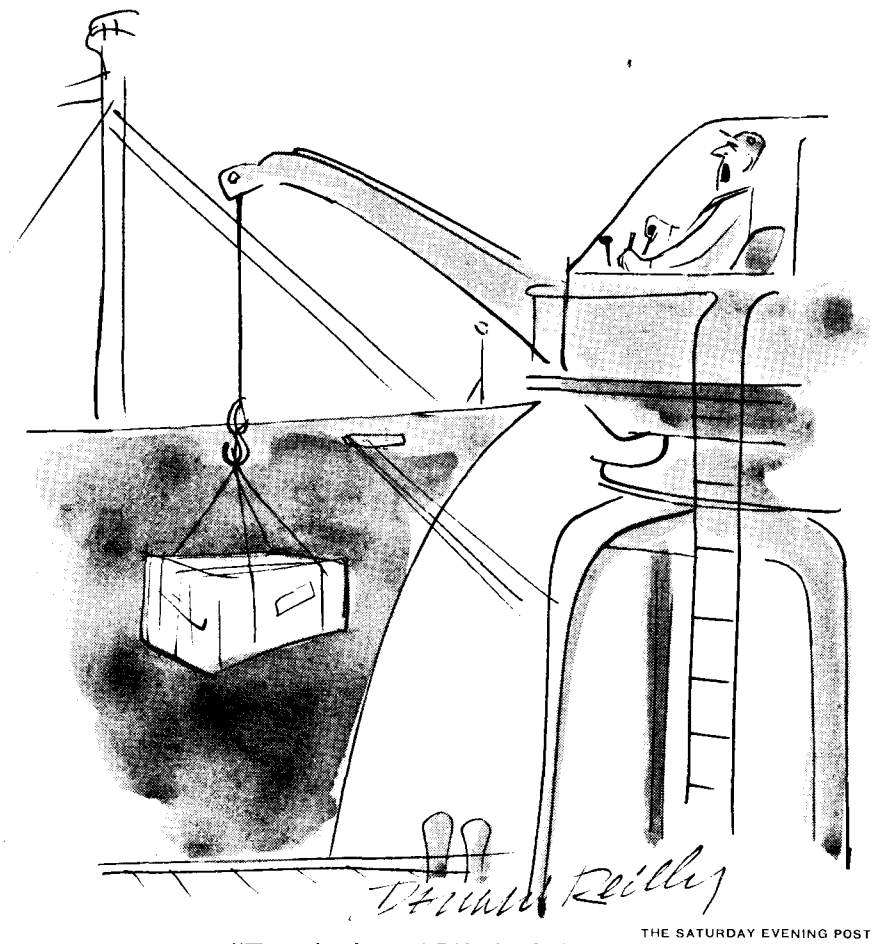
But thinking like he did, Howie Loveless started talking up that Arab-woman business as soon as he heard about it.

"Why, sure," he said. "He brought her back with him from that convention in San Francisco. They got any kind of woman you can think of out there. I bet he give her a big bunch of money to come back here with him, and now he'll hide her out and act like nothing was going on at all and laugh at us. That's just the kind of a fellow he is, that's all."

"But why?" Bye Jenkins wanted to know. "Why'd he bring back a A-rab woman? It just don't make sense."

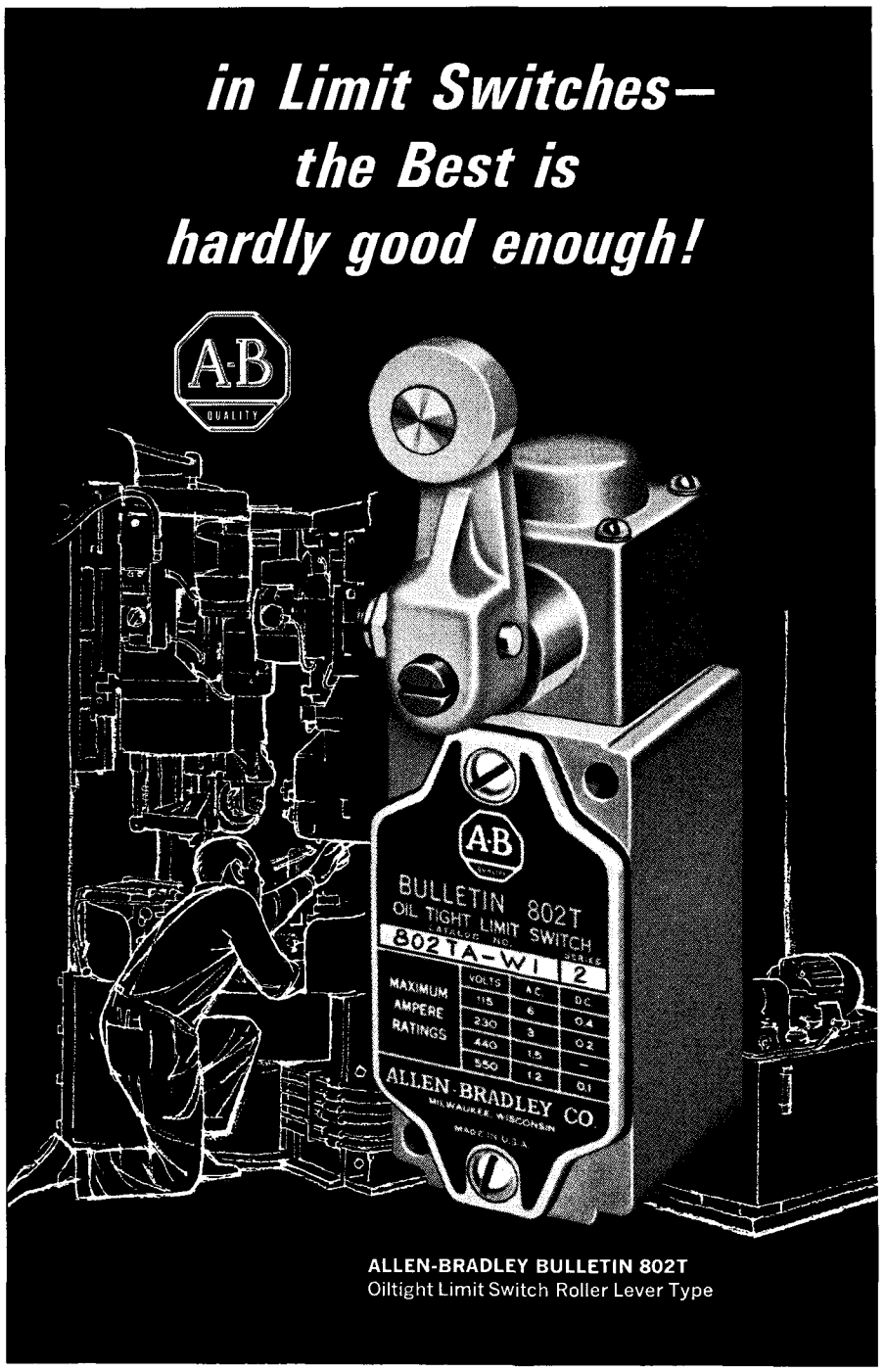
"Why, sure it does," Howie said, and his eyes got beady and he looked back over his shoulder, to see if his wife was coming up to the corner, I guess. "It'd be different, wouldn't it? I wouldn't mind a A-rab myself. Come on," he said, "I'll show you something," and he took us across the street into the depot and pointed at the wall. "Look at there," he said.

There was a big poster on the wall next to the one of the Western Union boy coming up to the door with the message for Mother, and it showed a dark-skinned woman in a big white veil looking away off somewhere. She had a white cloth draped over her head too, so all you saw was her eyes, as big as Jordan almonds and black as night. Back in the distance



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Tote dat barge! Lift dat bale . . ."



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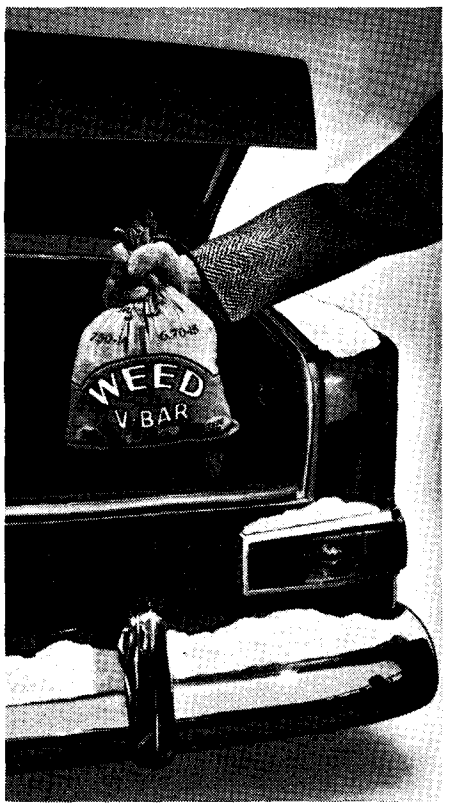

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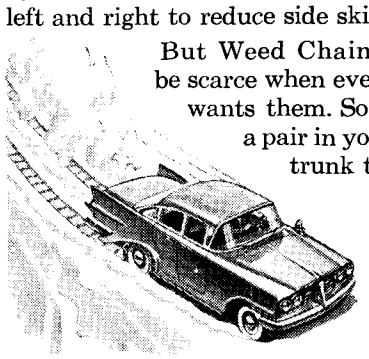

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THE PROSPECTOR

was some kind of a little town, and down below in big letters it said, ALGÉRIE, PAYS DE LUMIÈRE.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Bye.

It was a new poster.

"Now that," said Howie, "is a A-rab woman."

You couldn't argue with him: The face on the poster had the most female-looking eyes I've ever seen, and you wanted to see the rest of her, but of course you couldn't, because of the robe and veil, and that just made you that much surer that what was under there was a beautiful woman, like one you'd never seen in your life before.

We were just standing there looking and not saying anything, when I'll be darned if Charley Harper didn't come loping into the depot all lathered up and puffing.

He grabbed Bye Jenkins by the arm and shook him.

"I just saw all three of them," he said. "They went around the corner just when I came out of the store."

"What?" Bye said, and he pulled his arm away. "What the hell's the matter with you, Charley?"

"The tourist and the A-rab woman," Charley said, looking around at us. "They were sitting on the seat right next to Jasper C. Graf, and the tourist was laughing with his head throwed back. I could see his teeth."

We all looked at Bye. He's an old man and he has quite a story behind him, and we all looked at him.

"What was Jasper C. doing?" Bye said to Charley.

"Nothing," Charley said. "He wasn't doing nothing but driving the car and looking straight ahead."

Bye looked around at us but nobody said anything.

"Well, damn it," he said to Charley, "was *he* laughing?"

"No," Charley said. "He wasn't laughing."

The tourist walked out of town the next morning, in plain sight of everybody, walking straight and unswerving toward some point on the horizon the rest of us couldn't see, climbing the first hill and disappearing into the desert.

That was about nine o'clock. There was a stiff northwest wind blowing, and you could feel snow coming, and every once in a while a tumbleweed would appear around the corner from nowhere and go rolling and bumping across the street and out of sight.

Everybody was in the bar.

"I'll tell you what it is," Bye Jenkins was saying as I walked in. "It's thoughtless, just plain thoughtless."

Bye is an old, old man, and his story reaches clear back to the Wild Gang, and the Brown's Park crowd, to Butch Cassidy and a lot of those other fellows. They were outlaws, and Bye started riding with them when he was fourteen, back in the '90's. He's the only one that didn't get hanged or shot, I guess, and they say he killed a lot of men: You can find stories about him in the old copies of the paper, they say, but nobody ever bothers to look them up. If we have a first citizen, I guess Bye's it.

"Here it's going to snow," Bye was saying, "and that fellow just walks off out there into the brush like he knowed what he was doing and where he was going, and none of you even asked him where he was headed or if he even knew himself where he was headed. Now, how're we ever going to find him?"

Because Bye knew that: We'd have to go out and find him. We knew he wasn't going to come walking back, because his clothes were so new and because he was different. Can you understand that? It's not that you *have* to look a certain way to handle this country: That's the mistake dudes always make. It's just that if you've learned this country, you look a certain way; learning it gives you that look of belonging to it, the look the tourist didn't have.

So we knew we'd have to go and find him, and most of the fellows got pretty mad about it: The whole thing was so crazy. Me, I didn't mind: I wanted to see him again, maybe to find out what it was that had moved him out here into our town, an alien in the rock and brush and wind.

"You might as well all go home and get ready," Bye said. "If we start this afternoon, he won't have such a head start on us," telling us to start now to save the man who'd just left town, because Bye was that certain of the fellow's mistake.

And then Howie Loveless came limping in the door all rigged up like he was going on a hunting trip: boots, Mackinaw and hunting knife, and a big water bag slung over his shoulder, and so mad I thought he'd start crying any minute.

"Now, listen!" he said. "I want you all to be witnesses that I said it and by God I'll make it stick. I'm telling you, there ain't nobody to move that body when it's found until I get there and declare it dead, you hear me? I've had just about enough of this, now."

"Hold on," Bye said. "You ain't neither one of you got him yet."

"Now, I tell you, it's me that's coroner," Howie said, and he cut a big glare around at everybody.

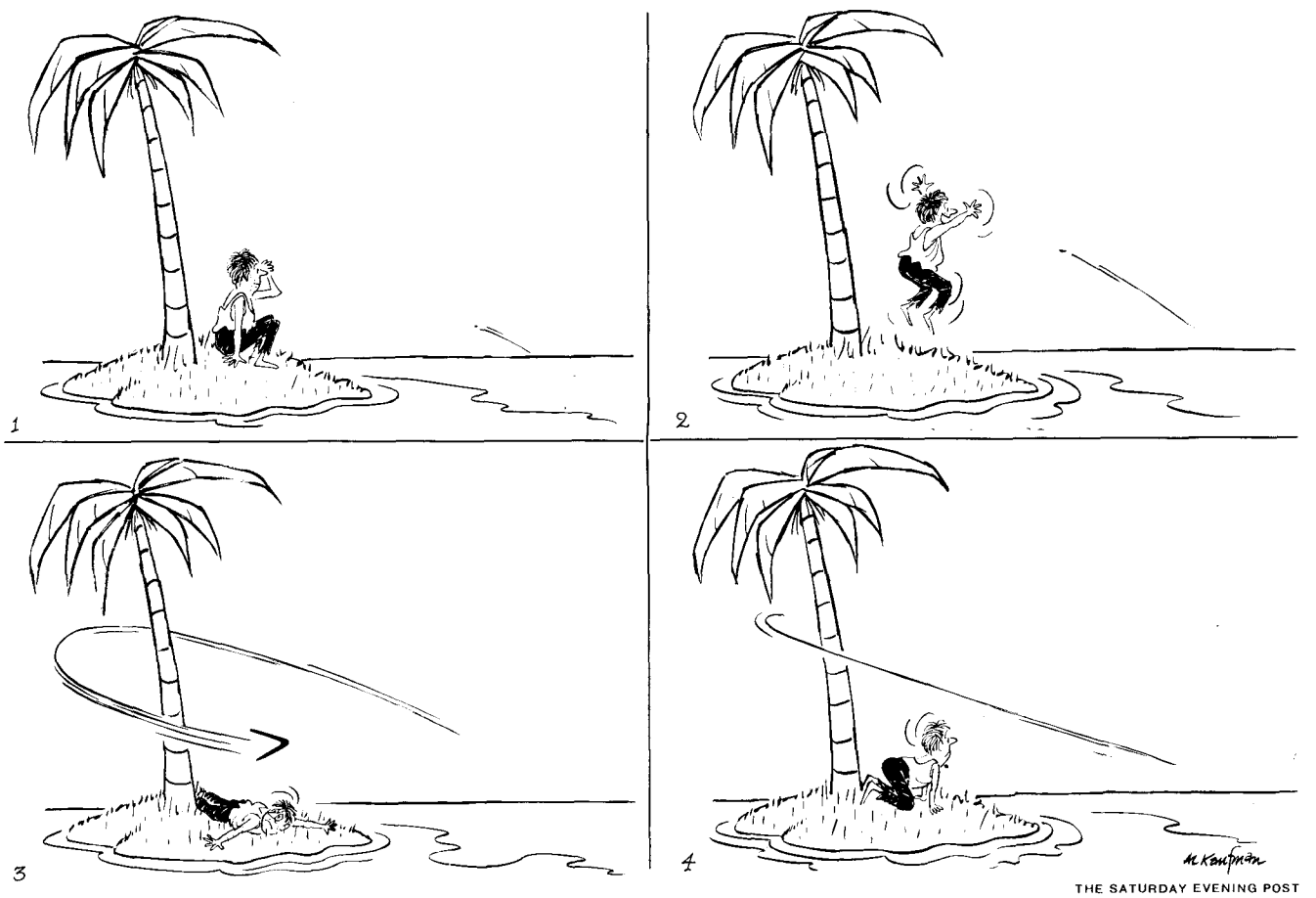
"But Howie," I said, "Jasper C. doesn't even know about it yet. We haven't told him yet." And I thought: And you don't know about it yet, either, not really; so what makes you so sure?

"Oh, no?" Howie said. "Oh, no? Well, how'd you like it if I told you I just seen Jasper C. Graf and that fat boy scooting out of town about 150 miles an hour right on that fellow's trail?"

After a minute Bye cleared his throat. "Well, now," he said. "Old Jasper didn't try to stop him either, and now he's really humping, ain't he?"

"Was there anybody with them?" Charley Harper said to Howie. "Did you see anybody else?"

"What?" Howie said, and he frowned. "Of course not. They were in the jeep, and they've got the sides on it."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Oh," Charley said, his mouth twitching, and he looked back down into his beer.

It all happened so fast after that I didn't get a chance to say good-bye to Jasper C. Graf or anything. None of us did. We had to get it all from Fat Jim, because by the time we found the place where they were in the desert, he was the only one. Nobody knew where Jasper C. Graf was.

"It was terrible," Fat Jim said to us after we got some dry clothes on him. He was sitting by the fire trying to drink some hot coffee, but he couldn't seem to get his lips to come down on the cup edge; they kept skittering away from it.

"He acted like he was crazy or something," Fat Jim said. "We found the tourist fellow without any trouble at all, but we had to walk in the last four or five miles and cross the river. He was lying on his back just as peaceful as anything, and the snow had banked up along one side of him like he was a log or a piece of driftwood, and a tumbleweed was caught around his head like a mess of bob wire. I thought he was dead, but Mr. Graf knew right away he wasn't. I guess he knew even before we left town the fellow wouldn't be dead."

"What?" Howie said. "What are you trying to tell me? You trying to ——"

"That tourist started cackling at us as soon as he saw us," Fat Jim said, looking up at us. "He like to scared me to death. Mr. Graf just stood there looking down at him for a minute and then he said, 'Get up.' Just like that. 'Get up.' But the tourist just lay there looking up and laughing, and Mr. Graf finally bent over and picked him up and slung him over his shoulder. 'I'm going to ruin you, Jasper,' the tourist said, laughing right into Mr. Graf's face with all them big yellow teeth. Mr. Graf, he just set his face a little and said to me, 'We got to get this man out of here before he freezes to death.' 'Oh, no,' says the tourist, 'I won't never freeze, Jasper, not while I got you to keep me warm. You ain't never going to let me freeze, are you, Jasper?' he says to Mr. Graf, but Mr. Graf just started walking, with me trotting along behind begging him to let me help."

"The most high-handed thing I ever heard of in my entire life," Howie said. "A criminal act, you all hear that? Moving that fellow before we ——"

"And then the tourist fellow started bragging about all the things he could do, and Mr. Graf couldn't touch him for them because of what had happened," Jim said, shaking his head. "He said he'd follow Mr. Graf forever just like he'd followed him for twenty years now, and he'd ruin him every time. 'No matter where you go,' he says, laughing into Mr. Graf's face, right into his ear, with his feet dangling down behind. 'I'll keep on following you, Jasper, and I'll keep on making you pay for what you done.'"

"Done?" Howie said, bending down over Jim. "Done what? What did old Jasper do?"

"Finally we come to the river," Jim said. "Mr. Graf never even slowed down. He missed the ford and just started walking out into it with that tourist still cackling on his back and saying, 'Now, don't you get my feet wet, Jasper,' and me splashing along behind hollering for Mr. Graf to look out. But he just kept walking. He didn't even look back and all of a sudden he went under. I started really yelling at him then. I'm surprised you fellows didn't hear me in town. Then Mr. Graf bobbed back up and he commenced to fight that water like a crazy man, with that tourist still on his back. Only now that fellow was upset. 'You're trying to drown me!' he was hollering, and all the time Mr. Graf was fighting for both their lives. It was terrible. 'You're going to add murder to your list, are you!' that fellow screamed in Mr. Graf's ear, and then they went under again, Mr. Graf pumping his legs up and down and kicking and flaying at the water with his elbows and never letting out a sound or even changing expression. It was awful. And they went under, and this time the tourist come up first, shooting half out of the water like a dynamited snag and yelling his head off the minute he broke out, still yelling while he flew up in the air and flopped back. It was terrible."

"What was he yelling?" Howie said. "I got a right to know, you hear?"

"Mostly it seemed like he was yelling

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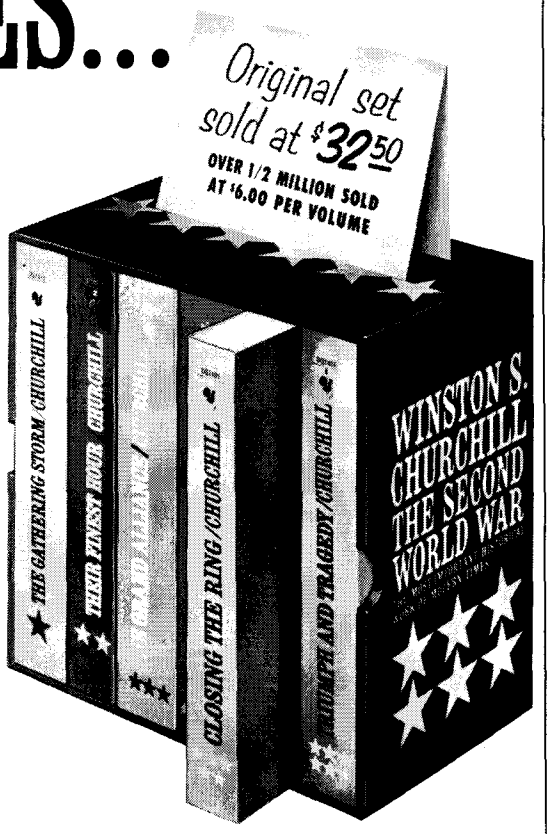
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THE PROSPECTOR

'Murderer,'" Jim said, looking into his coffee cup.

"Ah, ha!" cried Howie. "I told you! I told you there was something sneaky about that Jasper C. Graf! I been telling you that for years, and you wouldn't listen. Goes arunning off out here and kills a man by drowning ——"

"No," Jim said. "After he shot up, the tourist fellow splashed back in the water and went spinning downstream a way, then he banged up against the other bank and climbed out. He just sat there yelling at us, but he was so far away I couldn't understand a word he was saying."

"And what about Jasper C., Jim?" Bye said.

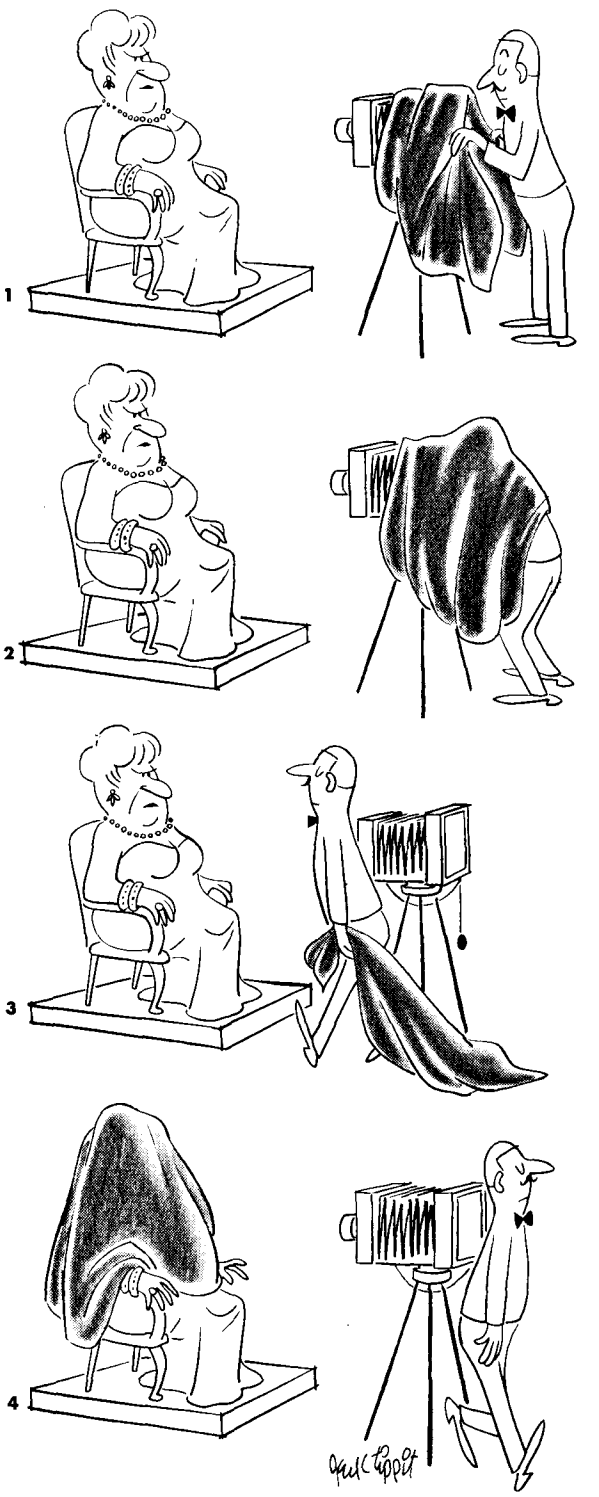
"He told me all about it," Jim said. "He clawed his way back to where I was. He didn't swim. He just clawed at that water, and I helped him out. We sat there a minute, and then he said, 'Jim, I might as well tell you. You can tell everybody in town and it don't make no difference anymore, anyway. If you don't tell them, he will, and at least you can tell them straight. I made a mistake once, back in Missouri,' he said. 'There was this woman; she was this fellow's wife, and I made a mistake.'"

"Now, there you are!" Howie said, looking around at us. "Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth and here he was, messing with ——"

"No," Jim said. "Not like that. He thought she was dead. They didn't have no doctor in that town, and they brought her to Mr. Graf after she'd fell in a pond in the wintertime. She was drunk, Mr. Graf said, and everybody thought she'd fallen into the pond while she was drunk and had died, and her husband wanted to ship the body out right away to St. Louis before the roads got too bad, so Mr. Graf started to embalm her. But she wasn't dead, she was just almost dead. It must have been a terrible thing," Jim said.

"Negligence!" said Howie. "Professional negligence, *that's* what it was."

"Mr. Graf was a young mortician then," Jim said. "He found out right away what was wrong and he stopped everything and saved her life, but it didn't do no good. Ever after that she tells folks Mr. Graf resurrected her from the dead; and her husband, he says Mr. Graf has damaged his reputation for life because Mr. Graf had his wife lying there in the mortuary without her clothes on. And



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they follow him wherever he goes, they won't never stop it, Mr. Graf said. And he has to run off every few years when they find him. It's terrible."

"Well, I'll be damned," Bye said. "You mean we got to lose a good mortician because of something like that?"

"And that's why she wears them A-rab clothes," Jim said. "Because she was resurrected, she says. She thinks she's somebody out of Scripture, Mr. Graf said."

"But why?" Howie said, sitting down next to Jim. "Why did that fellow buy that stuff and come walking way out here? And why did Jasper C. Graf bother to come after him? Why?"

"Just to devil Mr. Graf," Jim said, closing his eyes. "He knew Mr. Graf would come get him. It was just his devilish way of announcing he was here, of showing Mr. Graf how mean he was."

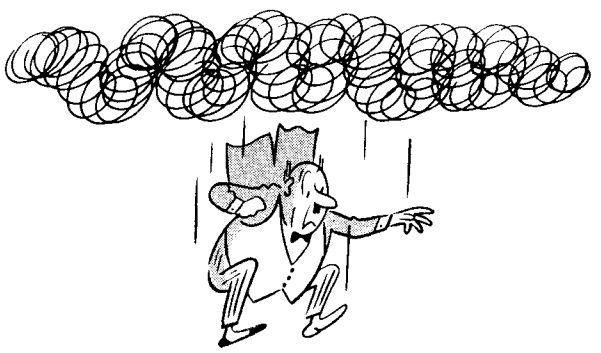
"But why go get him?" Howie said, looking around at us. "Why didn't he let that fellow just lay out there and freeze?"

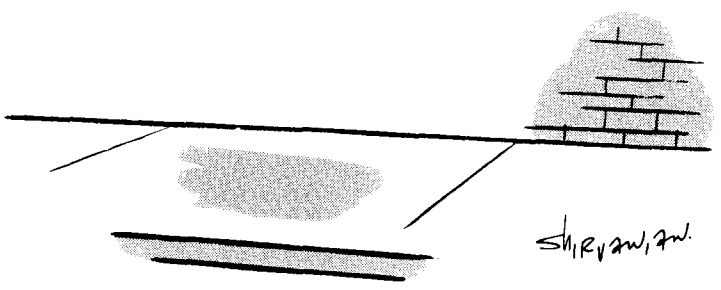
Bye Jenkins looked down at Howie. "Because he ain't that kind of a man," Bye said. "If he'd been that kind of a man, that fellow never could have bothered and hounded him at all. He couldn't have hounded you, could he, Howie?"

Howie didn't say anything.

When we got back to town, Jasper C. Graf's office with the big leather chair was there, with a dead cigar in the ashtray and the nail file lying on the desk, but Jasper C. Graf and his Cadillac were gone. That afternoon the tourist and the woman came around a corner and into the depot, and when the six P.M. train for Denver came in, they got on board, the man looking angrier than a tornado and the woman so wrapped up in sheets you couldn't see what she looked like.

And that was how we lost the best mortician our town ever had. Charley Harper must have had his eye on the mortuary business for a long time, because it wasn't two weeks later that he opened up a funeral parlor himself, on an apprentice license he says he's had for years, and nobody's surprised by it anymore: It sort of goes with the drugstore business in a town like ours, and Howie Loveless is altogether too careless, and of course his reputation is just terrible: It seems to get worse all the time. THE END





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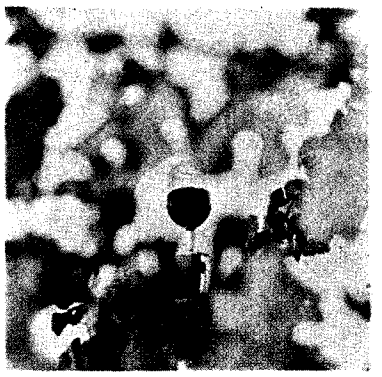
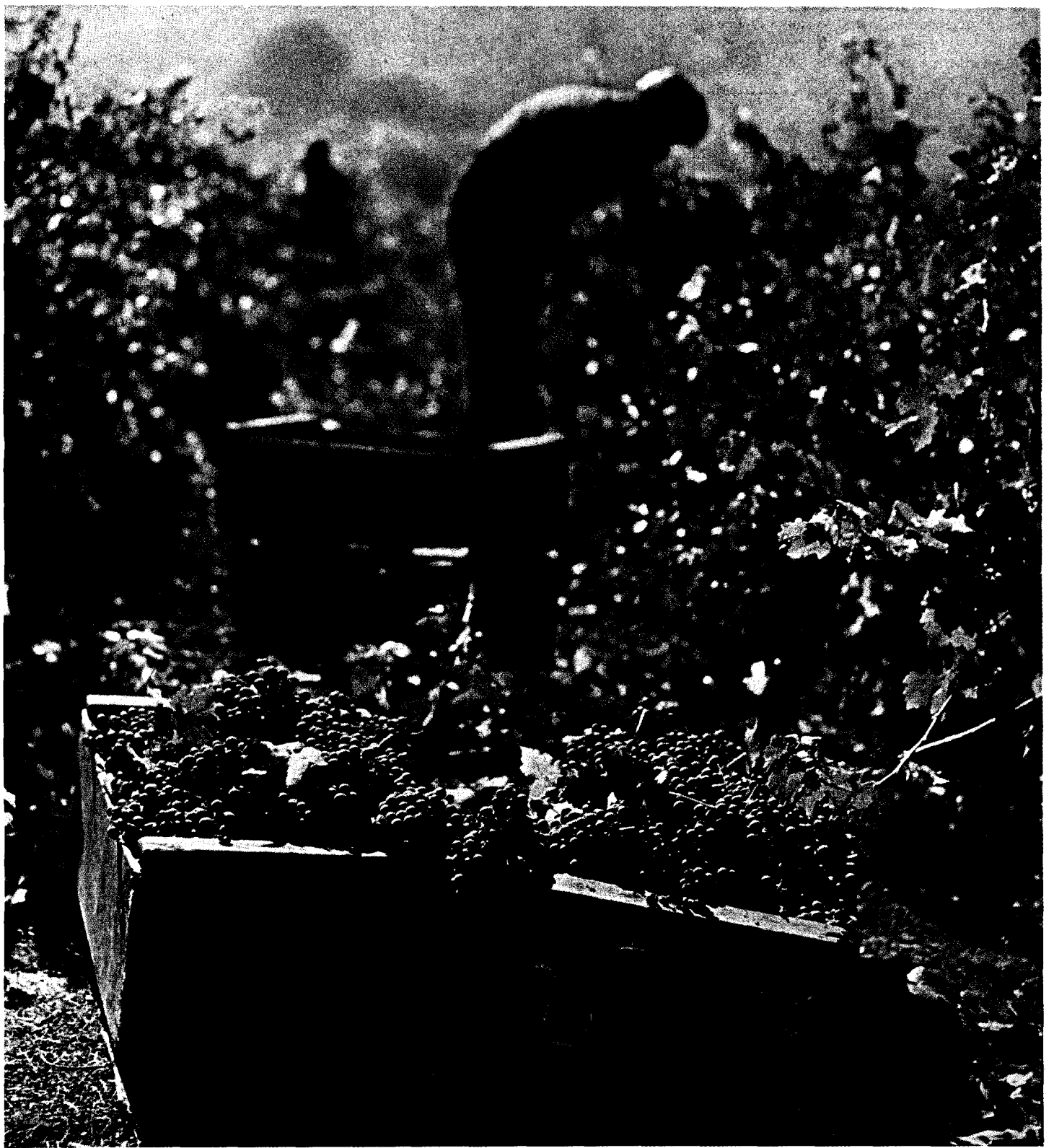


"SHE'S A BIG

The California wine industry grows up to challenge the

By JOHN DEEVER



Grape pickers earn about $12 a day during harvest season in Napa Valley, famous for its red wines, champagnes.

The case of California wines is a handy example of the occasionally perverse American taste for endowing something the country does very well with a faint, lingering bouquet of inferiority. The difference in attitude toward European and California wines can be found in the rhetoric used to describe them. The label on one bottle of Swiss vintage proclaims it to be "a wine of sound bearing, affectionate and noble, cordial without being a great babbler, velvet outside but nerves and muscles inside." In Livermore, California, by contrast, Karl Wente sampled his 1962 Wente Bros. Pinot Chardonnay recentl and contented himself with remarking, "She's going to be a *big* girl."

Despite the lack of rhetoric, however, Americans are drinking more and better wine every year. And of the 172,000,000 gallons drunk last year in the United States, roughly 78 percent came from California's 460,000 acres of vineyards, and 15 percent from Eastern wineries. The tiny remainder was imported from Europe and elsewhere.

The White House today has a wine cellar stocked with California products. Yet it was less than 15 years ago that California wines were broached at a Presidential inaugural dinner for the first time. This was done at Harry Truman's banquet as much to reward a faithful party worker, who just happened to be a salesman of Paul Masson California wines, as to honor the merits of the wines. "I was asked," said the party worker, who has since moved up in the Masson hierarchy, "to set up the banquet with the Mayflower Hotel's maître d'. I put down only one of my wines and two of somebody else's. *American* wines—that was the idea. I would have settled for anyone's. My boss insisted I use at least two of mine."

Politics aside, when California wines are matched against European vintages in blind tastings, they hold their own nicely. Louis Untermeyer, the poet and former consultant on poetry to the Library of Congress, once had reason to entertain a Rothschild of Château Lafite-Rothschild and served him a bottle of the Rothschilds' own wine, its label hidden in the serving basket. "Aha," said the Frenchman after taking an appreciative sip, "one of your interesting Californ wines, no doubt." European vintners p litely but invariably refuse to participate

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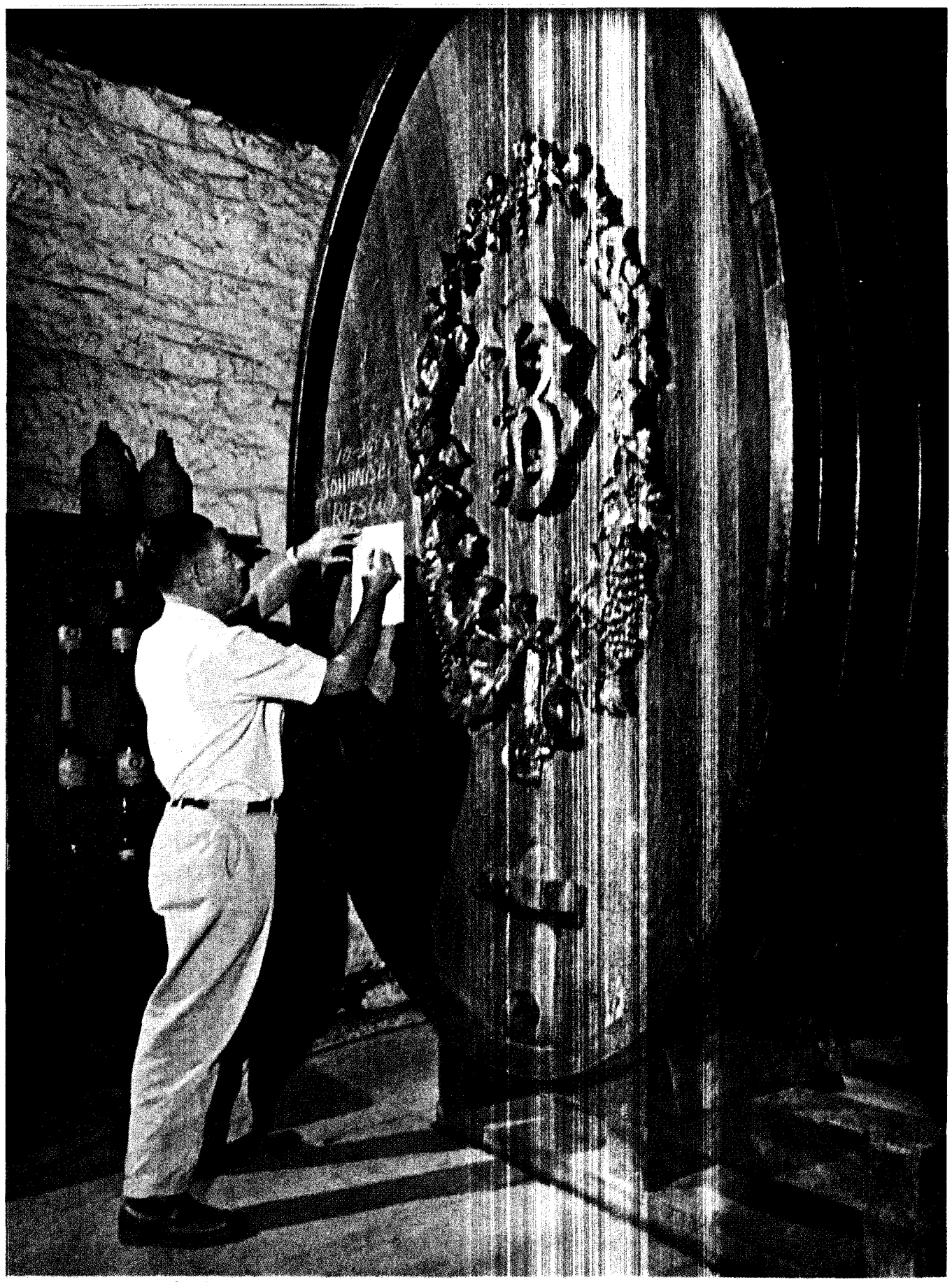
GIRL"

finest vintages of France.



Oaken casks, brought from Germany in 1850, hold wines being aged in limestone caves of Beringer winery.

in official competitions, but nothing has prevented American experts from setting them up.

Last year, for example, the Wine and Food Society of Los Angeles compared California wines with their French equivalents. Each course at dinner was accompanied by two French wines and two California ones, and all bottles were masked. In the white Burgundies, for example, a Christian Brothers Pinot Chardonnay ($1.69 at retail) took first place. All together, the California wines (averaging $1.80 a bottle) scored 1,611 points to 1,519 for the French vintages, which cost an average of $5.90 a bottle. Despite all this evidence, some Americans show an unfortunate disposition to be led by fashion and price, as the aftermath of two other blind tastings revealed not long ago. The first, held by the Masson people in Miami Beach for waiter captains and maîtres d', was a clear victory for California wines. "That's fine," commented one maître d', "but we just can't sell them. People come down here to splurge and you can't splurge on American wines. They're too cheap." In Chicago, "21" Brands of New York held a tasting in which 51 percent of the experts identified a California wine as an import and 59 percent preferred it. At a luncheon held later, however, when the labels could be seen, the California wine was shunned as though it were vinegar.

In Europe, where wine drinking is taken for granted, there is less anxiety about gourmet standards. The Italian is without inhibition in his enjoyment of wines the French find undrinkable. The Frenchman drinks 40 gallons a year, much of it inferior. But the average American, less sure of his tastes in wine, washes down 13 gallons of soft drinks every year, 1½ gallons of hard liquor and less than one gallon of wine. One reason for this relatively small consumption dates back to prohibition, which not only sealed the vineyards but gave many Americans a taste for bootleg Scotch and bathtub gin. Today they still ignore the gentle pleasures of wine in order to stone themselves with vermouthless Martinis. "Personally I have nothing against the Martini, but I wouldn't want my sister to drink one," remarks a California winegrower. American appreciation of wine has also been hindered by the aura of snobbery that surrounds it. Timid hosts, afraid of breaking open the wrong bottle with the pot roast, often take the easy way out by serving a nonvintage glass of tap water with a faint bouquet of chlorine. Yet the American has a much wider range of inexpensive domestic wines, made by better-trained specialists working with better equipment, than can be found in Europe.

All this being so, a man who decides to make fine wines in California is rather like the crusader who settles in Edinburgh to distill bourbon. Among other things, he has to teach his neighbors to drink it.

Even in the tasting room of his winery, where visitors gather to sip samples after tours, he often suffers lugubrious looks when he has served a superb bone-dry Pinot Blanc. "It's sour," the American tourist is apt to complain.

The California man has not merely to indoctrinate the drinker but also to cope with the merchant who may not store his product properly and the restaurateur who may serve it carelessly. In a liquor store, a great Pinot Noir may be left to stand upright near a sunny window, the cork shrinking and the wine spoiling, while a mediocre French Midi wine is laid respectfully on its side in the dusty dark. In a restaurant, the same Pinot Noir may arrive at the table ice-cold instead of at room temperature.

As in so many other things, Europe had an earlier start. The French were making fine wines when Julius Caesar noted that Gaul was divided into three parts. The Californians had been at it in a large-scale commercial way for less than 60 years when prohibition came. Spanish missionaries had set out vines at San Diego as far back as 1769, but it remained for Agoston Haraszthy, a Hungarian nobleman, adventurer and promoter, to demonstrate the adaptability of California's soil and climate to the grapes of France, Italy and Germany. Haraszthy, who was known interchangeably as "Count" and "Colonel," had migrated to the United States in 1840,

Photographs by Jack Fields

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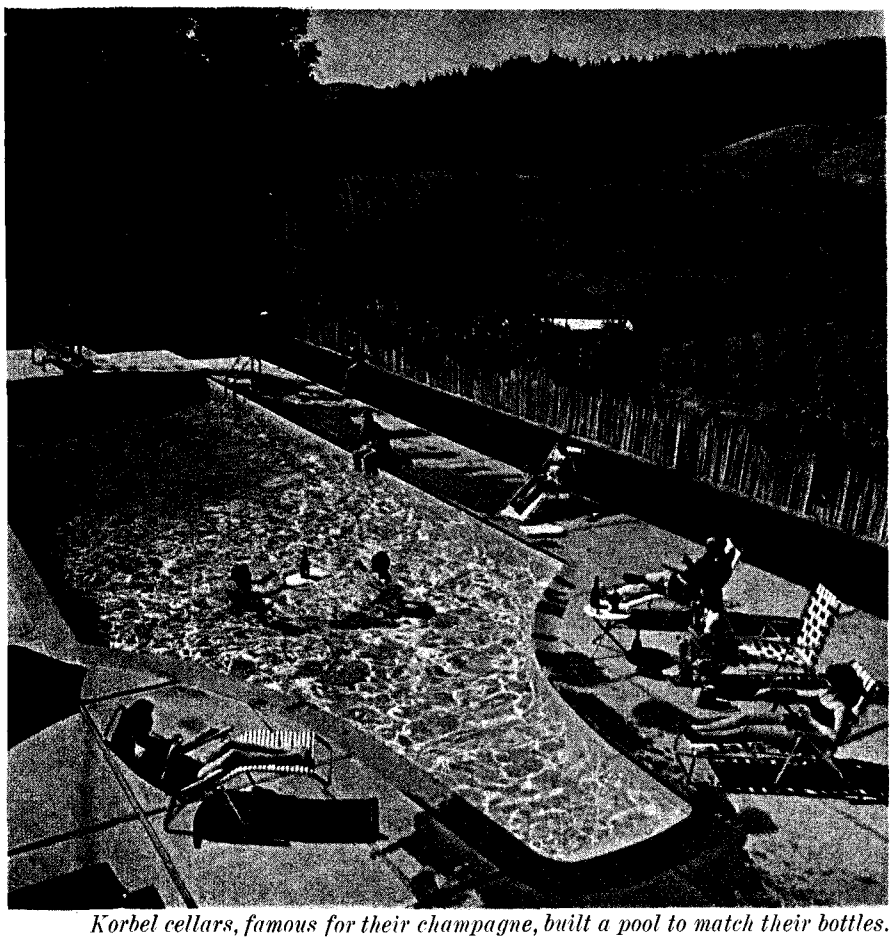
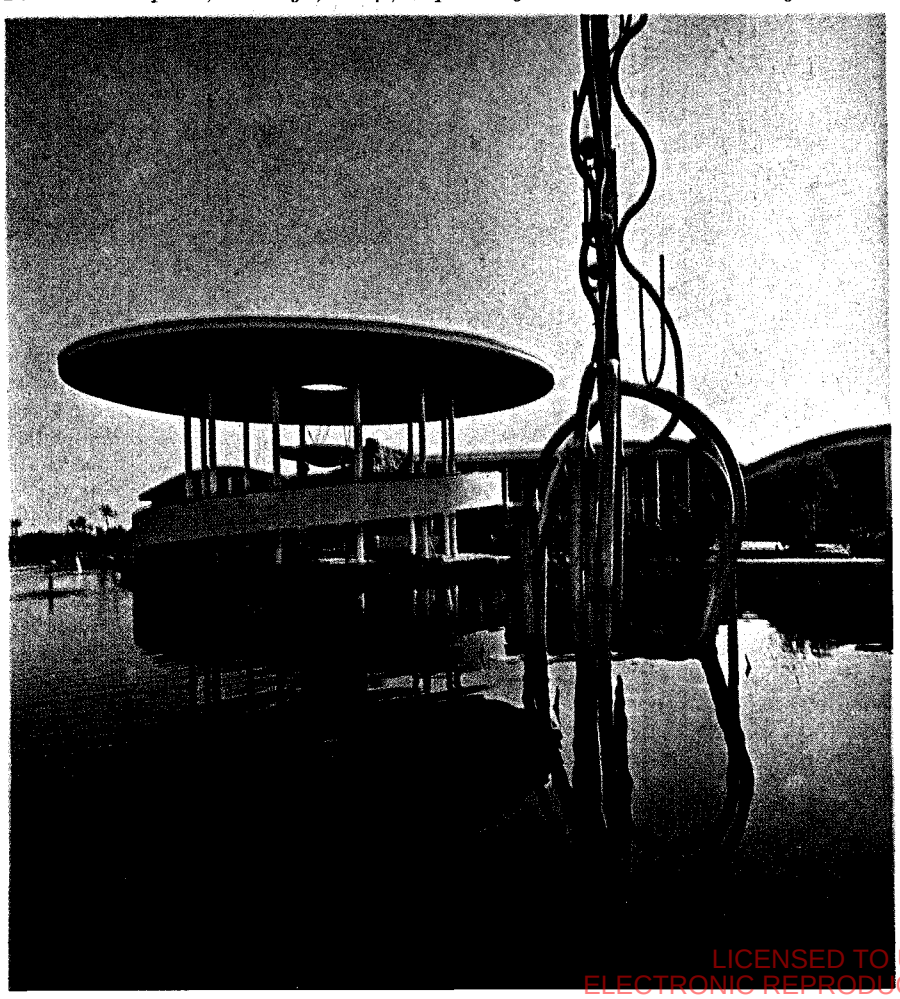


Korbel cellars, famous for their champagne, built a pool to match their bottles.

From 460,000 acres of vineyards, California produces 166 million gallons of wine a year.

Paul Masson plant, Saratoga, Calif., is probably the most modern winery in U.S.



paused long enough in Wisconsin to found what is today Sauk City and reached California in the gold rush. (Ultimately he went to Nicaragua where, in 1869, he fell into an alligator-infested stream and was seen no more.)

Haraszthy brought 100,000 cuttings of about 300 varieties of grapes. He set some of them out in 1862 in his own vineyards at Sonoma, north of San Francisco, and sold most of what he had collected to growers everywhere in the state. The cuttings were of the *Vitis vinifera* species, and today they have been grafted onto sturdy American rootstock—the same stock that European winegrowers used when their own vineyards were decimated in the 19th century by the vine pest *Phylloxera vastatrix*.

The crushing of French grapes in California does not produce a French wine any more than a Bordeaux vine planted in Burgundy begets a true claret. As a Consumers Union report on wines points out, a California Burgundy "may or may not taste something like a French Burgundy, but this does not mean it is necessarily the lesser quality wine."

This peculiarity of the grape, which changes in taste according to soil and climate, puts California winegrowers in an unenviable bind. They must, on the one hand, familiarize people with their product by labeling their ordinary wines generically—Burgundy, Chablis, Moselle and so on—but, on the other hand, they are inordinately sensitive to any implication that what they press is an imitation of European originals. Therefore, they present their finest table wines as "varietals"—as wines named for the kind of grapes from which they were crushed. These include such wines as Pinot Noir and Cabernet. There is, though, one genuinely distinctive wine of California—zinfandel. It is made from a grape of unknown origin—it may have been Hungarian—that was among Haraszthy's cuttings. Zinfandel is a fruity, aromatic wine with a flavor subtly suggesting raspberries.

As a rule, California wines carry no vintage date. The reason most often given is that the vineyards are blessed with a climate so equable that bad years are out of the question. A matter of economics is involved as well, however. Europeans are permitted to blend vintage wines, but American law requires that a dated bottle contain only the wine of that pressing, and that puts a winemaker to extra expense and trouble. Whenever a vintage date appears on a bottle of California wine—it will not be too often—it is proof that the man who made it thought highly of his wine.

The vineyards that produce California's finest table wines sprawl over mountain slopes and valley floors in a cool, naturally air-conditioned arc within commuting distance of San Francisco. These are the dry wines of Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara. The North Coast's vineyards range in size from the 16 acres of the Hanzell winery of the late James D. Zellerbach, industrialist and a former ambassador, to the 2,400 acres belonging to Almadén; from such small family-owned operations as Souverain and Hallcrest to giants the size of Christian Brothers and Masson. A Heitz Grignolino is made in a converted garage; a Hanzell Pinot Chardonnay in a model hilltop winery.

Almost half of the state's wine comes from vineyards on the flat, sunbaked floor of the inland valley; the hot climate favors grapes developing the high sugar content specified for dessert wines. In Madera, the Ficklin brothers make what well may be the finest port to be found outside Portugal. Roma, in Fresno, produces a popular line of table, dessert and sparkling wines. Modesto is the home of the vast Gallo winery, which consumes 40 percent of Napa's wine grapes.

In Southern California, the winegrowers of Cucamonga are a proud, defensive minority, eager to show off their Mission-style wineries and talk about the early days of California winemaking. They are best known for dessert wines, but they are now turning out a Ruby Cabernet which may help restore prestige to their table wines.

The state's wine country contains many cultures grafted, like the vines, onto American roots. A Japanese-American chemist guards the quality of Italian Swiss Colony wines in redwood country once held by Russian fur traders. Livermore's gravelly soil, ideal for the vines of sauternes, is tilled on one side of the road by the Wentes, third-generation German-American winegrowers, and on the other by the Concannon brothers, whose grandfather came from County Galway to set out his first vineyards in 1883.

Each winegrower is fiercely loyal to his district. Napa is particularly proud of its red wines, Livermore of its whites. But to the outside world they present a united front, achieved, one may be certain, under great difficulty. The sign announcing the Napa Valley wineries seems straightforward enough: WELCOME TO THIS WORLD-FAMOUS WINEGROWING REGION. But as Robert Mondavi of the Krug winery asked a visitor a few weeks ago, "Do you have any idea how long it took us to get that sign up there?"

He answered himself: "Three years. We spent a year arguing about whether we *should* have a sign, then six months on how to word it, another six on where to put it and still another six on what color to paint it. The last six months we devoted to a debate on how to anchor the thing."

As wine becomes an increasingly accepted part of the American dinner, there is one problem that the wine lover must solve for himself. That is the wine snob, who is replacing the parlor psychiatrist as a leading social nuisance, with his pretensions about the shape of wineglasses, the quality of different vintages. If your host starts touting an obscure wine as a recent discovery it is best to be prepared with some slightly derogatory remark, preferably meaningless ("This wine doesn't seem to be breathing too freely"). This is enough to set you up as a counterexpert on any wine that exists, and lose you a friend. THE EN

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A $25 CALIFORNIA WINE SAMPLER

No assortment of California wines can be put forth as the "best" any more than one champagne can be singled out from all the others produced in France. But this $25 selection will introduce you to some of the finest American wines. There is no need to make a fetish about glasses. An all-purpose goblet should be clear, tulip-shaped, of a generous size, and never filled to more than two-thirds capacity. Sampler: Appetizer wine—Ceremony Old San Francisco Pale Dry Sherry ($1.80); White table wines—Charles Krug Chenin Blanc ($1.70), Paul Masson Emerald Dry ($1.75), Weibel Pinot Chardonnay ($1.90), Wente Bros. Grey Riesling ($1.70); Rosé—Almadén Grenache Rosé ($1.50); Red table wines—Beaulieu Beaumont ($2.50), Buena Vista Zinfandel ($2.25), Inglenook Cabernet-Sauvignon ($2), Louis M. Martini Barbera ($1.45); Dessert wine—Christian Brothers Château La Salle ($1.55); Sparkling wine—Korbel Brut Champagne ($4.90). Store them in any dark, reasonably cool place, with corked bottles on their sides.

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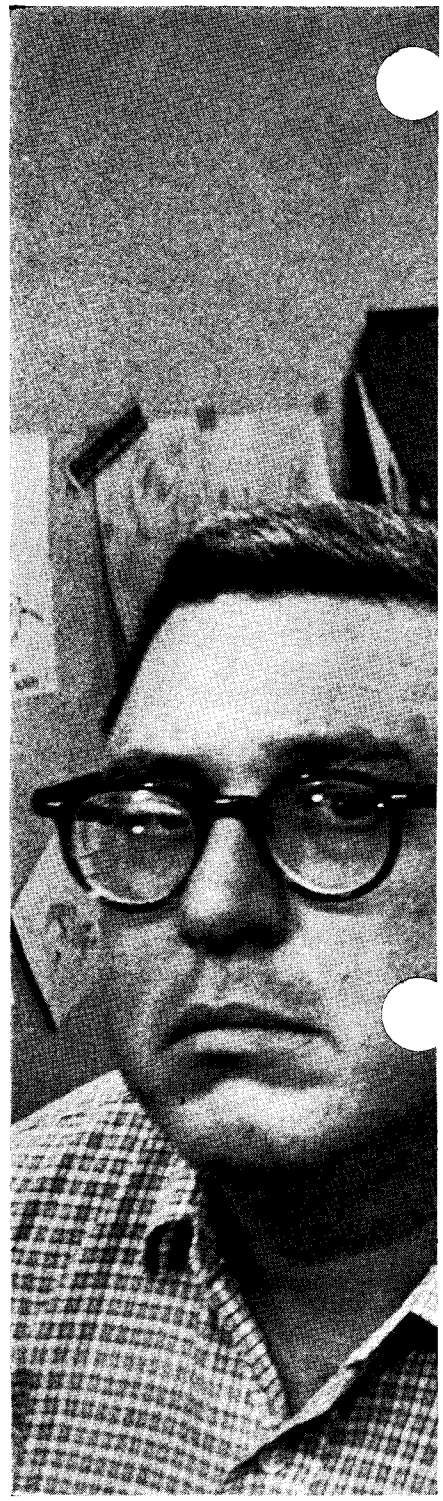
MAD:
Wild oracle of the teenage underground

By JACK SKOW



On a solid platform of INTEGRITY—ABSURDITY, the nine trolls of MAD magazine have parlayed "a sickening collection of humor, satire and garbage" into a gold mine.

Maybe it was a dull day at Buckingham Palace. Nobody at *Mad* magazine really thinks it happened this way, but then nobody is convinced that it didn't. The magazine had, after all, printed a letter suggesting that England's Prince Charles, then eight, looked exactly like Alfred E. Neuman, *Mad*'s idiotic "What—Me Worry?" kid. This was not the most damaging attack ever made on the House of Windsor, but it could not be classed as a compliment.

A few weeks later the mail-room boy dropped a letter on the desk of William Gaines, the large, amiable haystack ("Sloppy is the word you are searching for," his wife said recently) who publishes *Mad*. It was postmarked London, and the stationery bore what turned out to be the crest of the Duke of Edinburgh. In childish handwriting, the message read, "Dear Sirs, NO it isn't a bit—not the least little bit like me, so jolly well stow it! See!" The signature was "Charles P," which is the way (P for Princeps) Charles might sign his name. Had he really written it? The palace does not answer questions of this kind, and the true facts may be lost to history.

But the letter does illustrate a point, which is that readers have always taken a great interest in *Mad*. A couple of years after the "Charles P" incident, a package arrived at *Mad*'s Manhattan office. It ticked. This was during the Mad Bomber uproar; a maniac was making everyone in New York itchy by setting off time bombs in theaters and subway baggage lockers, and wary staffers dropped their ticking package into a bucket of water and tiptoed off to call the bomb squad. Slowly, working behind heavy-mesh blast shields, the police explosive experts sliced through the string and peeled off the sodden brown paper. Pieces of wire could be seen. Dry cells. A clock mechanism. And, as it turned out, nothing more.

The next mail brought an explanation of sorts. A reader wrote in to say that he had made a highly amusing fake bomb which he was sending in because he knew the wild crew at *Mad* would appreciate it. However, the jolly reader went on, he was mailing this note of warning first because he did not want to alarm anyone. The exact wording of this note is no longer available, as the cops took it with them on the off chance that the jolly reader had further violated good sense by using a real return address.

What happened then? This still worries the editors. After years of claiming to rot the minds of their readers, they are afraid they may actually have rotted one.

The landlord is stuffy

But whether or not the joker was taken out of circulation, there are a good many loyal fans left. With a full-time staff of only nine, several of whom have neckties, *Mad* manages to sell 1,700,000 copies an issue (eight issues a year, "Our price 25c Cheap"), not to mention Swedish, Danish and British editions, three "annual" reprint magazines a year ("The Fifth Annual Edition of More Trash From Mad—A Sickening Collection of Humor, Satire and Garbage From Past Issues"), plus any number of paperback reprints of these reprints, occasional hard-cover re-reprints, and high-quality china busts of Alfred E. Neuman.

This outpouring emerges from what is, at first glance, a casual but reasonably conventional office on New York's Third Avenue. Even so, there *is* a feeling about the place.

Publisher Gaines does not have a pet ostrich, but you look for one. And you feel that no one else in the tall, green glass, newest-thing-in-Boise office building would really be surprised if *Mad*'s staff worked to exhaustion for 56 hours straight one weekend to fill the elevator shafts with lime Jell-O. As a matter of fact, the sober financial firm from which *Mad* sublets its office space won't let the magazine put its correct title in the elevators, where the names of the other tenants appear.

Mad is listed simply as "E.C. Publications." (The E.C. stands for Educational Comics, and represents an attack of conscience suffered years ago by Gaines's father, a repentant comic tycoon.)

Gaines, *Mad*'s founder, and Al Feldstein, editor since 1955, claim to have no idea who buys their magazine. They have never commissioned any marketing surveys, and are rather hurt when you bring it up. But it is one of the safer bets that most readers are young. "Nobody over 45 ever heard of us," says Feldstein, who is 37 (Gaines is 41). The sort of teenager who cringes at the term "teen-ager" begins reading *Mad* in high school as an antidote for adult stuffiness, and takes it with him to college. "You could call it the Kiplinger Letter of the Young Underground," said a recent graduate of Harvard. (Membership in the Y.U. begins at around age 12, and is terminated upon marriage and/or the purchase of an overcoat.)

Pie-in-the-face is *Mad*'s customary style. In one issue the magazine editorialized gloomily that the world's most important problem was not the population explosion but the garbage explosion; everyone was in danger of being buried under mounds of old tin cans, coat hangers and Christmas wrappings. *Mad*'s solution was to fire the guck into orbit, along with all of the guck that has already been fired there. One Y.U. regular, Michael Bender of New Paltz, N.Y., age 13, relayed the proposal to Senator Jacob Javits. The senator, with what was either honest admiration or the best poker face in the East, praised the idea and promised to send it to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in Washington.

Mad readers will do almost anything their magazine tells them. Gaines's trolls once advised readers to write to J. Edgar Hoover for draft-dodger cards. A few weeks later a weary FBI hawkshaw showed up to say that Hoover was getting a lot more mail than he really wanted.

Does *Mad* have a formula? "Yes, luck," Gaines says. Feldstein, a professional funnyman who occasionally sounds like an alderman running for reelection, likes to offer more solemn explanations: "We are very much concerned with the problems of American youth." Alfred E. Neuman campaigns on a platform of INTEGRITY—ABSURDITY, which says it as well as it is likely to be said. Whatever his formula is, it does not seem easy to duplicate. Rival publishers have had little luck with such imitations as *Cr Sick*, and *Cracked*. Hugh Hefner, *P boy*'s beardless philosopher, tried a slick copy called *Trump*. It vanished along with last year's Miss December, despite the fac that Hefner had taken the precaution c hiring Harvey Kurtzman, *Mad*'s original

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Surrounded by publisher Gaines (left), Arthur the Avocado (far right) and the staff of Mad, *mascot Alfred E. Neuman beams woozily into the future.*

editor, and most of the magazine's artists. Gaines even put out a *Mad* imitation himself some years ago. This is a standard dodge in the comic business; someone is going to steal your idea, and it might as well be you.

But the imitation, *Panic*, panicked no one, except for one citizen who had two staffers arrested for lettering JUST DIVORCED across a drawing of Santa's sleigh in a Christmas parody. (Just what was supposed to be illegal about this is no longer clear, but Gaines insists the wrongdoers were brought before a judge, who waved the case away as if it were a wet spaniel.)

An obvious reason for *Mad*'s success is that its artists are good. Kelly Freas, who does covers, is a first-rate illustrator with a forger's eye for imitating other artists' styles in fake ads. Antonio Prohias was Cuba's leading editorial cartoonist before Castro bounced him. And Gerald Gardner, who put out the *Who's in Charge Here?* caption books, did this kind of thing first for *Mad*.

But mere professionalism does not explain things very satisfactorily. A visitor to *Mad*'s Third Avenue cuckoo's nest, which is feathered with signs advising that "Bill Gaines is a Fink," begins to suspect that a better answer is incurable amateurism. *Mad* has succeeded, for instance, in running the office joke further into the ground than even the most tedium-crazed gray-flannel buffoon. Some of this gets into the magazine, but most of it merely becomes part of a large reserve of nitwittedness which theoretically, like the gold at Fort Knox, can be drawn upon in time of desperation.

Rex, the bad brother

Gaines, a reserved, somewhat shy man whose hobby is winetasting, spent almost four years and an awesome amount of ingenuity to convince a puzzled office boy that he had a villainous twin brother named Rex. Every week or so Gaines would disappear quietly, and a few minutes later Rex would lurch wildly into the office. He would snarl at the office boy, stuff his coat pockets with money from the petty-cash drawer and stomp out. This kind of thing went on until Gaines finally sent Rex on a world cruise from which he never returned.

But while Rex never made the magazine, Arthur did. Arthur is an avocado plant, about two feet high and living—if feeble—proof that someone at *Mad* once ate a salad, but otherwise not different from other avocado plants with funny names kept in other Manhattan offices.

Arthur, however, became a national hero last year, ranking in popularity slightly above Bobby Darin and a trifle below Eddie Gilbert, boy tycoon. He achieved this lofty status after John Putnam, the art director, began dropping sketches of his plant into the magazine every few pages. ("I raised him from a nut," explains Putnam.) In a story about something else, there in the background would be Arthur. Arthur got fan mail. He was sculpted in snow at a winter carnival at Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. Little boys begged for directions on how to raise him.

Psycho-botanists who think they have Arthur's appeal figured out are permitted one quick drink before they begin on POTRZEBIE. Feldstein says he thinks POTRZEBIE was discovered on the label of a bottle of Polish aspirin. Since it is hard to pronounce and meaningless except to Polish druggists, it causes *Mad* readers to burst into fits of wild laughter whenever it appears. So, unaccountably, do "Furd," "Veeblefetzer" and "Cowznofski," "Axolotl" (a Mexican salamander) and "Eccch" (eccch). Young Undergrounders think it is crackers to smile pleasantly and say "Veeblefetzer" when introduced to their mother's friends.

In 1947, with no thought of rotting minds, Gaines was studying at New York University with the idea of becoming a high-school chemistry teacher. Then his father was killed in an auto accident and he was suddenly the owner of an ailing comic-book business. E.C. Publications' top sellers were *Moon Girl*, *Modern Love Comics*, and something ineffably titled *Saddle Romances*. There was also a brave gesture—the educational part of E.C.—called *Picture Stories from the Bible*, which the nation's youngsters, with a sure

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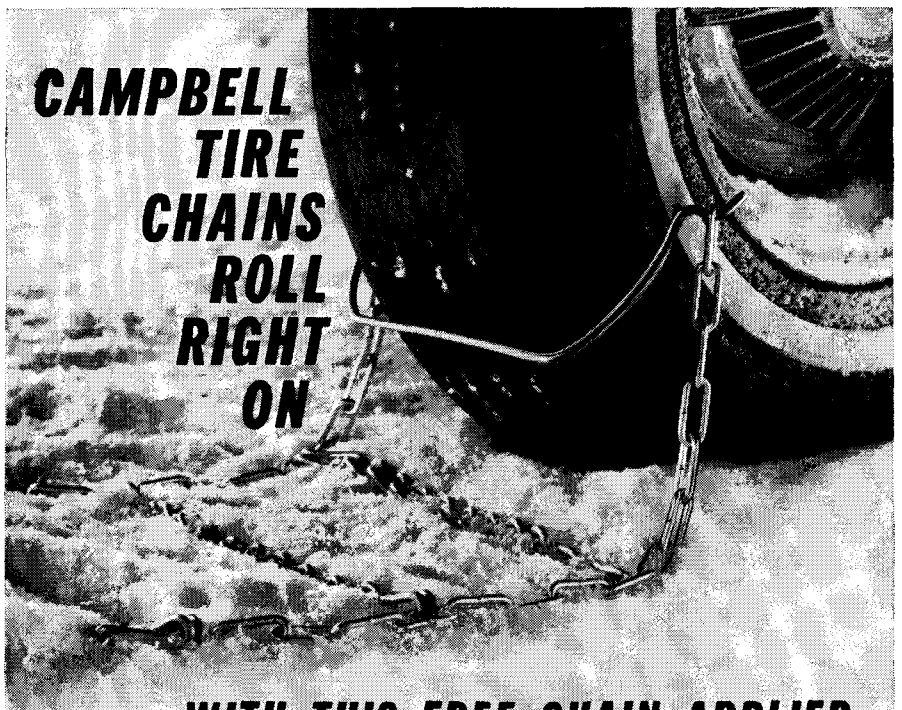

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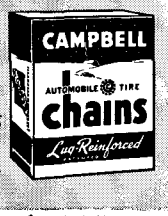
Packed in every box of Campbell Tire Chains, you'll find an easy-to-use Chain Applier that takes the trouble out of putting on chains. And you'll really appreciate the "stop and go" insurance Campbell Chains give you when the going gets rough. You get *added* protection, too, against side-slipping and skidding thanks to Campbell's *lug-reinforced* construction. Hardened steel lugs grip the road firmly . . . give your car positive traction on slick roads . . . deliver extra mileage.

Make sure you ask for the chains in the red, white and blue box.



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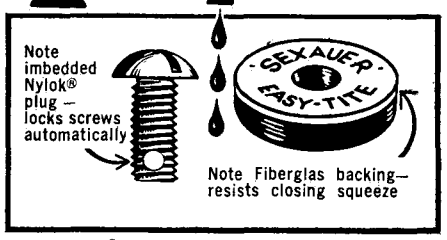
NEW WAY TO STOP FAUCET LEAKS


Note imbedded Nylok® plug — locks screws automatically
SEXAUER EASY-TITE
Note Fiberglas backing— resists closing squeeze

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★ 9-in-10 washers are fastened with too long or too short screws, thus loosen and destroy themselves. Leaks quickly follow!

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★ **Used with NEW, HEAT-RESISTING 'Sexauer' EASY-TITE WASHER — made of super-tough, pliable compound, (not rubber or fibre). Reinforced with vulcanized layer of Fiberglas, they resist distortion and splitting from shut-off grind and squeeze.**

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Only "1-in-10" Plumbers are "SEXAUER" AUTHORIZED QUALITY DEALERS who carry "OVER 4000" 'SEXAUER' TRIPLE-WEAR REPAIR PARTS, including WORLD FAMOUS M-U-L-E K-I-C-K products for pepping up sluggish drains, restoring glisten to TOILET BOWLS — and lustre to chrome bath and kitchen fixtures.

For "1-IN-10" Sexauer QUALITY AUTHORIZED DEALER in your neighborhood — WRITE:

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LIPS SORE?
FASTER RELIEF
for
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FEVER BLISTERS

Helps promote healing fast! Early application prevents formation of unsightly cold sore or fever blister.

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DRY, CHAPPED CRACKED LIPS
Most highly medicated lip balm . . . combats infection, quick healing . . . better moisture retention. Easy to use twist-type plastic case.

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LOOK BETTER LAST LONGER!

10¢ & 25¢ SIZES AT CHAIN, DRUG, VARIETY STORES

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

Arthur the Avocado ("I raise(

MAD MAGAZINE

instinct for spinach, would not even deign to swipe from drugstores.

Gaines juggled comics and chemistry for his last year at N.Y.U., then gave up all thought of going straight. He invented a new art form, horror comics, and began making respectable profits with such howlers as *Crypt of Terror* and *Vault of Horror*. Then, in 1954, at the Kefauver hearings on juvenile delinquency, a psychiatrist testified that delinquents invariably read horror and crime comics. (He had previously claimed that delinquency was caused by radio and movies, and has since moved on to television.)

Although he was by then only one of many publishers of horror comics, Gaines was promptly summoned by the senators. Handed one of his magazines, the cover of which showed a male hand carrying a woman's decapitated head, he was asked if this constituted bad taste. "No," Gaines said, "not for a horror comic." One of the senators asked him what additional features might have made it bad taste, and Gaines explained that the cover had originally showed blood dripping out of the neck, but he had felt this was going too far.

This comment, and others of a similar nature were played up by the newspapers, and the resulting publicity threw the already nervous comic publishers into a panic. In their willingness to do anything to placate their senatorial inquisitors, the publishers adopted a code forbidding all crime, horror, lechery and war—in short, anything that the kids were interested in. Overcome by virtue, distributors shipped back E.C. crime and monster books, and suddenly Gaines and Feldstein were left with little more than *Picture Stories from the Bible* and their wits.

Hunting frantically for a good idea, the publisher discovered that he had already had it. *Mad*, begun two years before as a 10-cent parody of other comic books, was now selling steadily.

In July, 1955, Gaines junked his other comics and bet the whole plantation on the least promising of inside straights. He raised *Mad*'s price to a quarter, and pasted the slogan HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN across the cover. That first 25-cent issue had most of what *Mad* rots minds with today—POTRZEBIE, fake ads ("I dreamed I walked down Fifth Avenue in my Ironmaidenfit. I dashed right downtown to consult my psychiatrist about such embarrassing dreams!") and a picture of "Melvin Cowznofski," as Alfred E. Neuman was sometimes called in early issues. It also had "an extremely important message from the editors: "PLEASE BUY THIS MAGAZINE!" To everyone's surprise, people did. Later there were shaky moments, and once *Time* magazine, with erring instinct, buried *Mad* prematurely ("a short-lived satirical pulp"). But Gaines's brainchild was in the satire, humor and garbage business to stay. The publisher bought himself a Cadillac, rented a Manhattan apartment large enough to get lost in, and began to live like Lord Beaverbrook.

The years since have been filled with what *Mad* editors consider solid and distinguished accomplishment. At the 1960 Republican National Convention, loyal *Mad* stooges bamboozled their way past the guards and managed to wave an ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT sign in the middle of a Goldwater demonstration. Alfred did not survive the first ballot, but he plans to campaign again.

Mad achieved even higher recognition by being denounced on television two years ago by an authentic retired Army brigadier general, who told listeners in his southwestern city that the magazine was "the most insidious Communist propaganda in the United States today." The general, who later promised to stc saying things like that, had discerne treason in *Mad*'s hipster version of the Gettysburg Address ("Fourscore and like seven years ago. . . ."), and in the magazine's award of a military-looking medal "For Determination under Fire" to "Freda Prawn, housewife, of Pumpspout, Ga." The citation: "On May 27th, 1959, Mrs. Prawn traveled to a local supermarket and made her weekly purchases without buying one item that was not on her shopping list."

Generals, in general, don't seem to take to *Mad*. Some months back, *Newsweek* reported solemnly that Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker's personal dislikes were "Eleanor Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson, *Mad* magazine, Edward R. Murrow and Harvard University." However, you can't irritate everybody. After *Mad* ran a satire about one brand of cellophane tape, Feldstein was phoned by another tape outfit: Couldn't *Mad* sneer at their firm too? It is this kind of thing that makes satirists take jobs selling insurance.

The great Mad lawsuit

There was also the great Alfred E. Neuman lawsuit. After *Mad* had used Alfred's face for several years (it had been copied from a turn-of-the-century postcard), a Vermont widow turned up with a 1914 copyright on a sketch of what was unquestionably the same face. *Mad*'s lawyer proved, however, that Alfred had been used for decades to advertise everything from lumber yards to the Republican Party, and Alfred continued to grin foggily from *Mad*'s covers.

When such troubles weigh too heavily *Mad* goes on a subscriber hunt. Not ago Gaines discovered accidentally the magazine's single fan in Haiti not renewing his subscription. He

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him from a nut") is now a big hero.

the office and flew the entire staff to Port-au-Prince.

"Our man turned out to be a young government clerk," Gaines said. "We knelt down in front of him and begged him to renew, but he wouldn't."

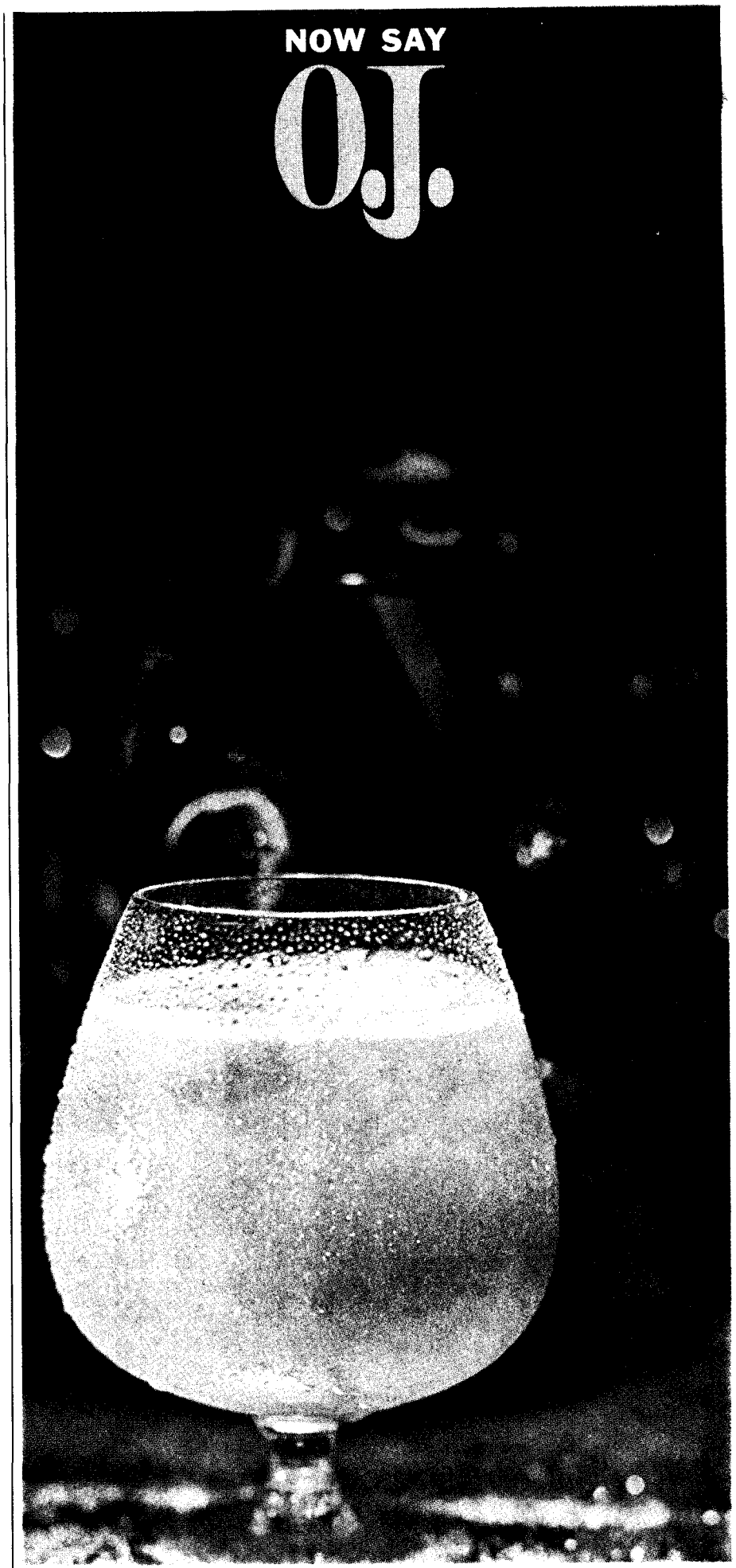
"And so?" asked a visitor.

"We got him to accept a complimentary subscription," Gaines said.

How long can *Mad* stay mad? "As long as we maintain our present high standard of unhealthy neuroticism," Gaines answered stoutly. Feldstein began thinking about this. "You know, five or six years ago we had a couple of readers, telephone linemen someplace in Ohio. They thought it was the nuts to climb their pole and call us up, and one of them would say, 'We've been thinking and we want to know how you get all them ideas.'"

Feldstein looked gloomy. "I think about those guys when I start a new issue. There's the empty layout, forty-eight pages of nothing, and I wonder, how *do* we get all them ideas?" THE END

...refully contrived worm's-eye view of a "Mad" art conference, as editor Al Feldstein (pointing) goes over work of artist George Woodbridge. Reading from bottom to top: Feldstein, Nick Meglin, Larry Brenner, Jerry de Fuccio and art director John Putnam.



O.J. is short for orange juice. And orange juice is *long* on goodness. In fact it's *all*-day long on goodness: delicious not only for breakfast but for lunch and supper too. O.J.—fresh frozen Florida orange juice. The *genuine* article. There's nothing quite like a big tall glass of it for quenching a hustle-bustle holiday thirst. Say, here's a thought. Why not set some out for Santa come Christmas Eve? We hear he's crazy about O.J. For the holidays, stock up on fresh frozen Florida orange juice—alias O.J. And don't you forget: O.J's big bonus is a healthy helping of sunny, *natural* vitamin C! ©1963—FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION LAKELAND, FLORIDA

Nothing else takes the place of orange juice THE REAL THING ® FROM FLORIDA

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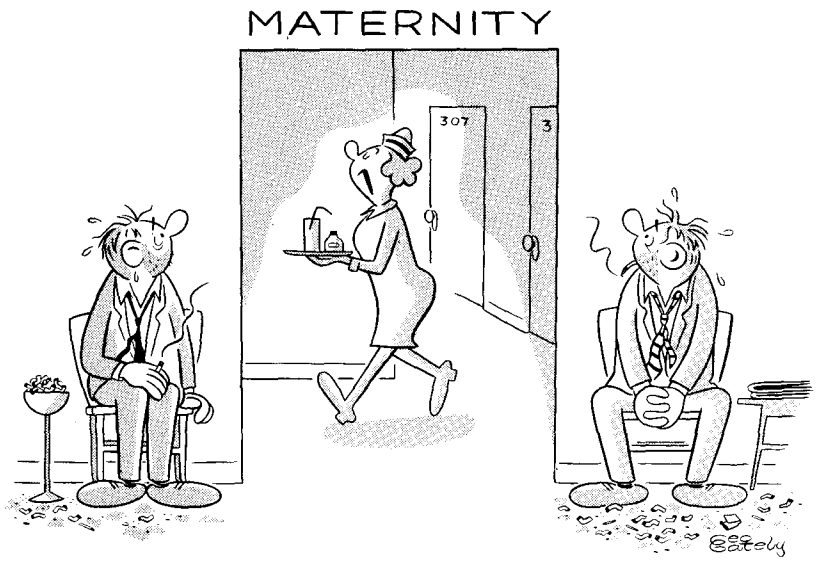
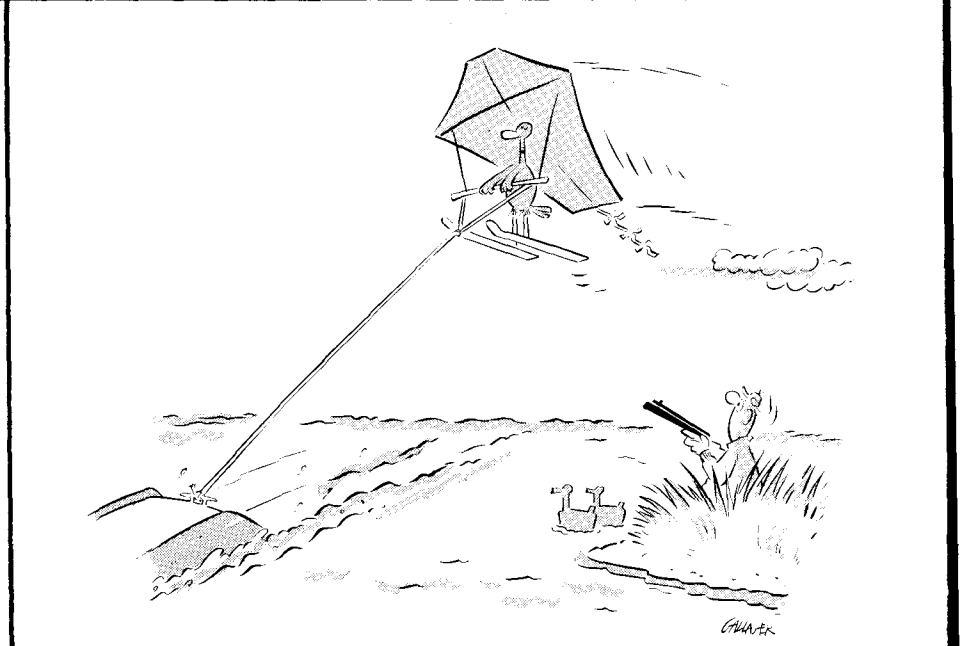
post scripts



"One little, two little, three little Indians—four little, five little..."

"I'll see your U.S. jet fighter and raise you my January foreign-aid check."



"It gives him a small but steady income."

"Notice one thing—I'm adequately clothed."

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For "Emily," Julie has switched to khaki.

MY FAIR JULIE

HOLLYWOOD SPURNED HER FOR "MY FAIR LADY," BUT JULIE ANDREWS IS FEASTING NOW ON OTHER FILM FARE.

By Pete Hamill

Autumn was gone, and in Eaton Square in London the last of the red and ocher leaves were scattering before the first gusts of winter. From her third-floor window, a lanky young woman looked down at the nearby rows of neat white Georgian houses, the skeletal trees and the lone figure of a man, who was pulling on a pipe and scraping leaves into wind-tossed heaps.

"It's sad in a way, isn't it?" she said, looking pensive. "I mean, to know that still another year is almost behind us. One can never get it back either, can one? It's a moment and then it's gone. But goodness, that does sound morbid, doesn't it? And that fellow raking leaves certainly doesn't look unhappy, does he?"

With that Julie Andrews smiled, pushed her hands into the pockets of her white gabardine jacket and asked her blond young maid, Wendy, to bring another pot of tea. With her 28th birthday just behind her, the girl who made theatrical history as Eliza Doolittle in *My Fair Lady* switched the conversation to the heady prospects of her future.

"Everything always happens at once, doesn't it?" she said. "Here I am, with 1963 almost over, and already I've finished my first film, begun a second and agreed to do a third, *The Sound of Music*. And there is talk of another TV show, like the one I did last year with Carol (Burnett) at Carnegie Hall, and all sorts of negotiations about another Broadway musical next fall. It's all quite exciting! My head is as jumbled as this apartment!"

If Julie Andrews's talk these days seems to be sprinkled with exclamation points, it is because until about a year ago her career was severely circumscribed. Some six years after her thunderous 1956 triumph in *My Fair Lady*, she had yet to make her first film. And while lush young things of lesser talent were becoming world-famous and drawing salaries as disproportionate as their bustlines, Julie seemed to have been placed in a curious niche labeled MUSICAL COMEDY ACTRESS—FOR LIMITED CONSUMPTION ONLY.

"Everybody felt, yeah, nice dame, nice pipes, sings a nice song," remembers one Broadway-Hollywood agent. "But how could you afford to take any chances on her in a picture? She was big on Broadway, but who ever heard of her at the OK Drive-In in Oshkosh?"

In addition to her supposed anonymity, the five-foot, seven-inch Julie had one other difficulty: Although she is a very attractive girl, she is hardly the type who could slither seductively into a Technicolor version of Caesar's Rome, with a rhinestone gleaming in her belly button. "Unfortunately," says one of her New York friends, "Julie came along during one of our periodic mammary crazes, and she just didn't break any tape measures. She had talent, of course, so Hollywood naturally didn't know what to do with her—except ignore her."

Hollywood moguls had "expressed some interest," as Julie remembers it, but the interest never reached the contract stage. So she was not surprised last year when Audrey Hepburn was chosen to play Eliza in the film version of *My Fair Lady*. Julie had been considered, but the producers simply decided that she was not well-known enough to carry the movie. She admits she was disappointed, but shrugs the whole matter off.

A big fan of Audrey's

"If anyone else had got it, I'd have been blazing mad," she said, measuring her words as carefully as the teaspoon of sugar for her tea. "I've always been a big fan of Audrey's. And in some strange way I've had better breaks *not* making the film. I don't feel badly at all, because if I *had* made it, and it had been bad, well, I would have had no excuses, would I? But not doing it," she added with a wry chuckle, "I really don't have to worry, do I?"

And so this season a classic example of movie whimsy has evolved: In one mammoth Hollywood studio Miss Hepburn—a gifted actress but by no means a singer—is facing the cameras and moving her mouth to the strains of such tunes as *I Could Have Danced All Night*. Her singing voice will be dubbed into the sound track. In another studio a few miles away Miss Andrews—who has never grappled with a straight-acting job in her adult life—is playing opposite James Garner in *The Americanization of Emily*, which a London producer once described as "a natural for Audrey Hepburn." That, as Cassius Clay would say, is show biz.

"Actually," says one London friend, "Julie was quite hurt when they turned her down for the film version; and if I had to mention one quality of hers above all others, it would be that—her vulnerability. But she is too much of a professional to let on."

For someone who has been a professional since her toddling days, Julie possesses a psyche that seems remarkably untrammeled. She talks as easily and openly about her somewhat tangled childhood as she does about her husband, stage designer Tony Walton, or their year-old daughter, Emma Kate. Those who have worked with her say she is incapable of long, brooding silences, nasty explosions of temperament or snarls of resentment. "I always have to laugh at show-business people who talk about the agony of it all," she says. "After all, they can always quit."

Some of her friends, however, think this is precisely her trouble: If she would act like the queen of the ball, somebody would eventually present her with a crown. "That," Julie says with a self-deprecating giggle, "would be ridiculous."

Her childhood was close to the born-in-a-trunk tradition. She made her bow as Julia Elizabeth Wells in London on October 1, 1935, and by the time she was old enough (five) to don patent-leather shoes she was trying a buck-and-wing on a stage. Her father, Edward Wells, is a schoolteacher, "a craggy-faced gentleman," as Julie describes him, "and the kindest, most honest man I know." Wells and her mother, Barbara, were divorced when Julie was five. Her mother, a pianist, then married singer Ted Andrews, and the couple formed a vaudeville team.

"I stayed with my mother after the divorce," Julie says, "but there were no awful scenes, no bitterness and the rest of the things that usually go with it." Her father also remarried, so in addition to a full brother she also has a half sister and a swarm of half brothers.

Her mother and stepfather became B.B.C. radio favorites during World War II. They also toured Army camps, bringing Julie along as an added attraction, and she dimly remembers most of the war as a wait between interminable renderings of *The White Cliffs of Dover*. By the time the war ended she had changed her name legally to Andrews, and was well on her way to a show-business career.

Her first major break did not occur, however, until Christmas, 1953, when she worked in a traditional pantomime—a kind of musical review based on Christmas themes and fairy tales—at the London Palladium. Vida Hope, director of *The Boy Friend*, a satire on the roaring '20's, heard Julie and asked her to join the American company. "I was not really enthusiastic," Julie remembers. "I was eighteen, and thought I was too young. And I'd never been abroad before." After much persuasion from friends she accepted, but with a one-year contract instead of the usual two. The show opened in 1954, and the critics were extravagant in their praise of Julie Andrews.

"I sometimes wonder what would have happened if I'd had a two-year contract instead of one," she says. "Because during the run of *The Boy Friend* a man representing Lerner and Loewe called me and asked, in a very sad and depressed voice, when my contract ran out. I told him at the end of one year, and he gasped. And then I was offered *My Fair Lady*."

The story of phonetics-teacher Henry Higgins and his young flower-selling pupil, Eliza Doolittle, opened in March, 1956, and became the most successful

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In her first dramatic role, musical comedy star Julie Andrews plays love scene with James Garner in new movie, "The Americanization of Emily."

musical in the history of Broadway. Today Julie talks about it with a sort of detached wonder. "Almost anyone would have wanted to be a part of it," she said. "But I can't imagine today how I did it. I spent a total of about three and a half years of my life with it, in New York and in London, and I don't know wherever I got the energy. If I tried to do it today, I don't think I could last it."

She returned to Broadway in 1960 to play Queen Guenevere to Richard Burton's King Arthur in *Camelot*. It was a mediocre Lerner-and-Loewe musical, but it did open the way for her new career in pictures. Walt Disney saw Julie in a performance early in 1962, was suitably enchanted and came backstage to offer her a movie role as a governess-magician in the musical *Mary Poppins*. She was three months pregnant at the time, but accepted anyway, went back to England to have her baby, and went to Hollywood for the first time last spring.

"I love it," she said of *Mary Poppins* in particular and movie work in general. "But I do miss having an audience to play to. When Carol Burnett and I did that TV show, the one that won the Emmy, I think it was the audience that really made us 'go.' Now, without an audience, I'm a bundle of nerves all the time; I have to sing between takes to relax myself."

Musicals are her game

She harbors no illusions about her acting ability. "As an actress, I'm no great shakes," she says. "I think musical comedy is really my game." Nevertheless, when M-G-M beckoned her this summer for *The Americanization of Emily*, a World War II story about a young British widow who falls in love with an American naval officer, she leaped at the chance. She took the screenplay home to read, but confesses she would have taken the role without seeing a script. "You see," she said, "the screenplay was written by Paddy Chayefsky, one of my favorite playwrights and also one of my favorite men. I remember the night before I was married, May 9, 1959. Tony and I were in a restaurant in New York and at the next table Burgess Meredith was sitting with a small round man who had a beard. The small man came over and asked me if I was Julie Andrews, and I said yes, and he got right down on his knees in the restaurant and said he was madly in love with me." She smiled and added, "It was Paddy Chayefsky."

It should be noted that despite Chayefsky's attentions, Julie proceeded to marry Tony as planned. "He is undoubtedly the biggest influence on my life," says Julie of her husband. "I depend upon him for everything. I've known him since I was 12 and he 13, and I've always found him immensely patient and kind.

"One reads every day about show-business marriages being doomed, but we've been desperately lucky. Somehow I'm always free when he's working, and he's always free when I'm working, and the most we've been apart is two months. And when we are apart, we correspond with Dictaphone records. It's marvelous: You have breakfast and put the record from the morning's mail on the player, and there he is!"

At least one Hollywood executive—dazzled by Julie's fresh looks, innocent charm and appealing accent—has called her "the next Doris Day." Julie does not consider it a compliment. "My problem is everybody thinks I'm a square," she said. "I don't know why. I've always wanted to get more wacky."

Then she leaned forward confidentially, while her baby squealed from a nearby room and the London sky darkened through the window. "Do you know what was the nicest thing ever said to me?" she said. "Well, I was at a party in Hollywood, and someone introduced me to Paul Newman. 'Paul,' this person said, 'this is Julie Andrews. You know her, don't you?' And Paul Newman looked at me and said, 'Julie Andrews? Do I know Julie Andrews? Of course I know Julie Andrews. She's the last of the really great broads.'"

She flopped back into a red plush love seat and added, "Don't you think that was a nice thing to say?" THE END

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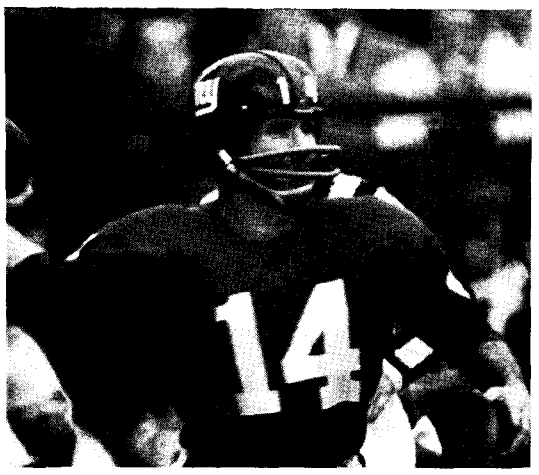


Behind the face mask, Y. A. Tittle of the Giants throws, in the split second before violence.

"Get the Quarterback" is the name of the game. Through the rough National Football League massive linemen hurl themselves at smaller quarterbacks, hoping to stir a spark of terror. Says one, "They can't tell me they don't scare, because I've seen it in the corner of their eyes."

SUNDAY'S HUMAN TARGETS

By Myron Cope

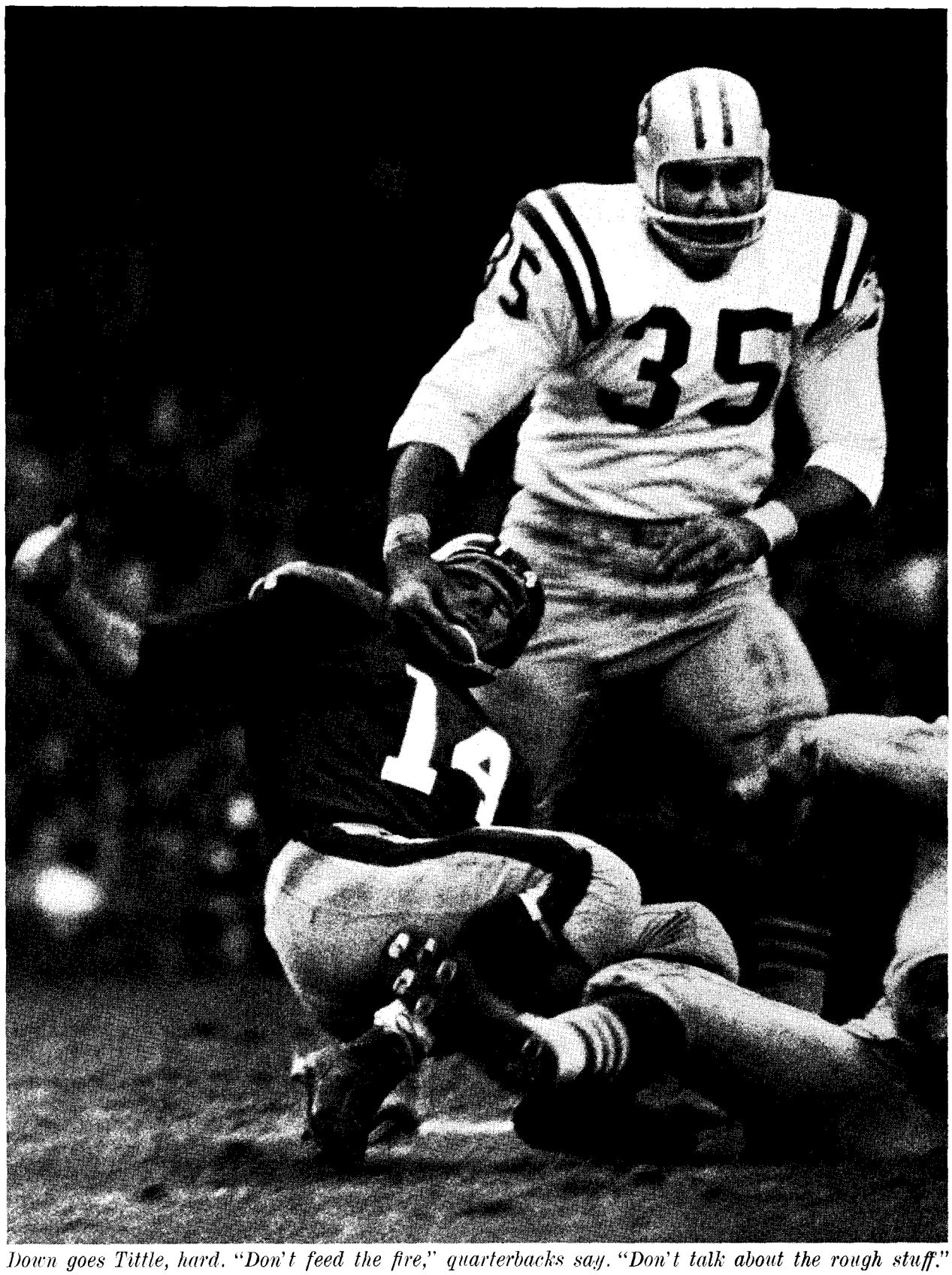
In just a few days now the end-zone camera will be zooming in for a close-up, and the crouching quarterback will fill the screen. Under his eyes he will wear lampblack like warpaint. On his head a warrior's helmet will sit. Then, clear and staccato, the crack pro quarterback will bark commands.

A portrait of a captain, it will seem on the screen, a captain confident, rugged, unafraid—to the layman. "Do you know what I say to myself?" says Ed Brown, a highly competent professional who plays quarterback for the Pittsburgh Steelers. "You know what I'll be saying when I see that close-up of the tough quarterback in the play-off game? I'll be saying, the poor guy is going to get creamed."

National League football, approaching its climactic championship game, is our most explosive demonstration of sanctioned mass violence, and in the eye of the violence stands the quarterback. However he may appear, he is cheerlessly aware that he is his team's jugular vein and that the opposition would not weep were he put out with an injury. This has been true since the popularization of the T formation in 1940; but in just the past few years the quarterback's occupational hazards have increased sharply. Coaches, despairing of attempts to cover bumblebee pass-receivers, placed new emphasis on smothering the passer. Thus, on one recent Sunday Y. A. Tittle, the skilled, elusive New York Giant veteran, emerged with blood streaming down his face, notwithstanding the face bar he wore; Philadelphia's Sonny Jurgensen retired to the sidelines, his throwing arm bashed by a 245-pound tackle; and Green Bay quarterback Bart Starr, slugged by a defensive halfback, left the brawl and the game with a broken hand.

Men who make their living playing defense are transformed the moment they see a quarterback light out from behind his cup of blockers. One shot at him in open field can decide a game. The job is more difficult under a pileup, where the quarterback can snuggle up to layers of beef, but a knee or an elbow placed firmly against the small of his back does damage and is judicious.

At times, Chicago quarterback Bill Wade wishes he were a halfback for a play or two. Halfbacks block, and a hard block makes a nice repayment to an opponent who has been uncouth. "But a quarterback," Wade points out, "is a piece of merchandise that has to last twenty games. You've just got to condition yourself to being a target."



Down goes Tittle, hard. "Don't feed the fire," quarterbacks say. "Don't talk about the rough stuff."

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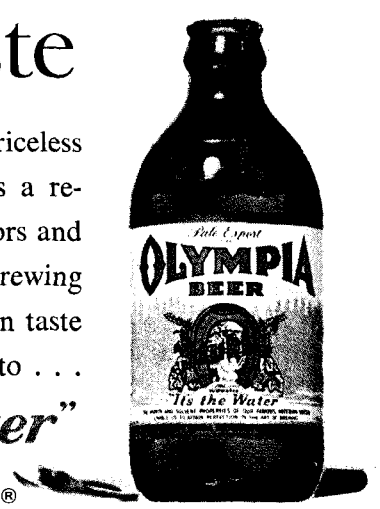

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HUMAN TARGETS

The quarterbacks know it. There is no way they can purge their minds of the knowledge. More than passers and play-callers, they are targets. Does this frighten the men under the lampblack who fill the TV screen? The quarterbacks themselves say no. The nonquarterbacks say yes.

Among those who say yes, some drift into semantic nit-picking, saying that such words as "frightened" and "scared" are incorrect that "apprehensive" is perhaps better. But whatever the name, it amounts to a very human and understandable discomfort, and there are ways of spotting it. For example, early in the game the quarterback's carriage is perfect; he drops back to pass, cocks his arm, and stands rigid as he searches out his receiver. Tacklers fly at him, missing him by a hair as blockers sweep them away at the last second, yet all the while the quarterback holds his statuesque posture. But the tacklers do not always miss; before long the quarterback has felt tonnage slam into him again and again. And now fear begins to show.

When the quarterback cocks his arm to pass, he does not hold it there. He begins pumping. He is eager to get rid of the ball. Along the defensive line, the word spreads hopefully:

"He's choking."

The defensive linemen may be mistaken, but soon, perhaps, they may see an unmistakable symptom of fear. Says head coach Bill McPeak of Washington, "Sometimes the quarterback starts pulling away from the center before the ball is snapped. If the count for the snap is three, he starts pulling back on two." This happens very rarely, but when it does you could pass out paper hats and horns to the defense and have a New Year's Eve celebration.

There are other, less reliable signs of fear. A quarterback who has received a hard pounding may begin calling—with abnormal frequency—pass plays that retain both of his running backs in front of him as blockers. Maximum blocking, this is called. Still another suspicious pattern develops when the quarterback repeatedly runs out of the protective pocket too soon, perhaps feeling fearful that his blockers will not pick up the linemen charging at him.

No pro quarterback is a coward, else he would never have gone from college to pro football, but all things are relative, and professional opponents are much bigger and fiercer than college opponents. To know why a pro quarterback is entitled to pangs of insecurity, it is helpful to consider the thing the quarterback sees staring him in the eye. A classic example of the thing is Ernie Stautner.

Stautner, who doubles as lineman and coach for Pittsburgh, has been jarring N.F.L. quarterbacks for 14 years. His face, complete with pugilist's washboard nose, is shaped like a large, square rock and seems to have been stuffed into his shoulders by years of head-on contact. "He came into the league six-feet-four," says his friend Bobby Layne, "and will go out three-feet-seven." Stautner's voice is a sand-paper bass, and his fists are taped down to their knuckles.

"You got to be a man who wants to hurt somebody," Stautner says. "I don't mean you're going to hurt a quarterback deliberately, but if you have the chance you're going to do it automatically, without thinking. If a defensive man has to think about it, he doesn't belong in the game. If I'm going to get a quarterback, I try to hit in real sound—I don't go in for that cute stuff, like twisting legs. You know where I'm going for? The face. It hurts in the face. I want him to know I'm coming the next time. I want him to be scared. All the lineman has to do is hit him two times. Then the quarterback will be looking for him, and he's going to throw before he wants to. And I guarantee you it will happen to every quarterback in this league. Those quarterbacks can't tell me they don't scare, because I've seen it in the corner of their eyes."

Y.A. Tittle once had his jaw caved in so badly by a defensive back's knee that doctors had to inflate a balloon inside his mouth in order to set the fracture. Baltimore's Johnny Unitas bears a circular scar, about the size of a dime, above his heart. It marks the spot where doctors inserted a suction tube to drain blood from a lung after a game in which two of Unitas's ribs had been broken, one of them piercing his lung.

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HAZEL by Ted Key
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BULLDOZER JUNIOR
"Count me out."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Such misfortunes have a way of sticking in a quarterback's mind. For the past seven years a sickening scene has replayed itself in Ed Brown's mind time and again at unpredictable moments.

New York Giant linemen are running him out of his pocket. He is racing to his right, trying to sight his receiver. He jumps to throw as a Giant end roars at him. Brown does not remember coming down. The next thing he recalls is awakening in the dressing room and dimly hearing the roar of the crowd outside. "But I'll tell you the truth, I have never been scared of being hurt," Brown says, without apparent pretense. "I have too many other things to think about out there. When a guy starts thinking about injury, he better hang it up."

N.F.L. quarterbacks from coast to coast echo Brown's words with the aroused conviction of a skin diver denying he is afraid of sharks. But they also subscribe to an unwritten union rule that forbids them publicly to accuse the enemy of playing impolite football. Says Norman Snead, Washington's young quarterback, "Why feed the fire? The more friends you have, the better off you are." The *ne plus ultra* of cheek-turning was reached by Bart Starr, who, when asked exactly how his hand was fractured in a recent game with St. Louis, replies, "I don't care to go into that." Punched by defensive back Jimmy Hill, Starr adds, "I'm sure the punch was just a reflex action on Hill's part. Hill claimed my foot hit him in the face. I don't remember kicking him, but I feel he punched me before he realized what he was doing."

In any event, it is not unknown for some defensive men to admit violent intent. Such N.F.L. adolescents as Snead, Charley Johnson of St. Louis and Don Meredith of Dallas in particular have found themselves to be the objects of salutations from veterans crouched across the line of scrimmage. "I'm gonna break your neck," is the sort of cheery greeting they have heard. Says Snead, "In my rookie year I was tackled out of bounds, and a guy said to the player who made the tackle, 'Way to tackle! Next time break him in two.'" What did Snead say in reply? "Nothing. I tried to keep away from that fellow."

Veteran intimidators tell of Don Meredith's troubles in a game last year against New York. The Giants had been vigorously tattooing him, and presently they stacked up in a gap-eight defense, which is an alignment pregnant with mayhem. While the quarterback calls his signals, defensive men spring into the gaps in the line, forming an eight-man line. The quarterback tries to counter this maneuver by calling for a change in the blocking pattern, hoping that the one he picks will not only save his neck but allow him to gain yards. The blocking patterns are labeled by color—red, green, blue, yellow and so forth.

Meredith, suddenly confronted by the gap-eight, barked, "Red!" He hesitated and barked, "Blue!" Then he hesitated again and barked, "Oh, hell. Time out!"

One may safely say that behind the rugged posture of the quarterback staring into your TV screen pounds an old woman's superstitious heart. Y.A. Tittle will allow nobody except Del Shofner to pull his jersey over his shoulderp Norman Snead throws salt over shoulder, will not walk under a ladder and always has his right leg taped before his left. The pressure of quarterbacking in pro football breeds an echelon of wood-knockers.

Their mere presence on the field entitles quarterbacks to be called brave souls, but which are the bravest of them all? One hears a cacophony of disagreement from defensive players and coaches around the National League. Tittle, says one player, has got to be as tough a quarterback as there exists. But another player says please notice that Tittle sometimes seems to take the heat off himself by calling a considerable number of "play-action passes"—passes that develop from faked running plays.

Sonny Jurgensen, says a player, turns cautious when shaken up a few times. But Bill McPeak, the Washington coach, says, "Nuts. Jurgensen stood out there against us this year and gave as great a demonstration of courage as you'll ever see." Norman Snead is hailed in one quarter as a remarkably cool young quarterback, but in another quarter it is said, "He's never learned to take his losses. He gets rid of the ball."

Only one quarterback—and he is one who concluded his career last year—is unanimously described as a sort of General McAuliffe at Bastogne. "Wh- you say the word fearless," says Jim Brown, "you're talking about Bob Layne. They'd knock him down and he'd come right back passing." Says Ernie Stautner, "Not once did I ever see Layne duck after he threw."

Among quarterbacks in business today, Johnny Unitas comes closest to receiving the respect tendered Layne. A wiry man with slumping posture, he talks matter-of-factly about his work. Yet, clutching his union card securely, Unitas insists, "I think it's ridiculous to say a man would deliberately injure another."

All quarterbacks are courageous men. However, for the reader who believes that some are less courageous than others, here are three simple tips that will help you understand the game of "Get the Quarterback."

1. Do not boo your team's quarterback when he is repeatedly mowed down for a loss. Do not yell, "Get ridda the ball, you bum!" More than likely that quarterback has the great guts to stand rather than flee at the first sign of an enemy breakthrough. Sooner or later he will complete the long bomb.

2. Do not "ooh" and "ahh" sympathetically for the quarterback who has just been buried by two or three linemen at once. Much of their impact has been wasted bumping one another. The quarterback aches worst when hit with a clean shot by just one man.

3. Do not write letters to the commissioner's office protesting the game of Get the Quarterback. The football was slimmed down to a handy oval for the convenience of the passer. As a result, the quarterback today drives a Cadillac while the man mauling him drives a Chevrolet. Consequently, whatever quarterback's misgivings about his dicament of the moment, he would rather be mauled than maul. THE EN

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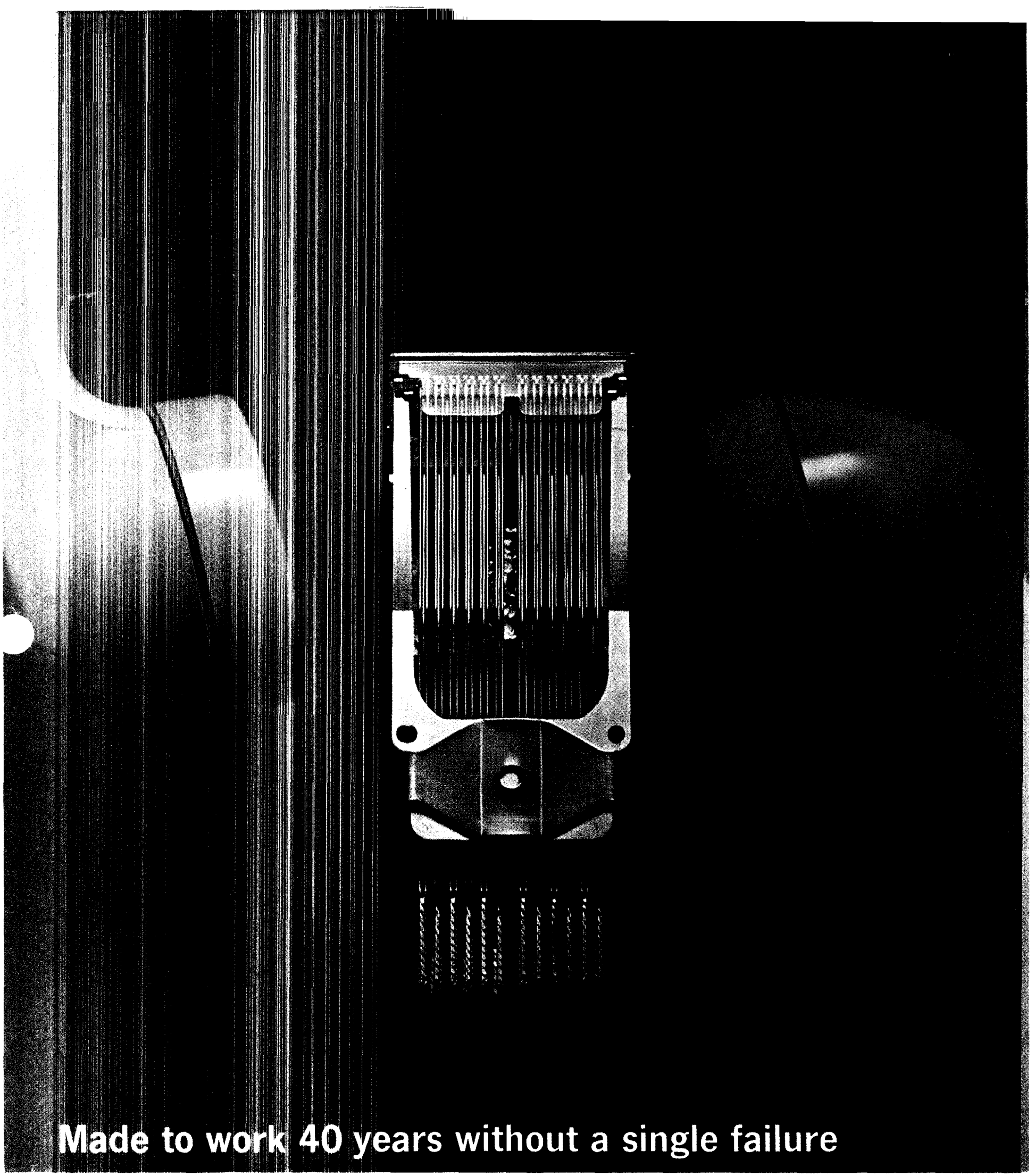

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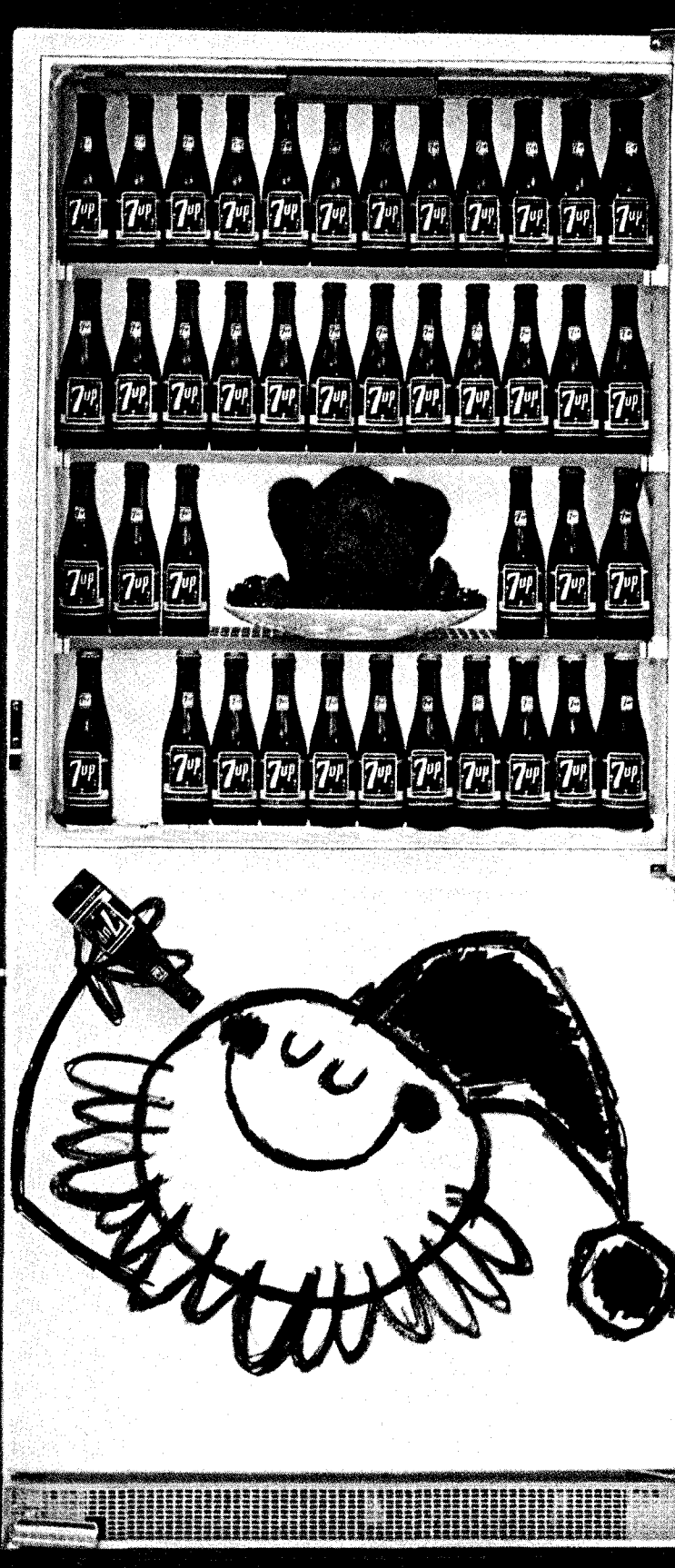

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The Vietnam coup: the plot, counterplot—and an exclusive account of how Diem and Nhu died.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF NGO DINH

By Stanley Karnow

Saigon civilians, some closing their ears to the sound of gunfire around them, huddle on the sidewalk beside a tank engaged in assault on the presidential palace.

At the French mission church of St. Francis Xavier in Cholon, Saigon's shabby Chinatown, the early-morning Mass had celebrated All Souls' Day, the day of the dead. A few minutes after the congregation had gone, two men in dark-gray suits walked quickly through the shaded courtyard and entered the church. South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Nhu, both haggard after a sleepless night, were fugitives in the capital they once commanded. In the remote church they prayed and took Communion, and it was their ultimate sacrament. Within less than an hour their bloody, crumpled corpses lay ignominiously on the deck of an armored car rumbling through the Saigon streets.

Thus ended the fragile reign of the Ngo Dinh family—a stubborn, self-righteous oligarchy that, in its eight years of rule over South Vietnam, had degenerated from clumsy paternalism into almost insane tyranny. When, after careful plotting, a host of Vietnamese officers rose against it, Diem's rotted regime fell apart with surprising ease.

Not long after the smoke of rebellion had cleared away, the chief of South Vietnam's new military junta invited me into his spacious, map-lined office. Gen. Duong Van Minh, known among Americans in Saigon as Big Minh, is a heavy, fierce-looking soldier whose single tooth is a proud badge of the Japanese torture he suffered during World War II. He is a deceptively gentle man, and when he spoke of the *coup d'état* that lifted him into office, there was a discernible tone of apology in his voice.

"We sincerely wanted to work with Diem," he said. "But the guerrilla war we are waging must be fought with the hearts of the people. Diem had lost the people. Army discipline was disintegrating, morale was low. If we had been winning the war, we wouldn't have staged the *coup d'état*. We overthrew Diem in order to restore unity to the country and give a new spirit to the army—so we can beat the Communists."

Whatever future problems the new junta faces—and they will be considerable—their *coup d'état* was the only alternative to the Diem regime. For Diem's government had, in effect, ceased to function long before it completely collapsed.

An austere, inflexible autocrat, Diem could not cope with the double threat of a Communist guerrilla enemy and a growing internal opposition. Like the flawed hero of a Shakespearean tragedy, he succumbed to his own worst instincts. He withdrew from reality and, more and more, abdicated power to his neurotic, conspiratorial brother Nhu and his beautiful, arrogant sister-in-law, Madame Nhu. In the process, he gradually alienated his country's army, its intelligentsia and a significant mass of its common people.

At the same time, he estranged himself from his main foreign supporters. Mindful of its own image, Diem's own Roman Catholic Church strove to disassociate itself from a regime described by a high Vatican official as "medieval and reactionary." More important, in giving free rein to his brother's repressive policies, Diem provoked the hostility of the United States

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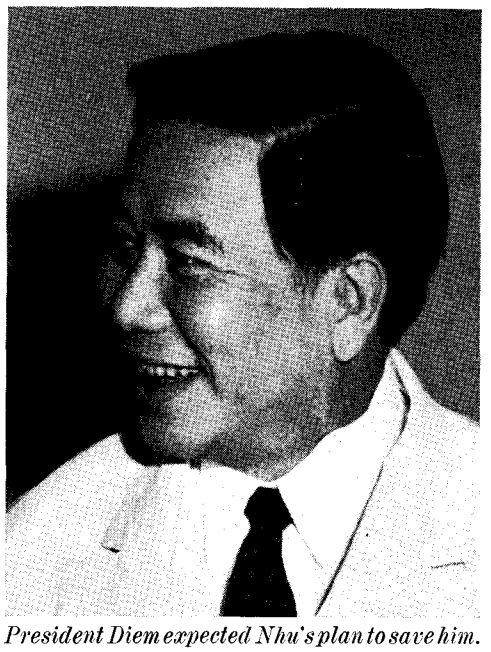
Nhu plotted a fake revolt. The coup was already a success before he knew it was real.

President's brother Nhu died with him.



President Diem expected Nhu's plan to save him.

A shattered windshield frames victorious rebel troops at presidential-guard barracks.

Trusted General Dinh turned on Nhu.

Rebel General Minh now heads ruling junta.

which had dedicated men and money to help save his nation. "We wanted a change in the way this country was being run," says a top U.S. diplomat in Saigon. "If those in power couldn't change their ways, then we favored changing those in power. Don't misunderstand me. We didn't plot Diem's downfall. But we certainly created the climate and state of mind that inspired his opponents to overthrow him."

Diem had been living on borrowed time since November, 1960, when his crack paratrooper battalions surrounded his palace and then naïvely let themselves be double-crossed by his promise to reform. Again, in February, 1962, two fighter pilots attacked his palace and reduced it to rubble. The assaults against him reinforced Diem's distrust of all but his family and a handful of flunkies.

Nowhere did Diem's paranoid suspicions have a more debilitating effect than in his armed forces, where officers were judged more by their fidelity than their ability. Even imaginary misgivings about a man were enough to tarnish his career. A general who helped to save Diem in the 1960 revolt, for example, was thereafter suspect because he had too easily passed through the rebel lines. Constantly worried that his leading generals might overthrow him, Diem deprived them of troops. Experienced men like General Minh, the country's highest ranking field officer, were made presidential aides or given innocuous staff positions.

In recent months, military men were also disenchanted by widespread reports that Diem and Nhu were putting out serious feelers for a deal with Communist North Vietnam. Several times Nhu or his representatives indirectly contacted delegates from Hanoi to discuss prospects for a reunified, neutral Vietnam. Despite his professions of anti-Communism, Diem himself was thinking along similar lines: "Why do the Communists attack us so ferociously? After all, our two systems are not so much different. We're both for the welfare of the people."

Nothing so profoundly undermined Vietnamese military morale, however, as Diem's repressive measures against the Buddhists, by far the largest religious group in the country. Throughout the summer, as the Buddhist crisis developed into a broad political protest against Diem's regime, some strategically placed officers finally started to organize a revolt. There were some odd and unlikely figures among them. The military security chief Col. Do Mau, for example, was so distrusted by Diem for alleged pro-Buddhist sympathies that he felt forced to join the conspiracy. Brilliant Lt. Col. Pham Ngoc Thao, an ex-member of the Communist Vietminh and later one of Diem's close confidants, reluctantly went into opposition, convinced that only the regime's downfall could save the country.

These conspirators worked cautiously. Sometimes they met in their homes; often they talked out in the countryside; and occasionally their conversations took place in noisy Saigon nightclubs. By early autumn they controlled a powerful force of about 2,500 paratroopers, marines, infantry and armor.

While these junior officers were planning rebellion, however, a more prestigious group of Vietnamese generals, headed by Big Minh, was also considering ways of overthrowing the government. While both factions maneuvered for position, the generals sent agents out into the provinces to line up units they might use. Last August, at the height of the Buddhist crisis, they suggested to Diem and Nhu that martial law be declared and soldiers be moved into Saigon. Secretly they planned to order these legions to rebel.

Constantly suspicious, Ngo Dinh Nhu shrewdly thwarted this plan. He accepted the generals' counsel to declare martial law. But instead of letting them call in provincial troops, he turned the military control of Saigon over to a more trusted general, the yeasty little Ton That Dinh. It was under Dinh's tactical command that Nhu's Special Forces and secret police raided the city's Buddhist temples on August 21. And after that, Dinh considered himself a national hero. "I have defeated Henry Cabot Lodge," he proclaimed. "He came here to pull a *coup d'état*, but I, Dinh, have conquered him and saved the country."

In the week that followed the violent anti-Buddhist raids, the plotting insurgents in Vietnam were greatly heartened by strong signs of U.S. distaste for the Diem regime. President Kennedy had made it clear that he disapproved of the Ngo Dinh family. The U.S. aid to Vietnam was curtailed, and Ambassador Lodge bravely told Diem that his brother Nhu was undesirable. And the CIA chief in Saigon, John Richardson, the man in the American mission closest to brother Nhu, was summarily called home.

But none of these encouraging gestures made the mechanics of revolt any easier, and the insurgent generals began to work out another design. This time they concentrated on winning over the loyal General Dinh. A courageous but not very bright soldier, Dinh's fidelity to Diem was exceeded only by his monumental egocentricity. The generals played on this fatal weakness.

Trickery by astrology

They softened Dinh up with flattery, telling him that he was a personage of historic proportions, and they even bribed an astrologer to depict an important political future for him. Finally, when Dinh was inflated with ambition, they urged that he ask President Diem to appoint him Minister of Interior.

The trick worked as they had expected. Diem flatly refused him. Dinh, suffering from a loss of face, went off to sulk in a mountain resort for a few days. His faith in Diem and Nhu was clearly shaken. But Dinh did not immediately swing into the insurgent ranks. Instead he returned to Saigon and, as he told me, "I decided to give Diem another chance."

General Dinh now claims that he remained loyal to Diem in the hope of reforming him. But many knowledgeable Vietnamese insist that Dinh really stayed with the ruling family in order to participate in a fantastic machination then being devised by Ngo Dinh Nhu. His network of agents had kept him informed of impending revolts, and Nhu worked out a plan to put an end to all conspiracies. It was to be a fake *coup d'état*, which Nhu called "Operation Bravo." "Coups are like eggs and must be smashed before they're hatched," he said.

On an appointed date in early November, according to the scheme, Nhu's faithful Special Forces commander, Col Le Quang Tung, would stage a "revo in Saigon with the aid of hand-pick police elements. Diem, Nhu and selected members of the palace household would flee to a prepared refuge at Cap St. Jacques, a seaside resort east of the capi-

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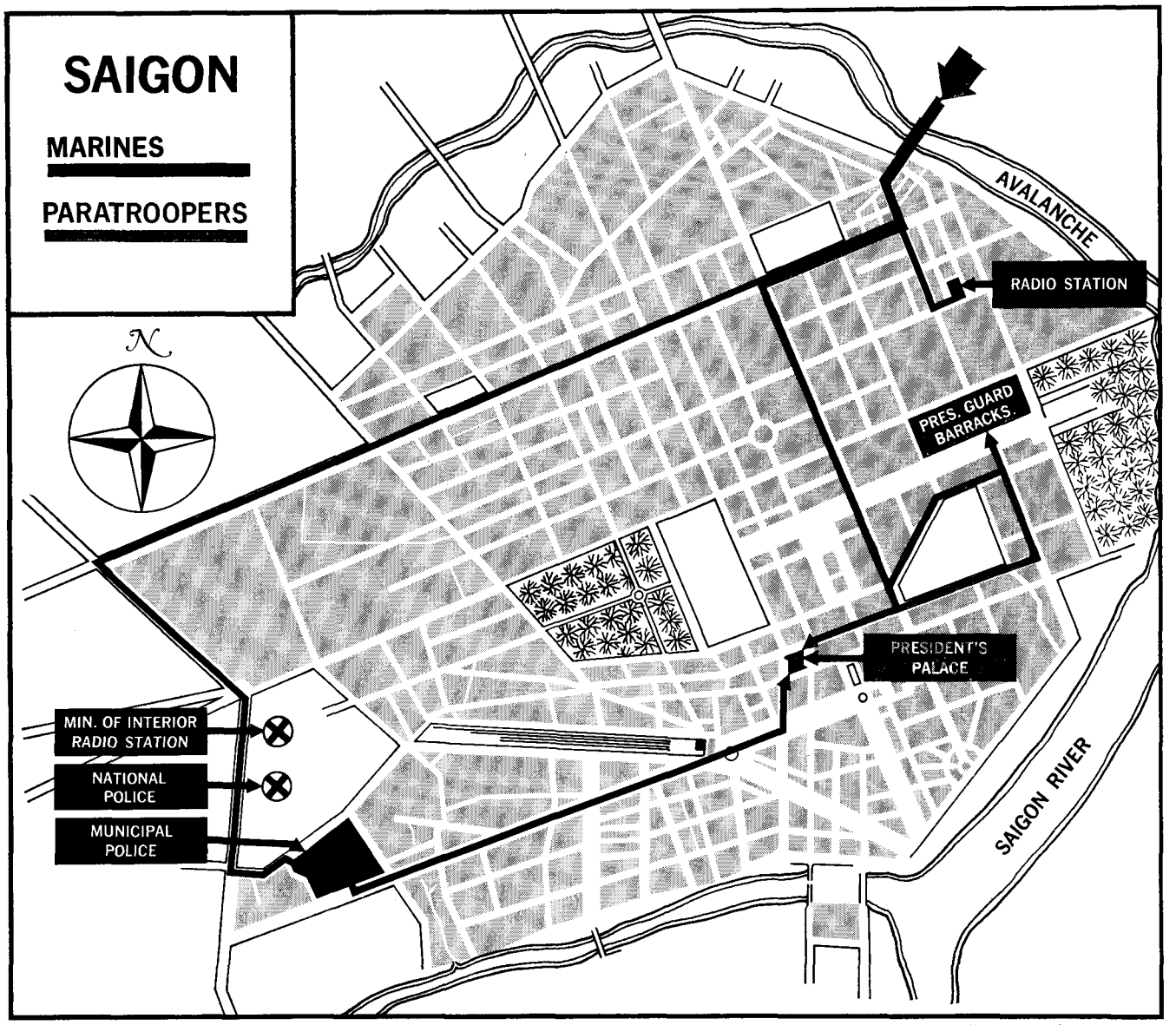
tal. General Dinh and loyal army troops would remain on the outskirts of the capital. Inside Saigon, mob violence would "spontaneously" erupt. Gangs would loot and pillage—particularly the homes of Americans. A number of Buddhist and student leaders would be somehow killed. During all this confusion, the "rebel" Colonel Tung would announce the formation of a "revolutionary government" composed of well-known political opponents of Diem. Madame Nhu's father, Tran Van Chuong, former Vietnamese ambassador to Washington but now an outspoken critic of Diem's regime, was to be named president of the new government—without his consent. Saigon radio would blare anti-American, proneutralist propaganda and an appeal to end the war against the Communists.

This charade was scheduled to last 24 hours. Then, from their positions around Saigon, the loyal troops would march into the city and easily crush the uprising. Diem would return triumphantly to his capital, reaffirm his legitimate right to power, and Nhu would have a field day. For the fake coup would have plainly "proved" that:

- Opponents to Diem were neutralists, anti-Americans and pro-Communists. Therefore the U.S. should give up any hope for his downfall.
- Adversaries of the Diem regime could not control the plundering mobs, which directed their pillage against Americans. Only Diem could assure law and order.
- The army really supported the Diem government, since it declined to join the revolutionaries and crushed them instead.

In addition to all these important propaganda points, Nhu expected that his phony "revolt" would bring to the surface a vast number of his enemies, making them easy to mark and cut down in the future.



As revolt began, marines and paratroopers raced to capture police and radio stations, then combined their attack on palace.

Hardly had Nhu conceived his bizarre plan, however, than details of it filtered back to the various men plotting against the regime. Some of them considered the fake revolt an opportunity; they advocated letting it start, then taking it over. Others disagreed on the grounds that such a complex operation would result in too much confusion and bloodshed. The junior conspirators decided to beat Nhu by staging a real coup beforehand. D day was fixed: Thursday, October 24.

The generals, however, contended that any move without the cooperation of General Dinh and his Saigon garrison was doomed. Unable to persuade the young soldiers to alter their plan, the generals sabotaged it. They sent a key rebel regiment off on a minor operation against the Communists, and the junior conspirators had no choice but to postpone their project. When one of the plotters went home on October 24, he found a CIA man waiting to ask him, "Why didn't it start this morning?"

By now the generals realized that they had to act fast, both to keep up with the impulsive junior officers and to circumvent Nhu's crazy Operation Bravo. They focused on finally signing up Gen. Ton That Dinh. It is obvious from subsequent events that they promised Dinh almost everything, including the cherished Ministry of Interior Diem had refused him. It is still far from clear, however, whether Dinh was wholeheartedly for the revolt or playing along with both sides, ending up with whichever was victorious.

By October 29 Dinh was apparently in the rebel fold. The rebels then set a trap for Nhu by deliberately letting him learn of the coup. General Dinh dispatched one of his deputies to the 7th Division headquarters at the town of Mytho, about 40 miles southwest of Saigon. The deputy gathered a group of division officers and declared that a *coup d'état* was being organized in Saigon. He cited some of the men involved, pointedly revealing that General Dinh was "not yet involved." Just as Dinh and the plotters expected, there was an informer among the divisional officers at Mytho. Within hours, Diem and Nhu heard of the budding conspiracy. Next day, General Dinh was summoned to the presidential palace and advised that one of his deputies was a traitor. A magnificent actor, Dinh put on a noisy performance. Weeping and gesticulating, he vowed death to the renegade.

But it was beyond Nhu's understanding to consider anything so simple. Instead, he suggested that Dinh infiltrate the plot and turn it into a countercoup against the insurgents. Moreover, he ordered Dinh to prepare for action on November 1—All Saints' Day—when Saigon offices would be closed, streets uncrowded and the movement of troops relatively easy. With the air of a master conspirator, Nhu announced that this new plan superseded his earlier scheme. Ever consistent, Nhu dubbed his latest project "Operation Bravo II."

General Dinh's first problem was to evacuate Diem's four loyal Special Forces companies from the capital. He explained to Diem's faithful Special Forces commander, Col. Le Quang Tung, that fresh troops would have to be brought into Saigon for Operation Bravo II. "But if we move reserves into the city," Dinh went on, "the Americans will be angry. They'll complain that we're not fighting the war. So we must camouflage our plan by sending the Special Forces out to the country. That will deceive them."

Next day, with Diem's approval, the Special Forces left Saigon. A major obstacle to the *coup d'état* was thus removed. Now Dinh's job was to deploy his forces for the revolt.

With Diem and Nhu under the illusion that he was preparing for their protection, Dinh rapidly shifted troops in and out of Saigon. D day was Friday, November 1; H hour was 1:30 P.M. Throughout the preceding night and following morning the insurgent legions rushed to take up their position. Two battalions of marines accompanied by armored cars were readied to attack the capital's radio stations and police headquarters. A battalion of paratroopers, resting at a seaside resort 70 miles away, was ordered to rendezvous with tank and artillery units and race to the city for an assault on the presidential-guard barracks. Infantry was called in from the north and southwest.

As the troops converged on Saigon, only senior officers knew the purpose of their mission. "I told my company commanders what we were up to beforehand," a marine colonel said later, "but I lied to my platoon leaders. I told them that the police were plotting to overthrow Diem and we were going to save him." Said a paratrooper lieutenant, "When we started out, I guessed it was the coup but I really didn't know. We reached a command post in the suburbs, and a colonel said the presidential-guard barracks was our objective. 'Who is the enemy and who our friend?' I asked, and he said, 'Anyone who opposes us is the enemy.'"

By midmorning of November 1, the whole area around Saigon was in stealthy movement, and no single person knew precisely what was happening everywhere. At about nine A.M., for example, Diem's loyal navy commander, Capt. Ho Tan Quyen, was met by two subordinates who came to give him birthday greetings. Instead, they asked him to join the revolt, and when he refused, they drove him outside town and shot him.

American military advisers, who live with the Vietnamese army, were well aware that a revolt was in the making, and those attached to General Dinh's staff knew the exact time it would begin. They reported the information to their headquarters, but the U.S. commander, Gen. Paul Harkins, apparently did not believe the news. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge was probably less skeptical, however. At 10 A.M. he took visiting Adm. Harry Felt, commander in chief of the U.S. Pacific forces, to see Diem for an hour. It was an odd confrontation. Both Lodge and Diem knew that a major event was in the offing, and they discussed "rumors" of a revolt. But if Lodge expected the real thing, Diem awaited Operation Bravo II, his brother's complex countercoup.

As the insurgent units wheeled into striking position, the rebel generals were arranging another astute scheme. Friday was the day for their regular weekly luncheon to discuss assorted military

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A horde of rebel troops stormed through the palace, stealing Madame Nhu's negligees a

problems. At a dining room in the Joint General Staff headquarters, they laid extra places at the table and invited a few special guests, such as Special Forces Commander Colonel Tung and other officers loyal to Diem.

At 1:30 P.M. the revolt began. Spearheading the attack, two marine battalions sped into the city. They quickly captured the police and radio stations, and a rebel officer immediately went on the air to broadcast that the revolt was on. Meanwhile, at their luncheon, the generals announced to the assembled officers that the coup had begun and invited them all to join. Almost everyone signed up. Diem's faithful Colonel Tung flatly refused. As he was taken out to be shot, he shouted at the generals, "Remember who gave you the stars you're wearing."

In the presidential palace Diem and Nhu at first figured that their own countercoup was unfolding. They fully believed that General Dinh was loyal to them and would, as calculated, turn on the plotters and take the situation in hand. Soon after the action started, for example, a police official telephoned Nhu and frantically cried that his headquarters was under attack. "It's all right," Nhu reassured him. "I know about it."

As the afternoon wore on, however, Diem and his brother slowly began to sense that something was going wrong. They had received the expected telephone calls from the insurgent generals demanding their surrender, and they rejected them. But time and again they tried to reach General Dinh to ask when his counterattack would start. Each time they were disappointed. Dinh was not at his office, but at the Joint General Staff headquarters. "Dinh must have been arrested," Diem was heard to say, still unable to imagine that the general had betrayed him.

A bit past four P.M. insurgent artillery opened fire on his presidential-guard barracks, and Diem knew he was in trouble. He telephoned Ambassador Lodge to tell him that the army was rebelling. Coolly acknowledging that he had heard some shooting, Lodge expressed his concern for Diem's welfare and reminded him that the rebels had offered him a safe conduct out of the country. "I shall try to restore order," snapped Diem. Replied Lodge, "If there's anything I can do to assure your personal safety, let me know."

Recalling his siege in 1960, when he had stubbornly turned almost certain defeat into victory, Diem held fast. From a special transmitter inside his yellow stucco palace, he broadcast radio appeals to his provincial commanders for help. Not a single reply came back. Only five blocks from the palace Diem's praetorian guards were besieged, and the palace itself was surrounded by rebel troops and armor.

Diem had carefully prepared for every variety of attack. Under the palace, for example, he recently completed construction of a $200,000 air-conditioned shelter against aerial bombing. He had built three tunnels leading far from the palace, and he had several plans for retreat.

About eight P.M., with the palace surrounded, Diem and Nhu fled through a tunnel that took them to a wooded area near the Cercle Sportif, Saigon's sporting club. They carried nothing but a briefcase crammed with U.S. greenbacks. At the tunnel exit, a confederate was waiting to drive them to the home of a Chinese merchant, Ma Tuyen. The house had a direct link with the palace telephone. Neither the insurgent forces attacking it nor the troops defending it ever knew that night that they were fighting for an empty palace.

In their new hideout in the Chinese district of Cholon, Diem and Nhu still hoped that General Dinh would rescue them, and they doggedly continued to telephone him. It was past midnight when, for the first time that day, they reached him directly at the Joint General Staff headquarters. With the other insurgents beside him, Dinh was apparently anxious to dispel any doubts about his allegiance to the rebel cause. Using a choice lexicon of Vietnamese obscenities, he barked at Diem: "Dinh saved you m-----rs many times, but not now, you b-----s. You s-----s are finished. It's all over."

Obstinately Diem still refused to surrender. Through his palace radio transmitter, he went on issuing appeals for help. He called on his hand-picked province chiefs to send him irregulars, and he begged for his brother's Republican Youth Corps to rise up. He even implored Madame Nhu's paramilitary women's committee to mobilize in his defense. None of them responded. Instead, messages of loyalty to the rebels were pouring in from all over the country.

At dawn Diem's palace defenders ran up a white flag. A horde of troops and civilians, almost incredulous at the rebel victory, stormed the building. They found its ornate chambers a shambles, and they poked curiously through the rooms, stealing Madame Nhu's negligees and her husband's whiskey. Diem's bedroom was littered with American adventure magazines, and on Nhu's desk were copies of a book entitled *Shoot to Kill*. But nobody could find Diem and his brother.

By about 8:30 A.M. Cholon was fully awake and bustling. Diem and Nhu decided to seek sanctuary in the church of St. Francis Xavier. From there Diem telephoned the Joint General Staff headquarters. He offered to yield on condition that: (1) he be permitted to surrender honorably, (2) members of his family be allowed to leave the country, (3) he be maintained as president of the republic for a decent interval in order to retire gracefully. A rebel representative granted the first two points. As for the third, he said: "We'll discuss that later." Diem agreed and disclosed his whereabouts.

Within minutes, three armored cars were dashing across the city. At about 9:45 they pulled into the narrow, dead-end street facing the church. Person commanding them was Gen. Mai Hu Xuan. A high police official in the French colonial administration, Xuan had been shunted into a minor job by Diem, and he detested the president. He was a poor choice for this delicate mission. But he was the only man who dared accept it. Asked to accompany Xuan, another general declined, saying, "Diem doesn't deserve two generals."

Despite the bitterness of their fight against him, the insurgents could not shake off their respect for Diem. When the armored cars arrived at the church, the rebels hesitated to arrest the president and his brother immediately. Instead, they sent in a once-loyal officer to lure them out. At the sight of a faithful subordinate, Diem and Nhu emerged. The rebel troops promptly seized them. They tied the brothers' hands behind their backs and unceremoniously pushed them into one of the armored cars.

Vengeance by bayonet

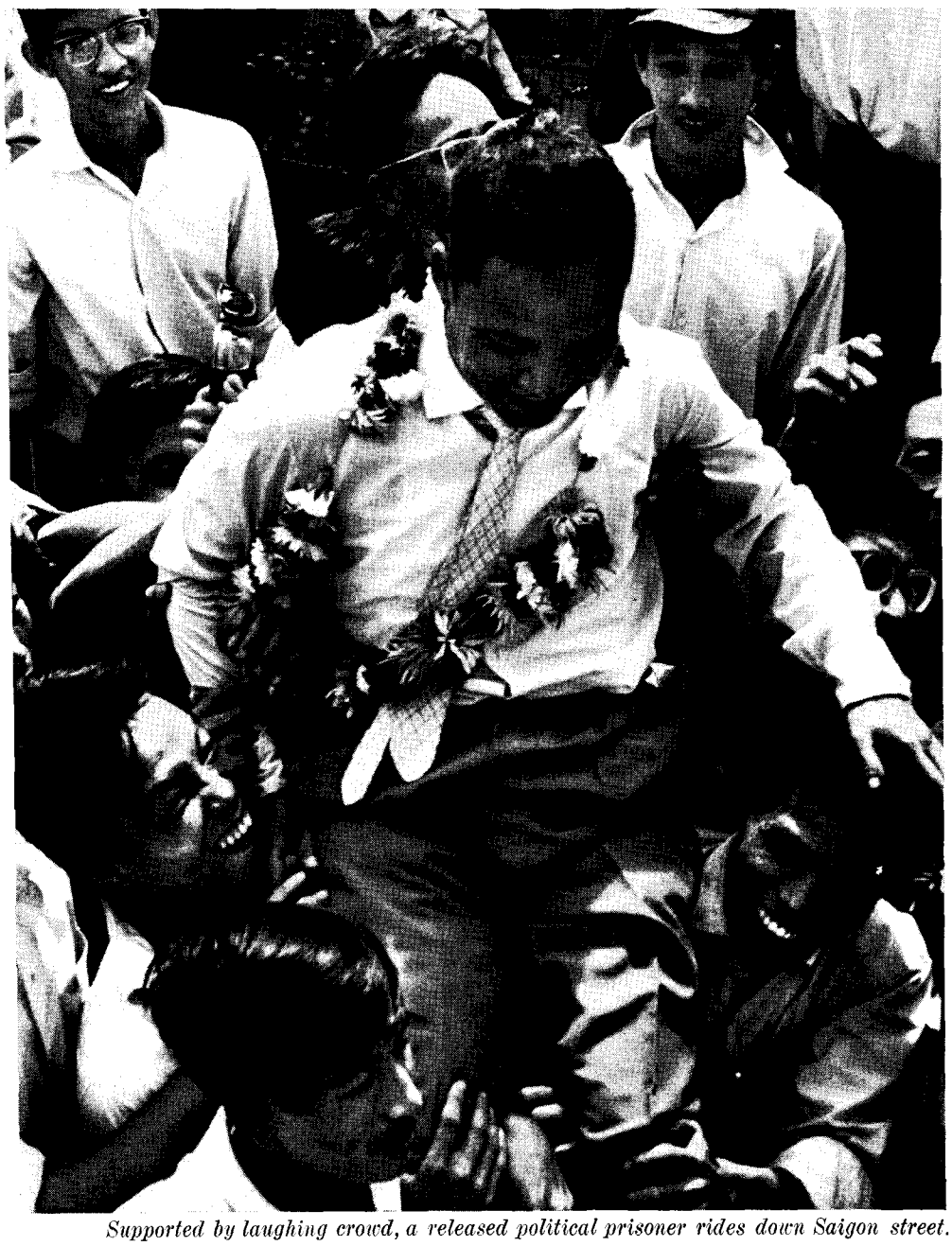
For some inexplicable reason, General Xuan did not ride with Diem and Nhu. The vehicle that carried them was commanded by a tall, swarthy tank-corps major once connected with the Dai Viet party, a dissident movement that opposed both Diem and the Communists. According to some insiders, the major burn with desire to avenge a close fri whom Nhu had executed.

"As we rode back to the Joint General Staff headquarters," an eyewitness told me, "Diem sat silently, but Nhu and the major began to insult each other. I don't know who started it. The name-calling grew passionate. The major had hated Nhu before. Now he was charged with emotion. Suddenly he lunged at Nhu with a bayonet and stabbed him again and again, maybe fifteen or twenty times. Still in a rage, he turned to Diem, took out his revolver and shot him in the head. Then he looked back at Nhu, who was lying on the floor, twitching. He put a bullet into his head too. Neither Diem nor Nhu ever defended themselves. Their hands were tied."

When the armored cars reached staff headquarters with the two bodies, the generals were aghast. They had not the slightest sympathy for Nhu. But for all their impatience with his policies, they had always been awed by Diem's courage and stature. Besides, they had promised him safety and now their own honor was betrayed. One of them wept openly, and General Dinh said later, "I couldn't sleep that night."

To cover their obvious sense of guilt, the generals first claimed that Diem and Nhu had committed suicide, a tale that was later amended to "accidental suicide." Privately they admitted that Diem and his brother had been murdered. Adding to the mystery, they refused to state publicly where the bodies were buried. They are believed to lie in a prison cemetery near Saigon airport.

In the days that followed the coup, a few well-organized gangs smashed pro-Diem newspaper offices, incl the American-owned *Times of Vie* (whose proprietor, Mrs. Ann Gregory, after long berating U.S. "plans" for Diem's downfall, fled to the American



Supported by laughing crowd, a released political prisoner rides down Saigon street.

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er husband's whiskey.

mbassy). On the whole, however, Saigon's citizens behaved with restrained pleasure. Girls shyly presented flowers and food to rebel heroes, and youth delegations visited army camps to make solemn speeches of gratitude to insurgent officers. Forgetting Madame Nhu's senseless ban on dancing, nightclubs went into paroxysms of twisting.

And political prisoners slowly emerged, some with horrendous tales of brutality. A slim, pretty girl of 21, arrested in a pro-Buddhist demonstration last September and held for more than a month, told me how policemen had attached electric wires to her wrists, earlobes and breasts, shocking her into senselessness during their interrogations. Harvard-educated Dr. Phan Quang Dan, one of Diem's most prominent political opponents, was held for two years in a 27-square-foot dungeon under Saigon's Botanical Gardens. One day in early 1961, Dan recounted, Nhu personally visited him to demand his allegiance to the regime. Dan refused. Nhu enumerated the tortures he would suffer, and they were applied. The doctor was shocked with electricity and gagged with water. Last September he was transferred to Poulo Condore, a kind of Devil's Island. "After the dungeon, it was luxury," Doctor Dan said. "I was able to see the sunlight and hear sounds other than the cries of people being tortured."

As dictatorships go, the Diem regime was far from the worst. Yet, during those days after its downfall, enough evidence of its tyranny flowed forth to disturb and embarrass many Americans. For this was the government U.S. reporters had been cautioned not to disparage. Looking back on that era, a veteran American official in Saigon could not conceal his disgust. "For the sake of so-called 'realism,' we abandoned our own principles," he said. "We expected the Vietnamese people to endure a regime that we ourselves wouldn't have tolerated for five minutes back home. Maybe morality has a certain place in foreign affairs."

The new military junta's alternative to Diem is not going to be town-hall democracy. But most certainly, the new administration in Vietnam will have to strive for efficiency and public support. These are not ambiguous clichés but immediate political necessities, for a significant mass of the Vietnamese public has undergone a profound transformation.

Apathetic and apolitical as recently as six months ago, the students of Saigon quite suddenly and spontaneously burst out as a fresh force in the country. The Buddhists themselves, for years fragmented and subdued, have grown into a strong, solid organization. Most important, Vietnam's young captains, majors and colonels—the men whose units gave the revolt its muscle—have taken measure of their strength and, almost to their own surprise, have found it impressive.

One evening not long ago I dined with a group of junior officers, and they talked openly of their problems. It was a refreshing change from covert conversations during the days of Diem rule. "It's good to speak freely," one of them said at last as the meal ended. And smiling, he added, "Let's hope that we haven't just been attending the first meeting of the next revolt." THE END

Strolling through post-Diem Saigon, American Ambassador Lodge stops near the Xa Loi pagoda to oblige autograph seekers.

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A BITTER MOTHER'S REUNION

As she greets her children in Rome, exiled Madame Nhu vows vengeanc

Photographs by Lawrence Schiller

In seclusion at a Roman convent, Madame Nhu moves through stark quarters allotted her and family.

"The devil is exasperated to see that he is still unable to make a dent in my immortal spirit." With these defiant words, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu last month flew from Los Angeles to Rome, after one of the stormiest visits by a foreign dignitary in recent American history. The first lady of Vietnam had spent five weeks denouncing U.S. policy in television appearances and in speeches, some sponsored by right-wing groups sympathetic to the Diem regime.

On November 1 in Los Angeles, Madame Nhu learned that her husband had been killed in the coup. Asked if she would seek refuge here, she said, "I cannot stay in a country whose government stabbed me in the back."

When she departed two weeks later to join her children, she left unpaid bills totaling thousands of dollars. Her only known asset is a villa outside Rome. "We were planning to vacation there," she explains. "We had no intention of building a residence in exile."

Madame Nhu was polishing up another attack on the United States when her jet touched down. She never delivered the speech. The first person to board the airliner was a policeman who said, "We have handled kings and queens, Madame Nhu, and we can certainly handle you." Then a limousine sped her to a convent fi· miles outside town. There with her children, : waits—hoping that somehow she can regain poli· ical power, that somewhere she can find someone who will listen. And from there she sent a vindictive message to Jacqueline Kennedy, saying that "extreme graciousness with Communism still does not protect from its traitorous blows."

Reunited with her children, Madame Nhu opens her arms to daughter Le Quyen, 4, and son Quyhn, 11. Daughter Le Thuy (left) accompanied her to U.S.

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Saddened but defiant, Madame Nhu continues to denounce the new regime in Vietnam. She hopes to return to Saigon before another U.S. speaking tour.

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EDITORIAL

A TIME TO BUILD

As every year draws to a close, there comes a time to look back and try to achieve some understanding from the confusion of the months that have passed. Looking back over 1963, even at the height of Christmas festivities, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that this has been a year of violence, upheaval and death.

The past month, of course, has been sadly overcast by the assassination of President Kennedy. But throughout the whole year we have witnessed again and again the truth: "In the midst of life we are in death." Mr. Kennedy himself had been stricken last August by the death of his infant son, Patrick Bouvier. Not only Catholics but the whole world mourned the passing of the beloved Pope John. Great Britain suffered the loss of a distinguished political leader and prospective prime minister, Hugh Gaitskell. And the world of arts and letters is the poorer for the death of Robert Frost, Aldous Huxley, C. S. Lewis, Fritz Reiner, Georges Braque.

The dead of 1963 were not all celebrities, of course. Thousands of ordinary people died peacefully and unknown, mourned only by their friends and families. Others were the victims of the unending struggle between man and nature—the 129 officers and men swallowed by the sea inside the submarine *Thresher*, the 3,000 or more Italian villagers swept into oblivion by the overflowing of the Vaiont Dam. Still others died for a cause. The two GI's killed in a skirmish at the Korean truce line remind us that we still face dangerous antagonists in the Cold War. The garish flames that rose from the bodies of Buddhist monks served as beacons heralding the downfall of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime in Vietnam, and ultimately the slaying of Diem himself. Four young Negro children, too, all unwillingly, died in a cause when a ruthless bomber wrecked their church in Birmingham, Ala.

Even when death did not strike, it was always a threat, darkening the undercurrents of violence that ebbed and flowed through the great events of 1963. The Negro revolt which reached a climax last summer was a warning that racial conflicts between white Americans and black Americans are nearing the edge of disaster. The threat of violence was implicit, too, in the growing awareness of many Americans that organized crime rules many of our cities and corrupts our society. Violence has come to be, to a dangerous degree, taken for granted in our lives. We risk it daily for the sake of speed, we enjoy it as TV entertainment, we even tend to accept it as a common substitute for the traditional forms of law and order. We forget too easily that violence leads only to more violence.

"In the midst of life we are in death." Yet, paradoxically, the opposite is also true. If death is always with us, it is with us as part of the process which continually brings new life. For every blow of death in 1963 there was also the gladdening yowl of yet another baby entering the world, seeking its chance for its own destiny. Few of them rated headlines, yet this was the year when two obscure families in South Dakota and Venezuela defied every law of plausibility by giving birth to quintuplets.

In the world of public affairs, too, 1963 was a year not just of old systems ending but of change and growth. If there was violence in the struggle over civil rights, there was also boundless hope in the tens of thousands who staged the proud and peaceful march on Washington. Though the threat of nuclear war is still with us, the signing of a nuclear test-ban treaty offers some hope of limiting the arms race. Abroad, Germany's ancient Konrad Adenauer finally yielded office to the dynamic new Chancellor Ludwig Erhard. Britain's new prime minister, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, will soon face the vigorous challenge of Harold Wilson's Labor Party. In Vietnam, in Canada, in the great spiritual empire of the Catholic Church and, of course, in Washington, D.C., new leaders are following new paths toward the future.

As we begin a new year, therefore, we can look at the world around us and feel saddened but not despairing. The lessons of 1963 and the promise of 1964 both reaffirm the truth of Ecclesiastes: "All things have their season, and in their times all things pass under heaven. . . . A time to destroy, and a time to build."

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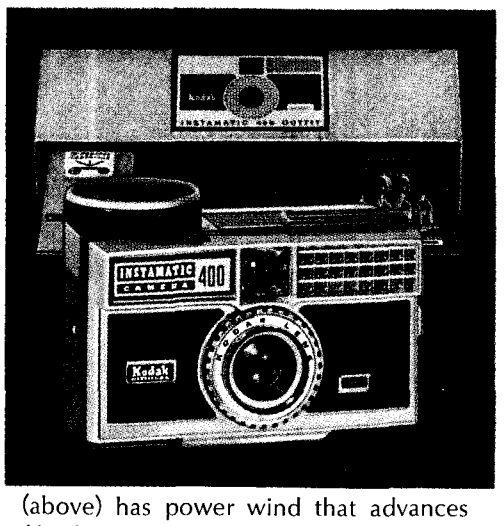

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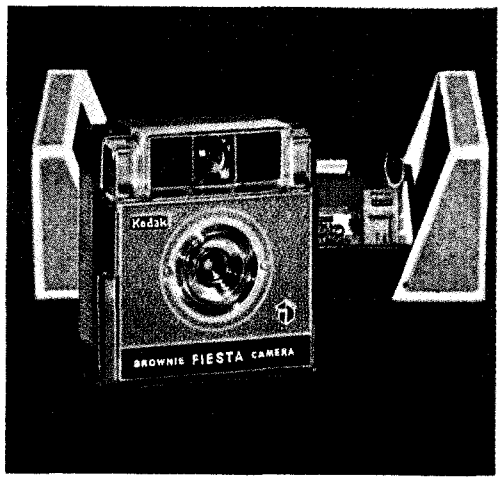

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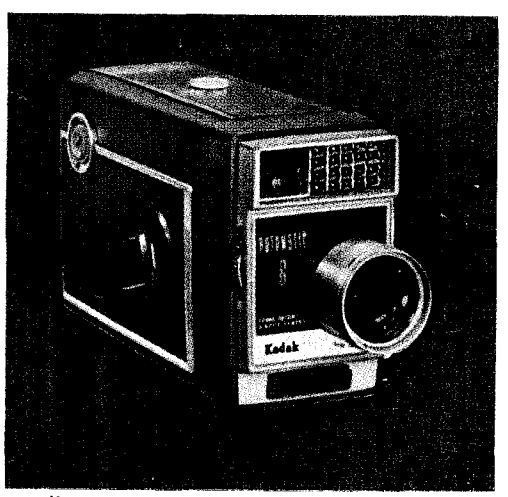

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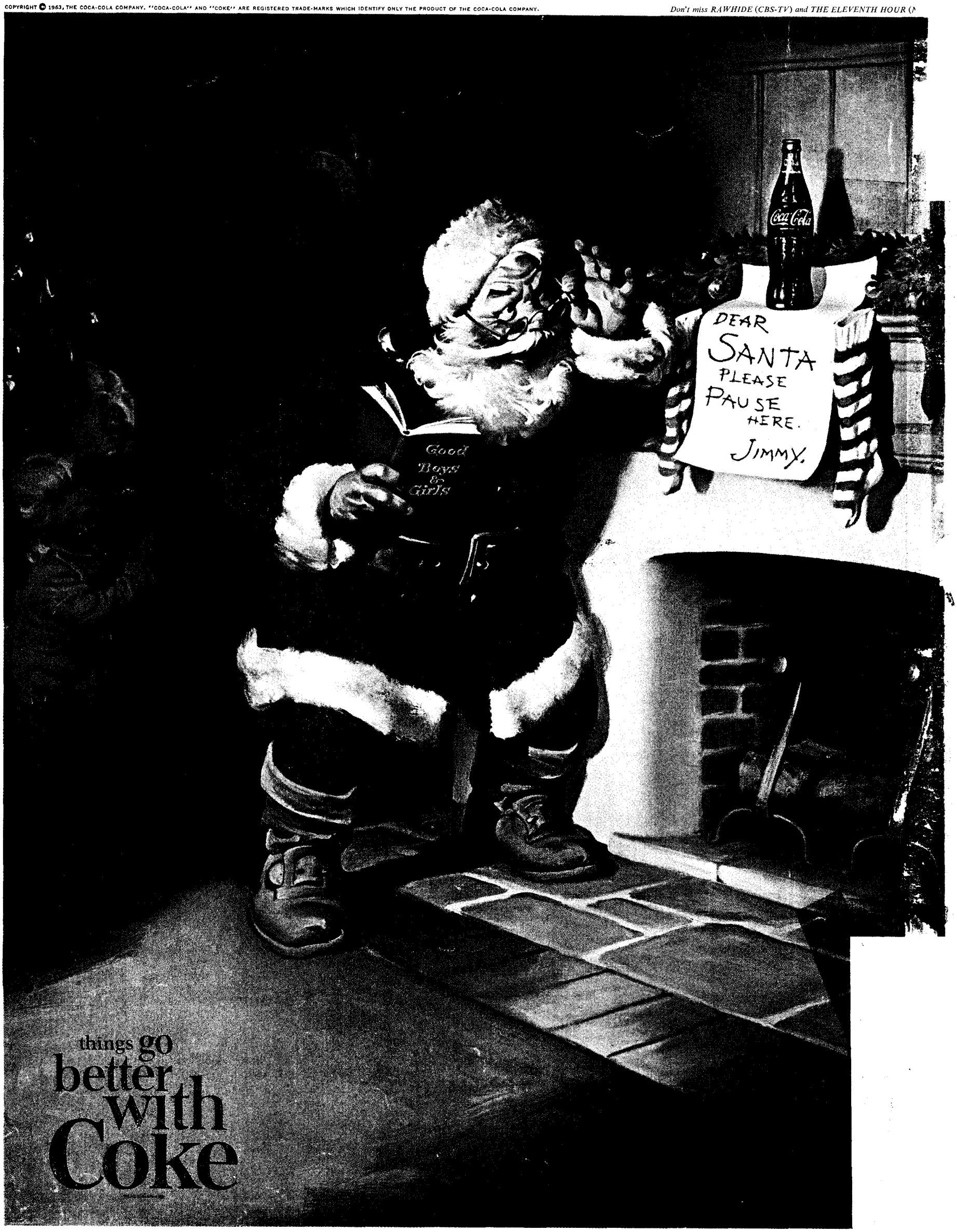

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